★ Sept. 23, 1950

THE NEW YORKER

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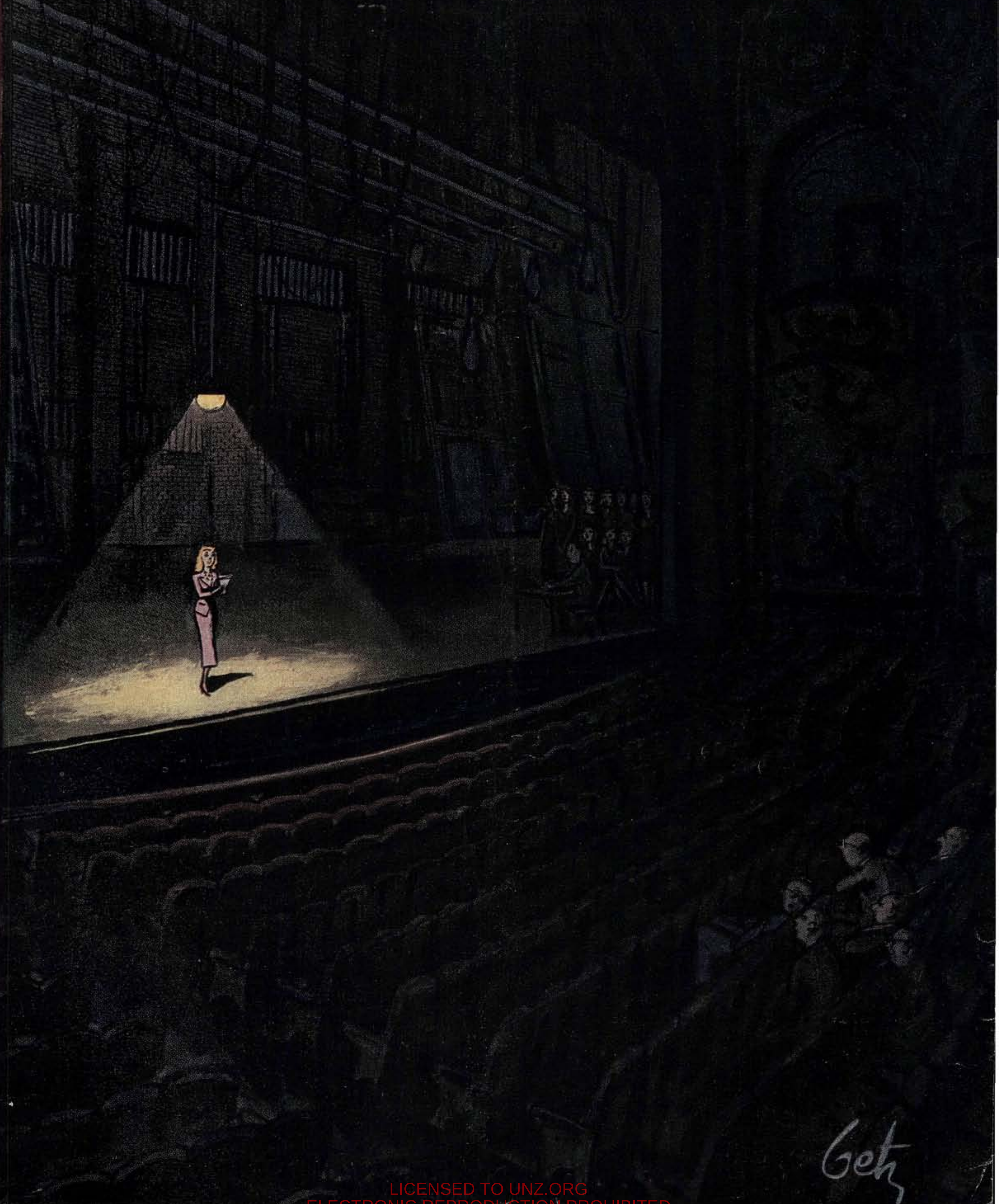

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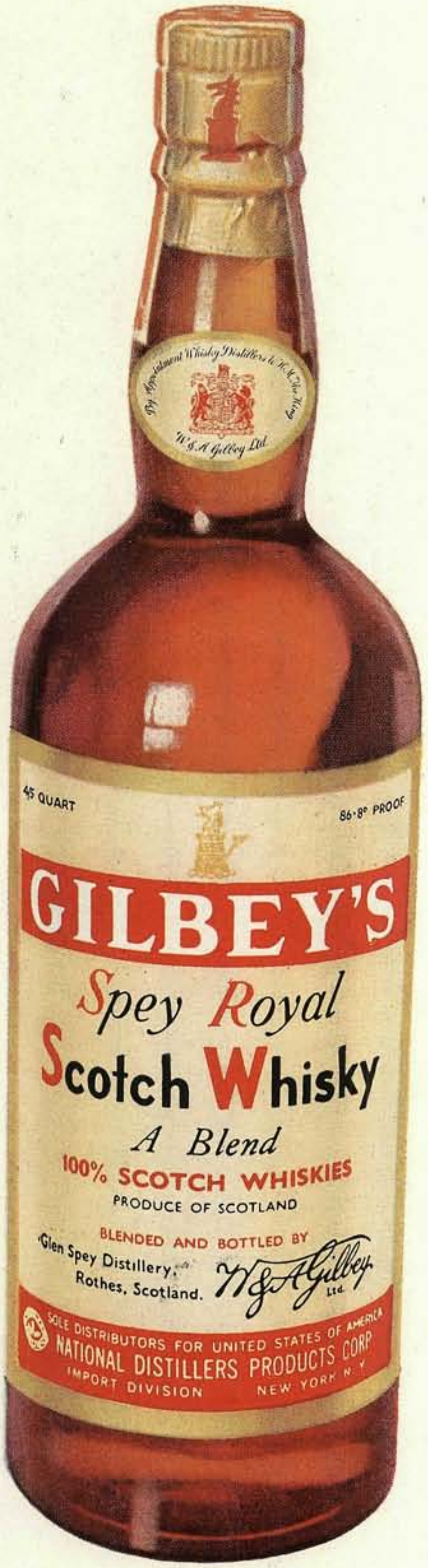
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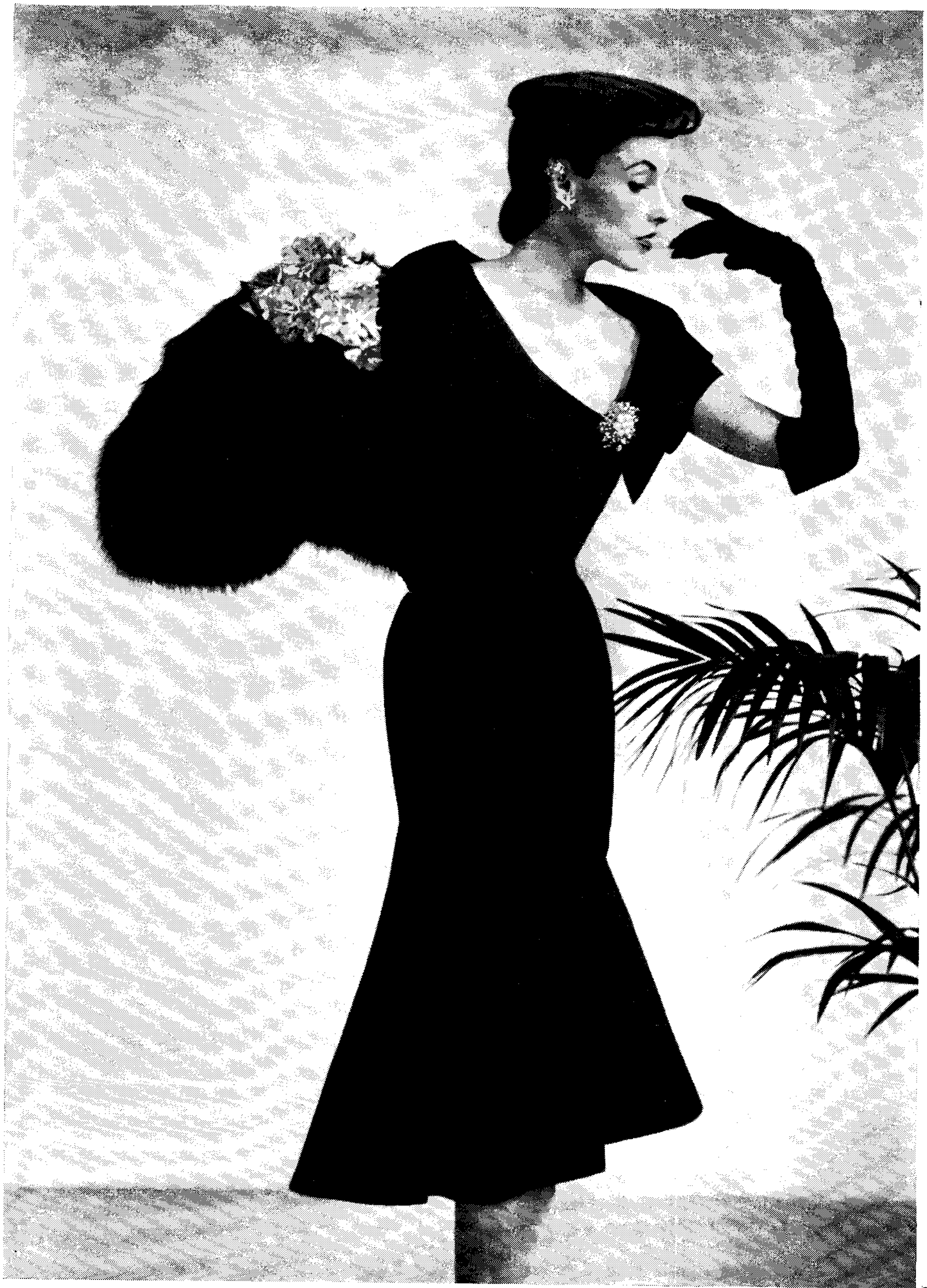

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Cocktail Party—T. S. Eliot's play about a rather unorthodox psychiatrist and three of his patients is a strange and sometimes fairly disconcerting combination of comedy and mysticism, but it is often impressive on both levels. Now with Henry Daniell, Margaret Phillips, and Hugh Williams, as well as Cathleen Nesbitt. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

The Happy Time—If you liked "I Remember Mama," you may enjoy this portrait of a gay and irresponsible French-Canadian family, though it is really a far more elementary piece of work. Claude Dauphin heads the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

The Member of the Wedding—Carson McCullers has made her deeply touching novel about a lonely adolescent into an almost equally moving play. Ethel Waters is beautiful to see as a sympathetic old Negro woman, and Julie Harris and Brandon De Wilde are captivating as the young heroine and her even younger playmate. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Peter Pan—Jean Arthur is the boy who wouldn't grow up in this handsome and spirited revival of Barrie's fantasy, which undoubtedly still has its enthusiasts. Boris Karloff is Captain Hook, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and there is some excellent incidental music by Leonard Bernstein. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**death of a salesman:** A solid tragedy about a man who has come to the end of his rope. Thomas Mitchell is now playing the man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **mister roberts:** Henry Fonda, Paul Stewart, William Harrigan, and Dick Van Patten patrolling the deck of that Navy cargo ship. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Daphne Laureola—Dame Edith Evans and Cecil Parker heading an all-English cast in a comedy by James Bridie. Produced by Leland Hayward and Herman Shumlin in association with Laurence Olivier, and directed by Murray MacDonald. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

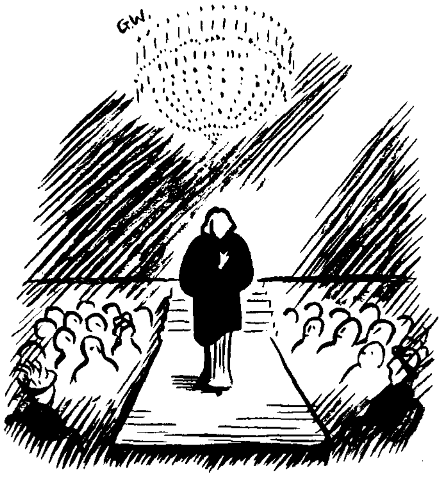
MUSICALS

The Consul—Considered separately, neither the libretto nor the score of this unique production, written and staged singlehanded by Gian-Carlo Menotti, amounts to a great deal, but they combine to give Broadway its first successful all-out opera—and a stirring work of art. Patricia Neway and Gloria Lane contribute some noteworthy singing. Bruni Falcon substitutes for Miss Neway at the Monday-evening and Wednesday-matinée performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St. W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Michael Todd's Peep Show—Six former burlesque comics provide the humor in this scuffle of Mr. Todd's with the theatre, and sex is attended to by a bevy of appetizing girls wearing as little as possible. Bobby Clark directed the sketches; the music includes an offering from the King of Thailand; and the scenery and costumes are the work of Howard Bay and Irene Sharaff, respectively. Only for those who like their entertainment rough and noisy. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tickets, Please!—Paul and Grace Hartman are very funny in this revue, but the subordinate performers and their material seem quite a bit below standard. Among them are Dorothy Jarnac, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. No fewer than four people collaborated on the sketches, and five on the lyrics and music. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**gentlemen prefer blondes:** Lorelei Lee and Dorothy Shaw, brought back to life and set to music. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are prominent in the large cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **kiss me, kate:** Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott have replaced Patricia Morison and Alfred Drake in this Cole Porter musical. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific:** Melodious life on an island within small-boat distance of Bali Ha'i. Ray Middleton has taken over Ezio Pinza's chores, but Mary Martin is with us still. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25. Special performance, for the Stage Relief Fund, Sunday evening, Sept. 24.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Affairs of State—Celeste Holm and Reginald Owen in a new comedy by Louis Verneuil. Produced by Richard W. Krakeur and Fred F. Finklehoffe, and directed by Mr. Verneuil. Opens Monday, Sept. 25. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Southern Exposure—A comedy by Owen Crump, with Cameron Mitchell and Betty Greene Little. Directed by Margo Jones, and produced by Miss Jones, Tad Adoue, and Manning Gurian. Opens Tuesday, Sept. 26. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

Black Chiffon—Flora Robson with a British cast including Anthony Ireland and Raymond Huntley, in a play by Lesley Storm. Produced by John Wildberg and directed by Charles Hickman. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 27. (48th St. Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Season in the Sun—Wolcott Gibbs' comedy, directed by Burgess Meredith, has a cast that includes Richard Whorf, Nancy Kelly, Anthony Ross, King Calder, and Paula Laurence. Produced by Courtney Burr and Malcolm Pearson. Opens Thursday, Sept. 28. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Sadler's Wells Ballet—Thursday evening, Sept. 21: "Les Patineurs," "Checkmate," and "A Wedding Bouquet." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 22, and Saturday matinée, Sept. 23: "Le Lac des Cygnes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 23: "Checkmate," "Dante Sonata," and "A Wedding Bouquet." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, Sept. 24: "Giselle" and "Façade." . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Sept. 26-27: "Le Lac des Cygnes." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 28: "Giselle" and "Façade." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 29: "Dante Sonata," "Don Quixote," and "Façade." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 30: "Giselle" and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 30: "Checkmate," "A Wedding Bouquet," and "Don Quixote." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Oct. 1.)

Ruth St. Denis—In a dance recital. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Friday, Sept. 29, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Medium and **The Telephone**—A double-bill theatre-in-the-round production of Gian-Carlo Menotti's operas, with Zelma Watson George, Edith Gordon, and Paul King. Directed by Mr. Menotti. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Rodeo—Gene Autry, along with more than two hundred cowboys and Indians (cowgirls, too), taking up his annual stand in the big city. Opens Wednesday evening, Sept. 27, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 22. (Mad-

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXVI, No. 31, Sept. 23, 1950. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1950, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Eddie Cantor—Forty years of show business *condensed into one evening of anecdotes and* songs. Piano accompaniment by Dave Kenner and Ernie Stewart. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. *Saturday, Sept. 30, at 8:45.*)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Except on Sundays, William Scotti's band plays for dancing in the ample, if basement, Garden, at dinner and supper.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel plays for dinner in the Madison Room, which is closed Sundays, and, except Sundays, for cocktails "under the clock." No dancing anywhere.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This Village rumpus room is back in its pristine mood. Errol Garner, a great man at a piano, is the primary power. Phil Napoleon's Memphis Five sound the way you'd expect. Cliff Jackson is beginning his second century as the interlude pianist. Dancing.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Ninety minutes of old-fashioned minstrel-show tumult, serving mostly to prove that there's nothing new on Broadway and that girls are man's best friend.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The only resemblance between this emporium and the night clubs you see in movies is that here *every*one is dressed to the nines. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Chef's Special in the Terrace Room is the ice show, which is compounded of many traditional ingredients but also offers Jean Arlen and a couple of other young ladies especially designed for gym suits. Bernie Cummins' band provides well-tempered dance music. Peter Kent's orchestra helps out now and then. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Mimi Benzell performs at dinner and supper (except Sundays, when there is just a dinner show), along with Stanley Melba's orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band. Miss Benzell is sometimes arch, sometimes pedagogic, and sometimes, happily, just lyric. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Every night, Stanley Worth's orchestra from cocktails through supper in the Café Pierre. Page Morton plays piano and sings.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room will reopen on Thursday, Sept. 28, with a benefit for the Travelers Aid Society, which starts off a round of dinner and supper shows involving the songs of Jane Froman, the dances of Mary Raye and Naldi, and the dance music of Mark Monte's Continentals and Dick LaSalle's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room is full of Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance music after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ The Palm Court has Leo LeFleur's cocktail-hour music. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, through Saturday, Sept. 23, Teddy Powell and his band, who are having a holiday with strings. Starting Monday, Sept. 25, Guy Lombardo, who by now must own the place. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The handsome Maisonette has reopened for dinner and supper dancing to Milt Shaw's and Horace Diaz's band. Margaret Phelan is as handsome as the room, but not all her ballads are quite as distinguished. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Ralph Flanagan, maker of what might be called teen-age fan-club dance music, is in the Café Rouge at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

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Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Night school is in session. It may not help the young ones get into Princeton, but it will get them into a lot of other fashionable clubs. Suzy Mulligan sings between classes; Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, in a basic little black dress but far from Basic English, does those wisps of ballads about heaven and earth and love and death with artfully artless perfection. Emile Petti's orchestra, a choir, and an accordionist smooth her path for her. Panchito's rumba band is also here.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Vaughn Monroe, booming away on the Starlight Roof at dinner and supper. Mischa Borr's band alternates with Mr. Monroe, and is the only diversion on Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter, dean of Manhattan's piano professors, is back in his native habitat. This season, he is heard at dinner and supper and he isn't around Sundays. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, whose face has launched a thousand débutantes, holds forth here with his band after eight. Phil D'Arcy's trio makes dance music, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The boys from Syracuse and the bloods from Park Avenue elbow to elbow. Except Sundays, Felix Romaine's table-side string music from eight-thirty on, and Ernie Warren's trio after ten. Sundays, Nancy Reed is at the piano. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): The denizens of Radio Row uneasily taking their ease. Piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Simone Dolphen, conducting what amounts to a one-girl aquacade on top of Bob Downey's piano. Mr. Downey and Harold Fonville play double piano, and Jim Hawthorne sings. Hazel Webster is the piano soloist. Sunday is old-movie night. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A friendly Latin-American playground providing a plethora of song and dance, some of it by the house guests. Closed Sundays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): The bar, a sterling example of the *whee!* school of interior decorating, has the perennial Rudy Timfield doing dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **VIEUX CARRÉ,** 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Except Mondays, Louis Hawkins presides over this bit of Southern comfort, right above L'Aiglon Restaurant, sprinkling his piano music and his conversation pieces lightly over his audience from cocktail time on. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer, foremost interpreter of the songs of Alec Wilder, Bart Howard, and other modernist composers, is in her parlor, upstairs over the convulsive Show Spot bar. Sam Hamilton, a good man in his own right, is her pianist. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): A very casual bar and terrace, where Spivy, starting around ten, does a batch of her single-entendre ditties. Herbert Kingsley, the house pianist, also gets into her act. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Maxine Sullivan, one of our pleasantest domesticated songbirds, chirrups here after ten to the piano of Laurie Brewis, who comes to work at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmie Daniels and his loyal mates—the blues-shouting Mae Barnes, the singing pianist Norene Tate, and the clowning pianist Garland Wilson—putting on their variety show at ten-thirty and doing (as the spirit moves) solos, duets, trios, and quartets. Alice Ghostley, who is newer at the game, weighs in with some extremely funny songs of her own. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Don Abney at the piano from six to twelve, except Sundays. . . . **RALEIGH ROOM,** Hotel Warwick, 65 W. 54th St. (CI 7-2700): Cy Coleman's trio, whose only problem is too many (rather than too few) ideas, is the reason for listening in here. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Piano and cymbalon music from six to nine Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's dance music between the same hours on Saturdays and from noon to nine on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, a long but generally amusing trip in a Pullman smoker, has again checked into town. Carol Bruce sings. Dancing. . . . **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): The well-known Billy Daniels, who delivers his love songs in Holy Roller style. Pupi Campo's and Walter Nye's orchestras are on the revolving bandstand.

SUPPER CLUBS

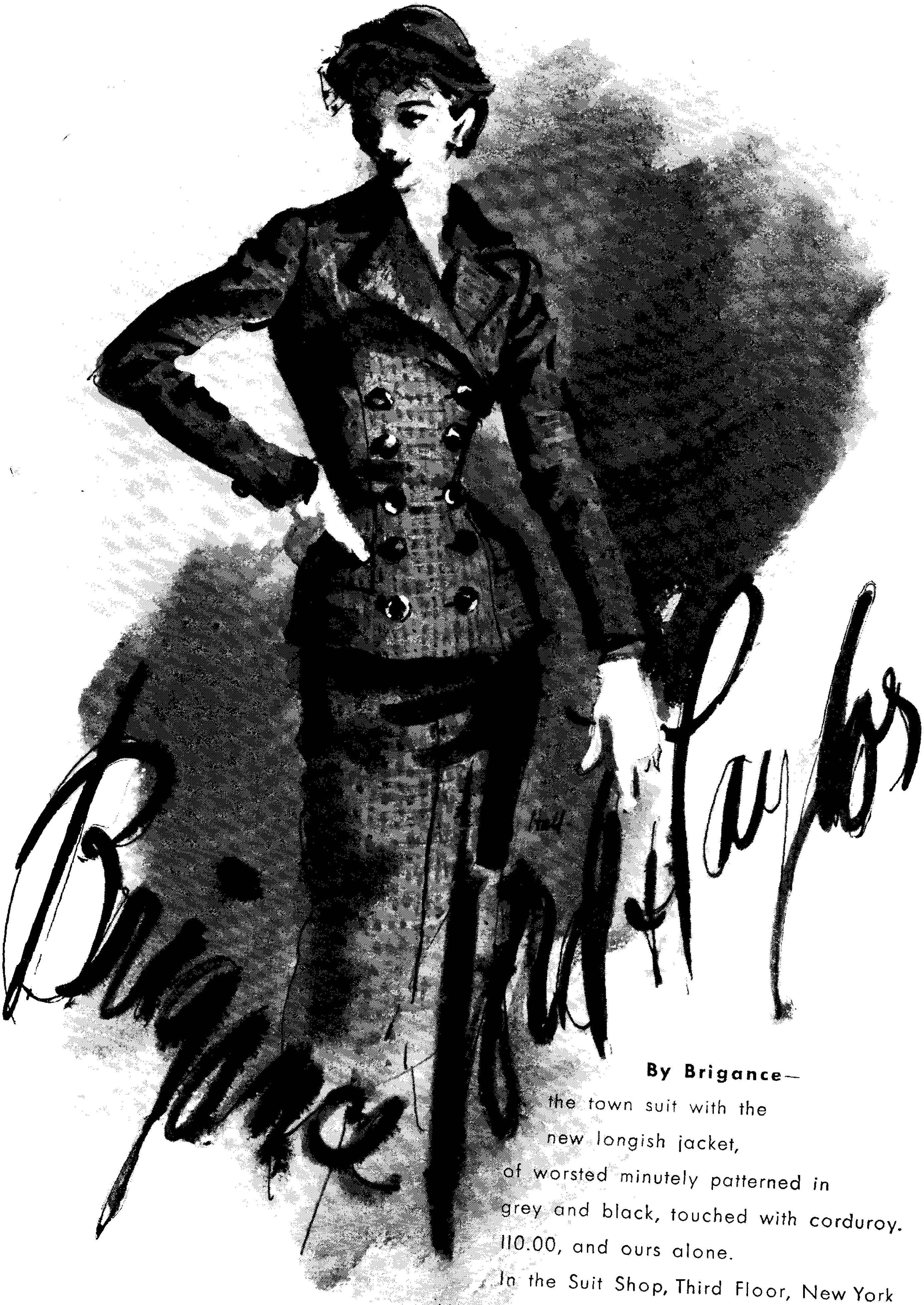
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The bumptiously cheerful Eddie and Tony, behaving like perfect little hellions; the Weavers, a heaping (and fetching) helping of homespun song and homespun wit; and Bill McArthur, whose neat impersonation of Louella Parsons shines like a naughty deed. Background music by Stuart Ross, the Herman Chittison Trio, and Harold Cooke. . . . ¶ In the lounge, after the theatre, Eadie and Rack are again at their piano duets. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk's extravaganza involves Michael Brown's bizarre ballads of doom and Shirl Conway's songs of love, the young but often bright humor of the Deuces Wild, and the hearty pipings of the Four Lads. Norman Paris, the infant prodigy, and his trio are a whole school of modern music in themselves. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Richard Dyer-Bennett's unique library of modern and ancient songs, plus a jaunty bit of Bermuda jive by the striking Marie Young, and some rowdy fun by Charlotte Rae. Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar, for dancing. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Mr. Condon's band, in a state of flux these



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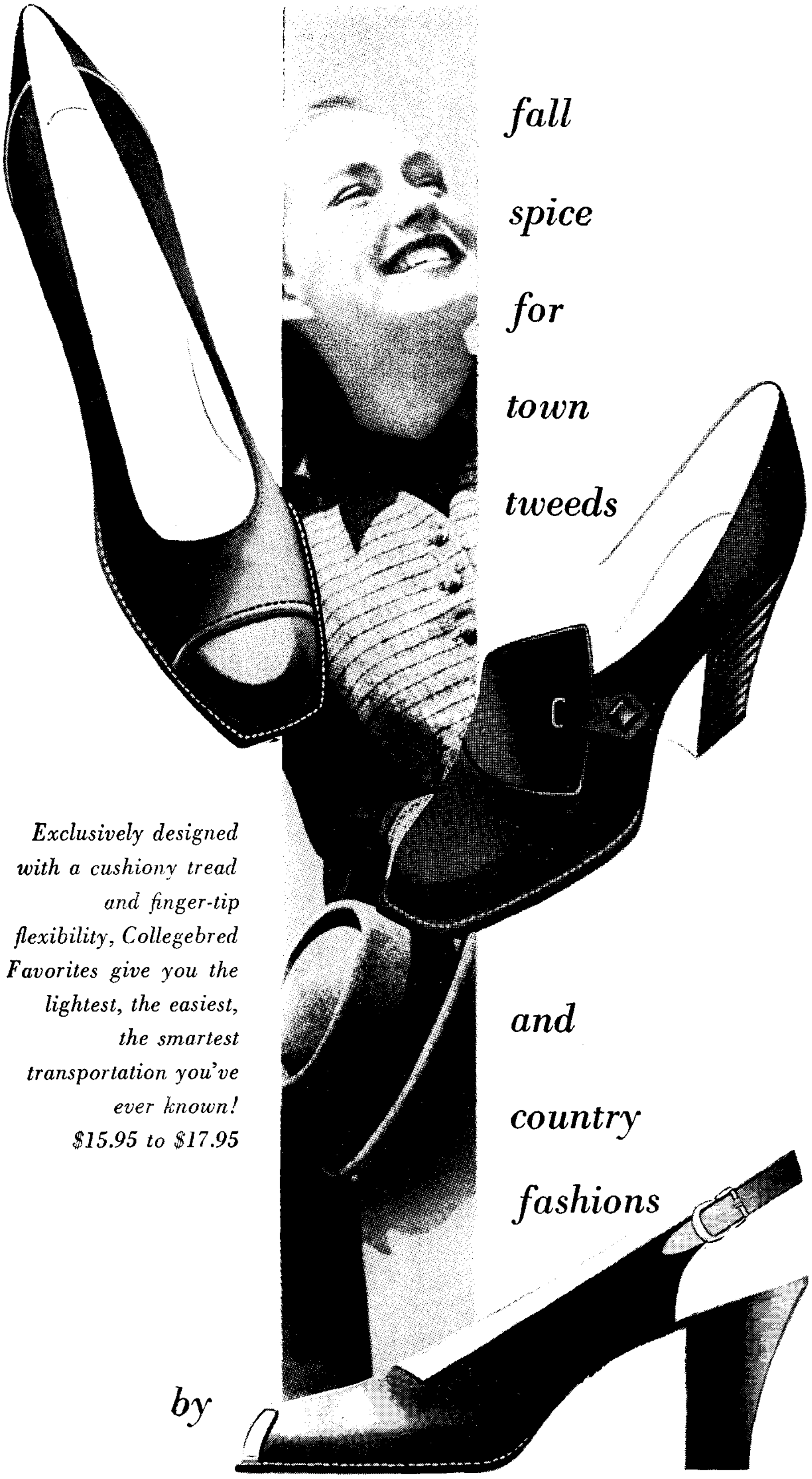

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days, now contains Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Ralph Sutton, and Johnny Windhurst, which is not a bad mix. On Monday, Sept. 25, Gene Schroeder will return to play in the band in place of Mr. Sutton, who will once again be the intermission pianist. Tuesday nights, when other sharpshooters drop in for target practice, are often sheer madness. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band is at work here. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): A new band, Dixieland in mood, made up of Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, among others. Don Frye is at the piano between sets. *Jam sessions Monday nights;* closed Sundays. Dancing. . . . **BOP CITY,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): A musical history (the eighty-eighth, at a guess) of jazz, with Fletcher Henderson and Earl Bostic and their bands, to say nothing of showgirls. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Through Wednesday, Sept. 27, Illinois Jacquet and his band, in quite a state of frenzy. After that, a new collection. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night shivarees are still going on. On Sept. 22, Max Kaminsky's band (Sidney de Paris, Sandy Williams, Omer Simeon, Frank Signorelli, and George Wettling) vs. Bobby Hackett's band (Wilbur de Paris, Prince Robinson, James P. Johnson, John Kirby, and Freddie Moore). . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): More Friday-night welkin-ringing rituals, employing (on Sept. 22) Benny Morton, Bob Wilber, Big Chief Russell Moore, Willie the Lion Smith, and Kansas Fields. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6, Mondays through Saturdays.)

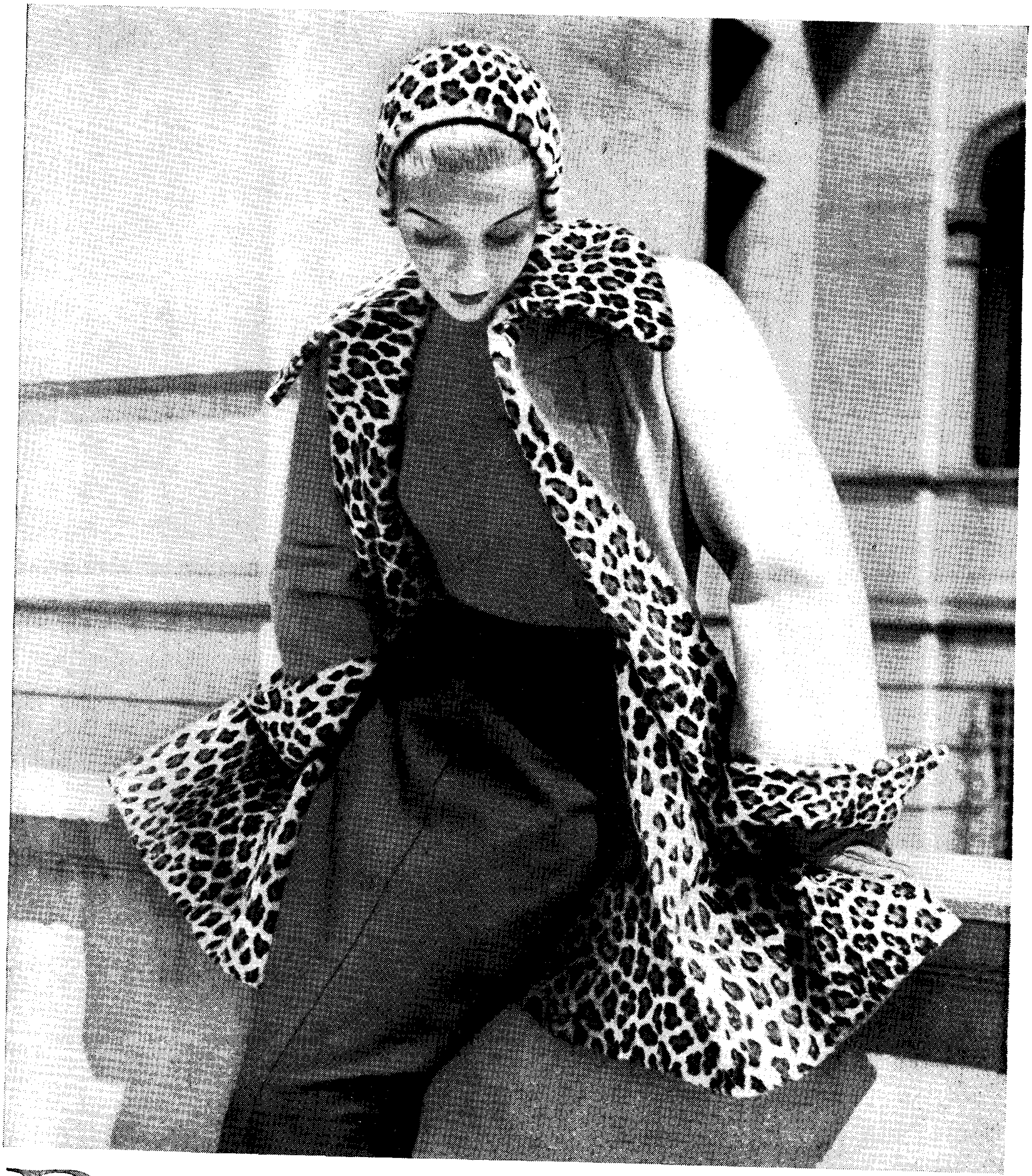
GALLERIES

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ARTISTS',** 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Oils and sculptures by members of the gallery's group, among them Daniel Revzan and John Sennhauser. Daily, noon to 5:30; through Sept. 23. . . . **KOOTZ,** 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: A stimulating forecast of what may be seen here during the coming season, with abstractions by Hans Hofmann, Robert Motherwell, Adolph Gottlieb, and others; through Sept. 30. . . . **NEW SCHOOL,** 66 W. 12th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and other works by members of the art-school faculty, including Julian Levi, Stuart Davis, Abraham Rattner, and Chaim Gross. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 3:30; through Oct. 13. . . . **SALPETER,** 36 W. 56th St.: Paintings in several mediums, by Maurice Sievan, Shirley Hendrick, Charles Heidenreich, and others. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Sept. 29. . . . **WELLONS,** 43 E. 50th St.: Sculptures and paintings by Gaston Lachaise, Henry Lee McFee, Paul Manship, William Harnett, and others; through Sept. 30.

JOHN MARIN—Thirty-eight water colors and drawings by this modern Old Master, being shown in connection with the publication of a portfolio of his prints. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Sept. 23.)

MODERN FRENCH—Paintings by such well-known artists as Vlaminck, Dufy, and Utrillo, along with some interesting work by two young Parisians, François Arnal and Bernard Buffet. (Niveau, 63 E. 57th St.; through Sept. 30.) . . . ¶ More Dufy and Utrillo, as well as others who might be called standard-bearers for the modern movement, among them Braque, Picasso, and Soutine. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Sept. 29. Closed Saturday.)

PRINTS—An exhibition spanning the past half century. Artists of several countries are represented—Renoir, Picasso, Rivera, Hayter, and others. (New York Public Library, Fifth



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10; through Dec. 5.)

CHARLES SHAW—Abstractions, done in a new style for this artist, and partaking a little of Léger and other earlier men. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 4. Open Saturdays, 10 to 1.)

LOUIS TAVELLI—Oils and water colors by an American musician who, in 1946, gave up the viola in favor of painting. (Hacker, 24 W. 58th St.; through Sept. 30.)

THE WOMAN IN FRENCH PAINTING—As seen through the eyes of painters of the more or less ascetic sixteenth century, the frivolous seventeenth and eighteenth, and the Impressionistic nineteenth. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 30.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Harry Sternberg; through Oct. 7.... ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Edward Chavez; through Oct. 7.... CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57th St.: Group show. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; through Sept. 29. ... LEVITT, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.: Leo Manso; through Oct. 14.

NOTE—The semiannual art exhibit in Washington Square will be on view daily, starting at noon and remaining open until dark, from Friday, Sept. 22, through Sunday, Oct. 15.

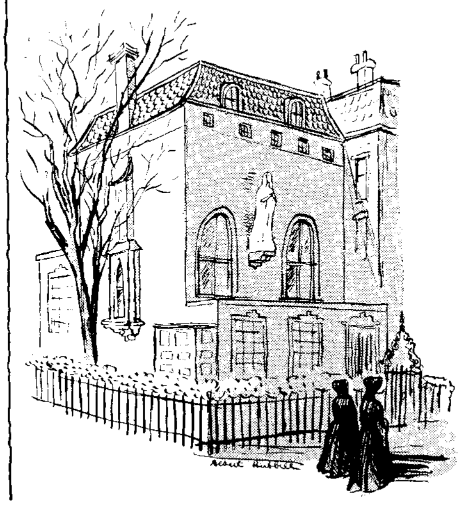
MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A showing of oils, water colors, prints, and sculptures by members of the Museum's art-school faculty. The group includes Max Beckmann, William Baziotes, Reuben Tam, and Milton Hebald. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Oct. 15.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Thirty-five models of important Jewish historical scenes, *from the time of Abraham to the* proclamation of Israel's independence. The models were built by an Englishman, Denny C. Stokes. Through March 30.... ¶ Paintings and drawings of Jerusalem and Haifa, along with portraits and figure studies, by an Israeli, Rabbi Abraham J. Shapira; through Oct. 9. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit taken from the permanent collection of American paintings, drawings, and prints, and covering, roughly, the last fifty years; through Oct. 29.... ¶ Chess sets and boards given to the Museum, in 1948, by Gustavus A. Pfeiffer; through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of twentieth-century paintings and sculpture from the Museum's collection. There are groupings of American, British, pre-Nazi German, and Latin-American art, as well as a section devoted to portraits. Through Oct. 15.... ¶ In the Museum garden (entrance at 4 W. 54th St.), a one-story



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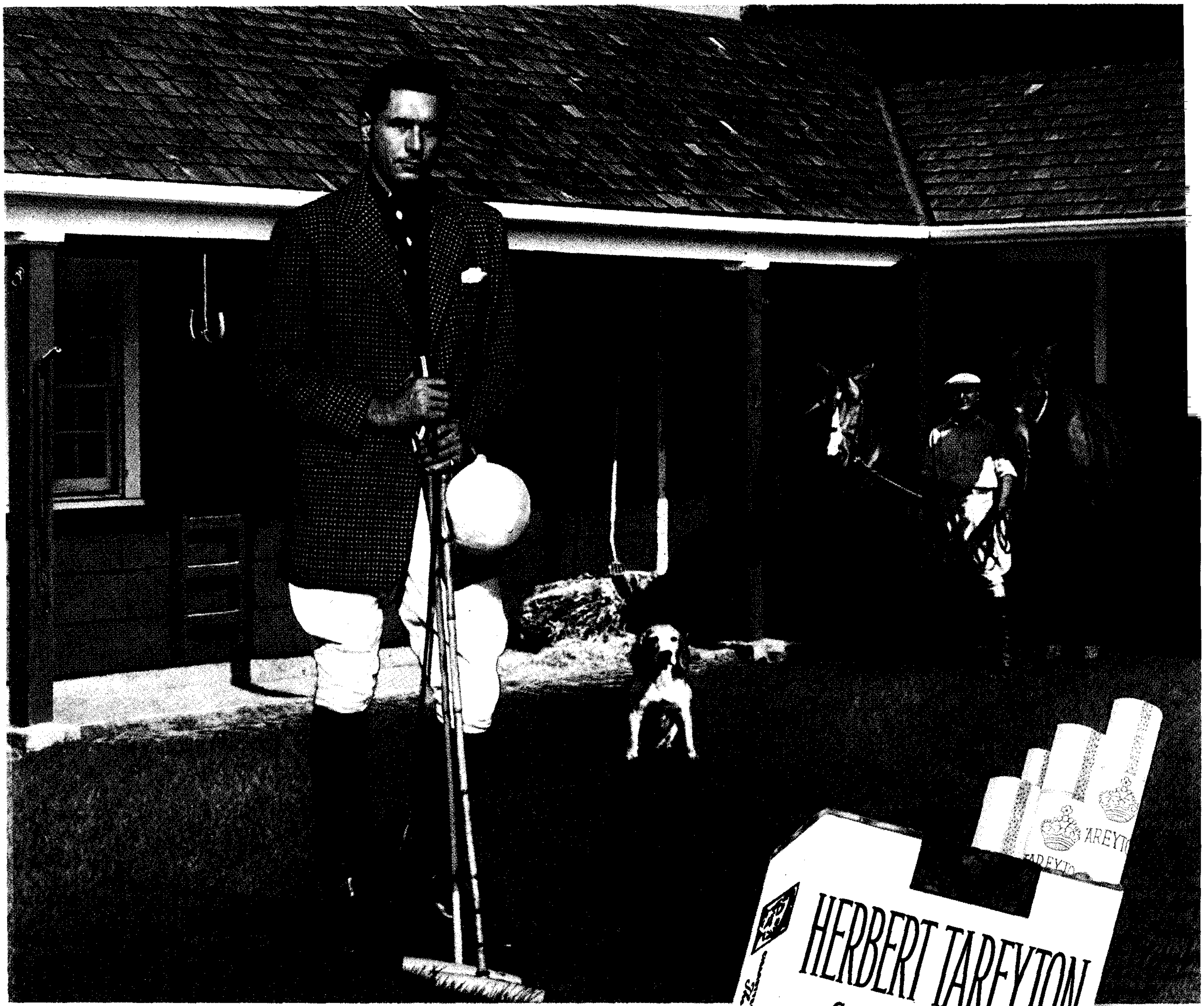

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

house designed by Gregory Ain; through Oct. 29. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A showing by the Museum's regulars, among them Hilla Rebay, Josef Albers, and Alice Mason, as well as by some Europeans who are new exhibitors here. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Oct. 13.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—A display of American art, drawn from the permanent collection and including oils, water colors, sculpture, and drawings. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through Nov. 5.)

MUSIC

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 12—Thursday evening, Sept. 21: "Turandot." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 22: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 23: "Der Rosenkavalier." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 24: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 24: "The Tales of Hoffmann." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 28: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English). . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 29: The company's première of Gounod's "Faust." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 30: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinée at 2:30.)

SPORTS

AUTOMOBILE ROAD-RACING—Mercury's minions kicking up a big dust for the Queen Catherine Montour Cup, the Seneca Cup, and the Watkins Glen Grand Prix. About a hundred cars are involved, and heaven knows how many hundred miles. (Watkins Glen, N.Y. Saturday, Sept. 23, starting at 10 A.M.)

BASEBALL—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Cincinnati, Thursday, Sept. 21, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 27-28, at 1:30 (doubleheaders). . . . ¶ Giants vs. Boston, Saturday, Sept. 30, at 1:30. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday, Sept. 21, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Giants, Monday, Sept. 25, at 1:30 and 8:30, and Tuesday, Sept. 26, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Boston, Wednesday, Sept. 27, at 1:30 (doubleheader), and Thursday and Friday, Sept. 28-29, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Sept. 30, at 2. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Saturday, Sept. 23, at 2, and Sunday, Sept. 24, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 25-26, at 1:30 (doubleheaders).

BOXING—Tony Pellone vs. Johnny Saxton, welterweights, 10 rounds (Madison Square Garden, CO 5-6811. Friday, Sept. 22. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.) . . . ¶ Joe Louis vs. Ezzard Charles, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Yankee Stadium. Wednesday, Sept. 27. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—On SATURDAY, SEPT. 23, all at 2: Lafayette vs. Fordham, at Easton. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Rutgers, at Syracuse. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, SEPT. 30, all at 2: Army vs. Colgate, at West Point. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Hobart, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Lafayette, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover. . . . ¶ Maryland vs. Navy, at College Park. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Virginia, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Williams, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven.

DOG SHOW—Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury. Sunday, Sept. 24.)

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Garden City Country Club, Garden City. Through Thursday, Sept. 21.)

HORSE SHOWS—Wilmington Horse Show. (Wilmington, Del. Friday through Sunday, Sept. 22-24.) . . . ¶ Chester County-Bryn Mawr Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 28-30.)

HUNT RACING—Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, Sept. 23.)

POLO—At MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury: Na-

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tional Open Championship, final, Sunday, Sept. 24, at 3; for the benefit of the *Daily Mirror* Youth Welfare Fund. (A special train for the polo field will leave Penn Station at 1:25.) . . . **BOSTWICK FIELD,** Westbury: Sundays at 5. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Yanks vs. Detroit Lions. (Yankee Stadium. Friday, Sept. 29, at 8:30.)

RACING—At Belmont Park: Weekdays at 1:15; through Monday, Oct. 9. The Manhattan Handicap and the Matron, Saturday, Sept. 23; the Vosburgh Handicap, Monday, Sept. 25; the Lawrence Realization, Wednesday, Sept. 27; and the Futurity and the New York Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 30. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:25.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Nightly at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 23. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 and 7:03.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 14. . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8:40, from Monday, Sept. 25, through Saturday, Nov. 11. (A train will leave Grand Central Station for the track daily at 7:11.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—At Flushing Meadow, the General Assembly is holding plenary sessions on weekdays. About nine hundred visitors are admitted to each meeting. At Lake Success, committees of the General Assembly confer in rooms accommodating up to a hundred onlookers, and visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. For tickets to either place, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, after 8:30 A.M., the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the United Nations Station, at Flushing Meadow, and for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 535 Fifth Ave., at 44th St., MU 7-0877.

FLOWER SHOW—The annual dahlia display by the American Dahlia Society, in association with the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. Thursday, Sept. 21, from 10 to 10.)

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE MOON—Can be seen (granted freedom from advertising blimps, rainclouds, and obstructing buildings) starting about 9:30 on Monday, Sept. 25, and continuing into the next morning. Several sidewalk telescopes will be set up for the public on 81st Street near Central Park West, by the Hayden Planetarium and the Amateur Astronomers' Association.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The September show is called "Autumn Skies." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English and French furniture, porcelains, paintings, and other decorations, the property of various owners, among them the late Margaretta C. Spedden. (Exhibition Thursday, Sept. 21, from 9:30 to 5; auction Friday and Saturday, Sept. 22-23, at 2.) . . . ¶ English and French furniture, including period pieces and reproductions, as well as silver, rugs, and other objects of art, owned by the late Princess Henrietta Pignatelli and others. (Exhibition Saturday, Sept. 23, and Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 25-27, from 9:30 to 5; auction Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 28-30, at 2.)

NOTE—Daylight Saving Time will come to an end on Sunday, Sept. 24, at 2 A.M. Turn the clock back an hour.

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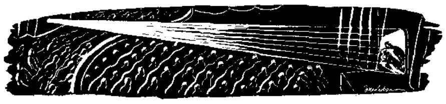
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Annie Get Your Gun—The Irving Berlin musical, translated with considerable fidelity to the screen. Betty Hutton's performance isn't up to that of Ethel Merman in the stage version, but the rest of the cast, which includes Howard Keel, J. Carrol Naish, Keenan Wynn, and Louis Calhern, do as well as anybody could expect. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 21.... ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; through Sept. 22.... ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Sept. 23.... ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; starting Sept. 27.)

The Happiest Days of Your Life—Margaret Rutherford and Alastair Sim in a chipper English film that describes the consequences of trying to transform a venerable boys' school into a coeducational establishment. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

The Lawless—The race problem again, this time involving natives of northern California and Mexican immigrants. A film that never lets social significance interfere with the fast pace of a spanking melodrama. With Macdonald Carey, Gail Russell, and Lalo Rios. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Sept. 23.)

Madeleine—What happens to a bounder in Victorian Glasgow who trifles with a maiden and then fails to return her billets-doux. An interesting enough mystery film that owes much to Ann Todd, who plays the maiden in question with a lot of authority. A British picture. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242; through Sept. 27, tentative.)

The Men—A forthright approach to the problems of paraplegic veterans. Marlon Brando is splendid as the hero of the piece, and he gets plenty of help from Teresa Wright, Everett Sloane, and forty-five residents of a government hospital in California. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; starting Sept. 27.)

Mystery Street—Melodrama in New England, with Ricardo Montalban, as a hard-working cop, and Bruce Bennett, as a Harvard scientist solving the killing of a lady of whom nothing remains but some bones. Skillfully done, the picture includes among its assets Elsa Lanchester, who is fine as a genteel lady practically marinated in gin. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; through Sept. 23.)

No Way Out—There are moments when this story of a young Negro doctor and his battle against prejudice becomes too overwrought, but on the whole it is a mature and thoughtful probing of a cancerous subject. With Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier, and Linda Darnell. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

The Red Shoes—A lengthy British item having to do with dancers. With Moira Shearer and Leonide Massine. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Sunset Boulevard—There's a good deal more heat than light in this gaudy attempt to relate the tribulations of an old cinema star who wants to get back into pictures. Gloria Swanson, Erich von Stroheim, and William Holden struggle valiantly and skillfully, but the script gets them all in the end. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600; through Sept. 27.)

Three Little Words—An old-fashioned, extremely pleasant musical biography setting forth, this time, the life stories of songwriters Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Fred Astaire's footwork is as nimble as ever. With Vera-Ellen, Red Skelton, and Keenan Wynn. (State, B'way at 45th, LU 2-5070.)

Treasure Island—Stevenson's great adventure yarn, complete with all the pirate trimmings, in a topnotch production by Walt Disney. Robert Newton, as Long John Silver, and Bobby Driscoll, as young Jim Hawkins, are outstanding in a large and bloodthirsty cast. Made in England. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

The Walls of Malapaga—Jean Gabin and Isa Miranda in a moody but powerful film that depicts the activities of a Frenchman who, having fled his homeland after indulging in a bit of homicide, joins up with a lovelorn lady and her impressionable daughter in a bombed-out section of Genoa. The daughter is portrayed with great sensitivity by Vera Talchi. A French-Italian production. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 27.)

The Winslow Boy—The story of how a father rectifies an injustice done his son at an English naval academy, told in absorbing fashion. A British picture, with Cedric Hardwicke, Robert Donat, and Margaret Leighton. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

All My Sons (1948)—An adaptation of the Arthur Miller play about an unscrupulous industrialist who makes the most of business in wartime. With Edward G. Robinson and Burt Lancaster. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Sept. 24-25.)

Crime Without Passion (1934)—The Hecht-MacArthur film of night life and murder. With Claude Rains. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Sept. 24-25.)

Desire (1936)—Stolen pearls, Spain, Marlene Dietrich, and Gary Cooper. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Sept. 27.)

Goin' to Town (1935)—Mae West in the midst of Southampton society. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 21.... ¶ Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Sept. 22.... ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Sept. 23.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 22-23.)

If I Had a Million (1932)—The first and best-known of the all-star episode films, with, among others, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 21.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Love on a bus. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 24-25.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers mixed up with the musical world. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 26-27.)

Reap the Wild Wind (1942)—A Cecil B. DeMille treatise on the Florida Keys in the eighteen-forties. Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and Raymond Massey. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

The Scoundrel (1935)—Noel Coward, Julie Haydon, and Alexander Woollcott in the Hecht-MacArthur legend of a phantom publisher. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Sept. 22.... ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Sept. 24-25.)

The Search (1948)—An account of the effects of war on the lives of some children in Europe. With Montgomery Clift. Made in Western Germany. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 24-25.)

The Seventh Veil (1945)—Good music and a dash of psychiatry. An English film, with James Mason and Ann Todd. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Sept. 24-26.)

Shanghai Express (1932)—Revolutionaries and politics in the Orient. With Marlene Dietrich and Clive Brook. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Sept. 26.)

Shoe-Shine (1947)—Street children in Rome. An Italian film. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Sept. 22-25.)

South Riding (1938)—Yorkshire life, with Edna Best and Ralph Richardson. An English picture. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 24-26.)

Story of G.I. Joe (1945)—The American infantryman's progress through Africa and Italy during World War II. With Burgess Meredith. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; and Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Sept. 26-27.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Sept. 24: "Anna Christie" (1930), with Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford, and Marie Dressler.... ¶ Starting Sept. 25: "Cavalcade" (1933), with Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th (JU 6-2240)
"Edge of Doom," Farley Granger, Dana Andrews, Joan Evans.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Through Sept. 27: "Summer Stock," Judy Garland, Gene Kelly.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through Sept. 27 (tentative): "Gilda," revival, Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford; and "Platinum Blonde," revival, Jean Harlow, Loretta Young.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
REAP THE WILD WIND, revival; and "The Fleet's In," revival, Dorothy Lamour, William Holden.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
Through Sept. 25: "Carnegie Hall," revival, all-star musical cast; and "Die Fledermaus" (in German), revival.
From Sept. 26: "For Them That Trespass," Richard Todd.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
TREASURE ISLAND.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Sept. 27: **SUNSET BOULEVARD.**

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Sleeping City," Richard Conte, Coleen Gray.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
NO WAY OUT.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"My Blue Heaven," Dan Dailey, Betty Grable.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
THREE LITTLE WORDS.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Sept. 21: "Tea for Two," Doris Day, Gordon MacRae.
From Sept. 22: "Pretty Baby," Dennis Morgan, Betsy Drake.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Our Very Own," Ann Blyth, Farley Granger.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Bitter Rice" (in Italian), Silvana Mangano.

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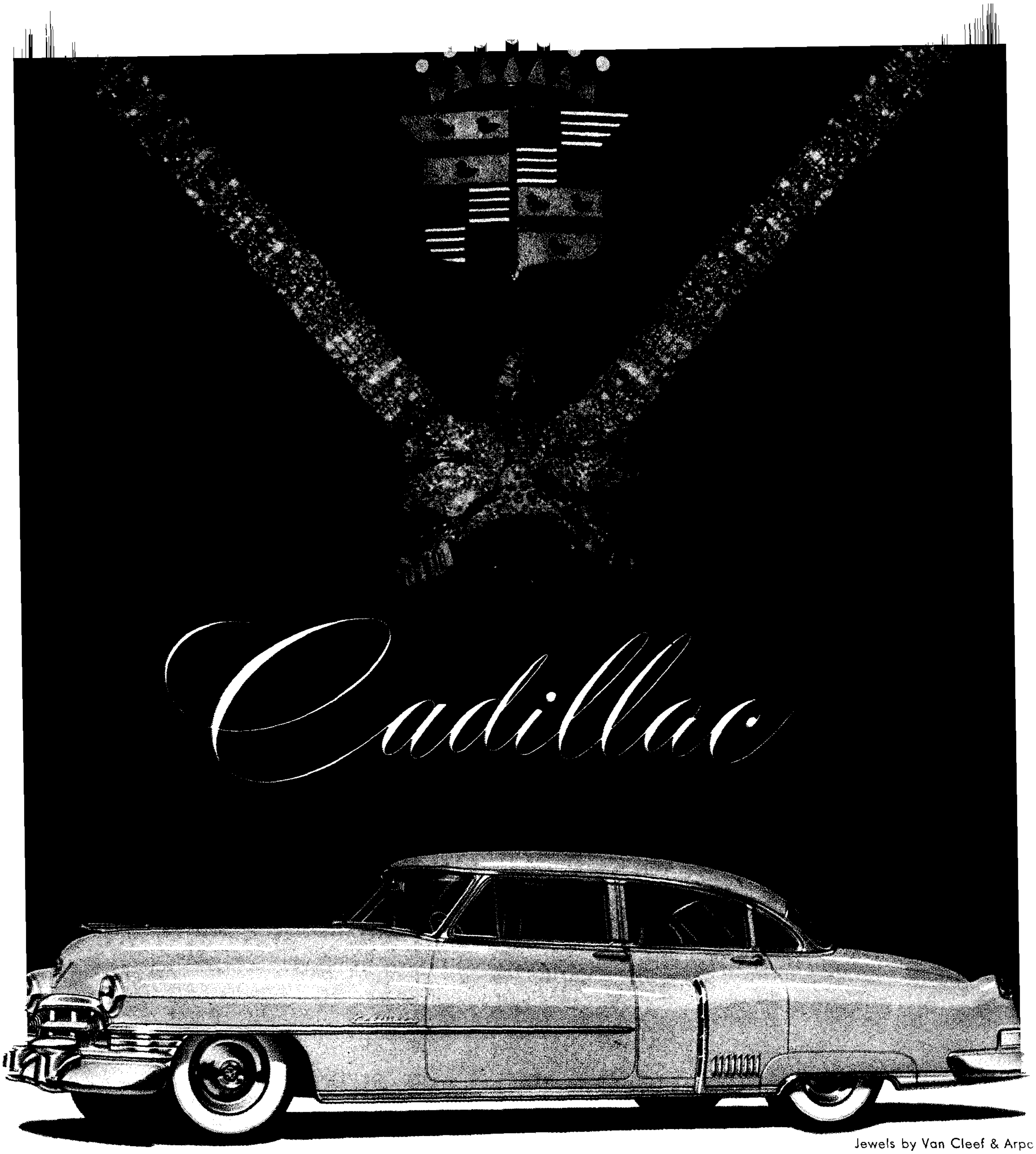

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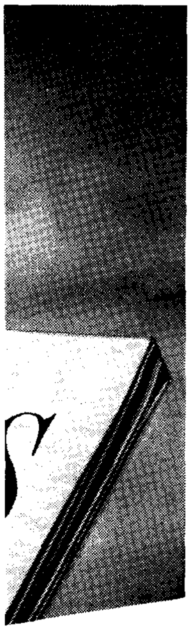

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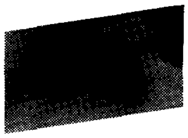

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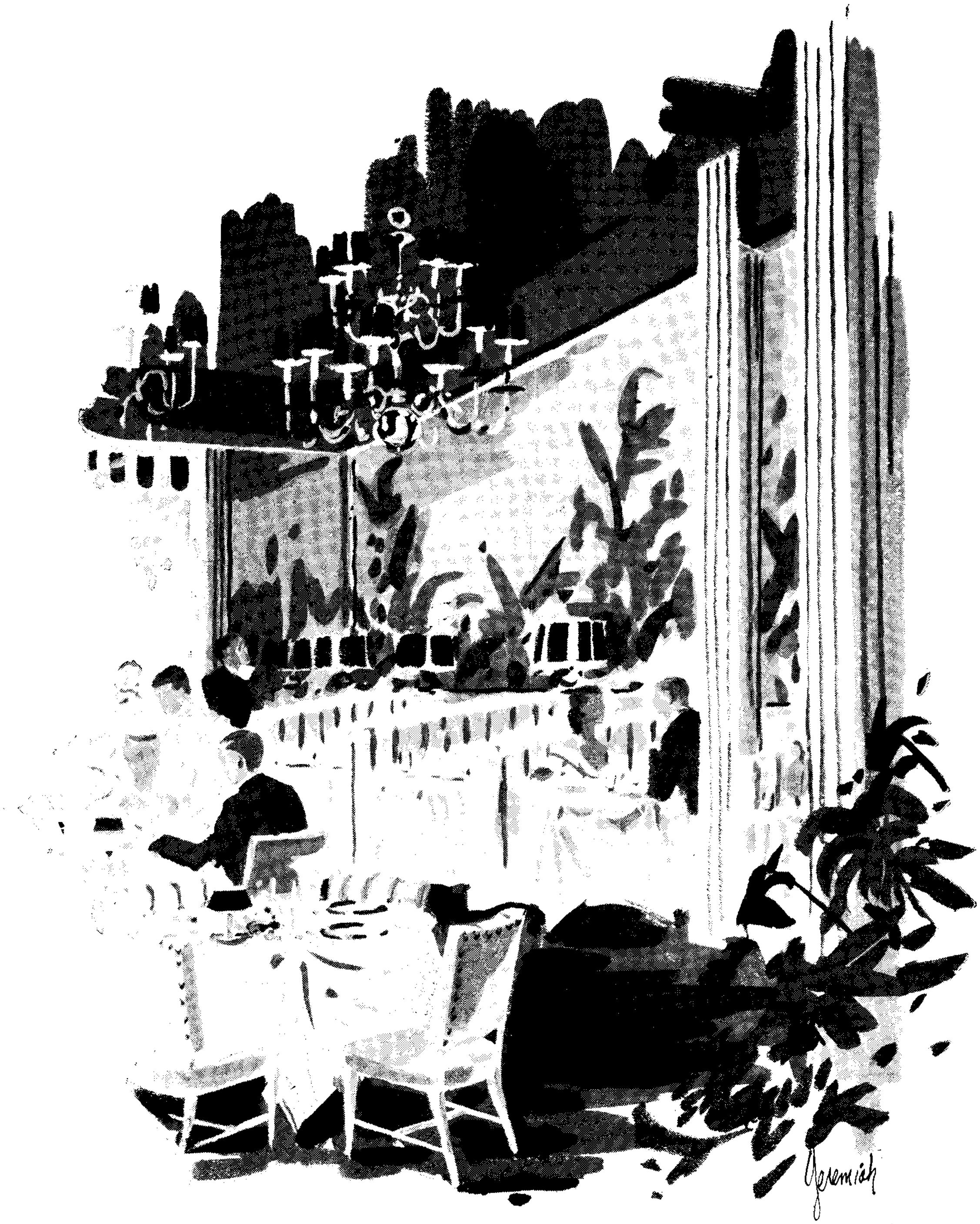

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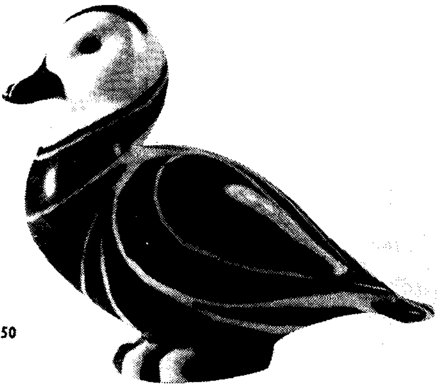
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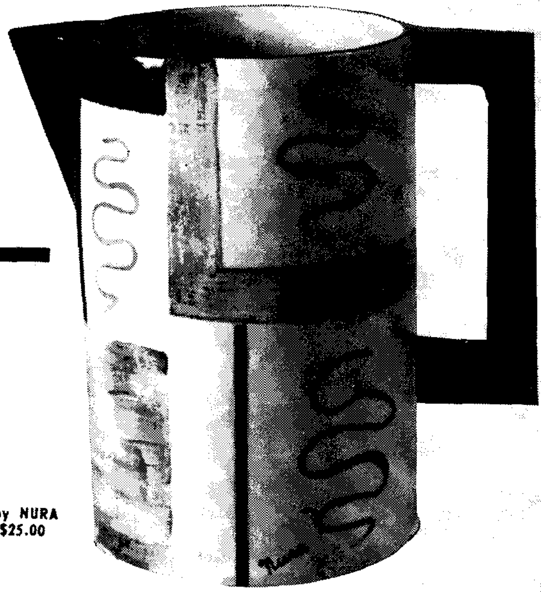
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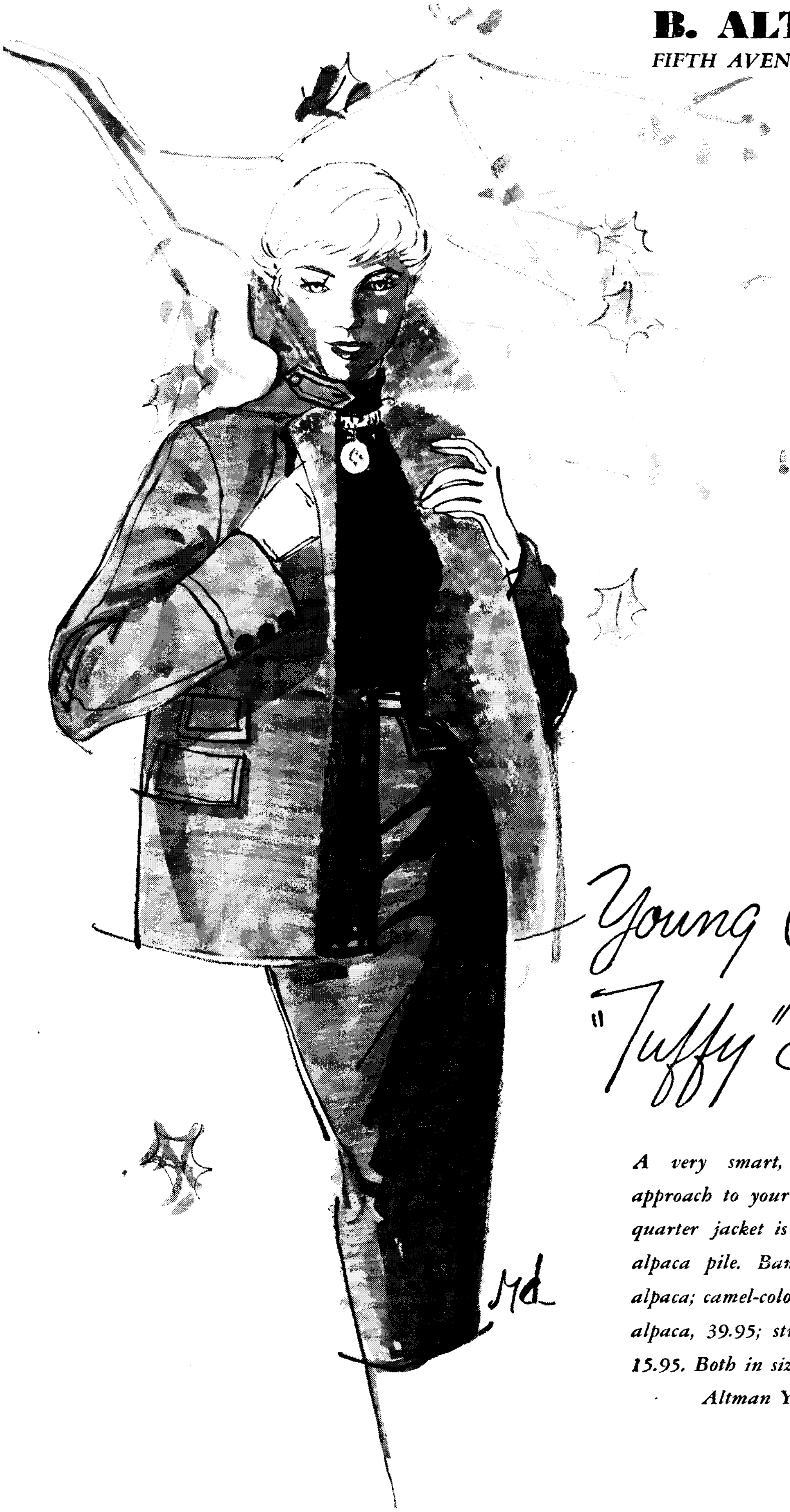

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THE NEW YORKER

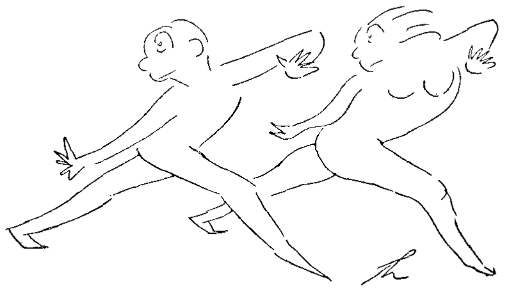
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AMERICANS are willing to go to enormous trouble and expense defending their principles with arms, very little trouble and expense advocating them with words. Temperamentally we are ready to die for certain principles (or, in the case of overripe adults, send youngsters to die), but we show little inclination to advertise the reasons for the dying. Some critics say that a self-governing, democratic people don't know what they believe; but that is nonsense. It is simply that a democratic people, who are also an impatient and restless people, feel no strong urge to define what they instinctively comprehend. Also, they do not delegate to government the power to speak for the individual. The disinclination to propagandize is characteristic. Thirty-six billions for a military program, a thin buck for a voice clarifying our aims and beliefs. Many people now think, and we agree with them, that if we are to compete successfully with the throaty call of the Communist heartland—a call as brassy as that of a tenting evangelist—we shall have to develop a bit of a whistle of our own. We already have the Soviet voice at a disadvantage, and we should exploit it. The Russians limit themselves to spreading what they call the Truth and to jamming the sounds that come from the other direction. They cannot disseminate information, because information would too often embarrass their Truth. We can do much better. We can, and should, spread the material an American reads each morning in his paper—news, definitions, letters to the editor, texts, credos, reports, recipes, aims and intentions. We must reach and astonish with our kind of reporting the millions who hear almost nothing of that sort and who hardly know it exists. We can safely leave Truth to the Kremlin, and can broadcast instead the splendid fact of difference of opinion, the thud of ideas in collision.

THE Russian charge about us, which deliberately misleads so many millions of people, should be met by a greatly expanded United States Department of Correction, Amplification, and Abuse. Misinformation, even when it is not deliberate, is at the bottom of much human misery. We recall the recent ordeal of George Kuscinkas, the fifty-six-year-old delivery man who pushed his handcart thirteen miles, far into the Bronx, because his employer had written "23rd Street" so that it looked like "234th Street." This was mere carelessness. But think of the journeys that are being made in the world by those who are pushing a heavy handcart in an impossible direction under misapprehensions of one sort and another!

WE saw a piece in the paper the other day by a historian who had decided that freedom was shot because frontiers were disappearing. Freedom, he reasoned, can't survive in the congested conditions of a non-pioneering civilization. If there were anything to this theory, it would be the worst news of the week. We think the historian underestimates the vitality of the free spirit in the individual and exaggerates the role of geography. An iron curtain almost but not quite impenetrable is as challenging a frontier as a forest of virgin timber. Besides, it is perfectly apparent that freedom resides comfortably in areas of great congestion. We walked through such a street this morning.



SOMEHOW the letters-to-the-editor page, strange and wonderful as it always is, is one of the chief adornments of the society we love and seek to clarify for the world. The privilege of writing to the editor is basic; the product is the hot dish of scrambled eggs that is America. Take the *Times* the other morning: a resounding letter headed "Awareness of Issues Asked," a studious appeal to protect forest preserves ("Let this long and difficult fight be a lesson . . ."), an indignant attack by a Gaines Dog Research man on the superstition that dog days are associated with hydrophobia, a thoughtful essay on world government, and finally a blast from a reader in Monroe, New York: "It just so happens that I attempted to transplant three plants [of orange milkweed] recently and they all had long, horizontal roots."

Such a page, together with the *Times'* sense of duty in publishing it, suggests an abiding normalcy in democratic behavior and thought, and gives the reassurance that neither Korea nor the volume of the Russian voice can unsettle this land whose citizens' torments and hopes, big and little, are aired daily in the press, this land whose roots are both long and horizontal.

Progress

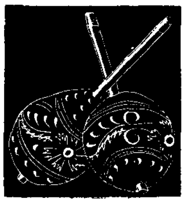
WE received a letter from Mr. Anthony M. Reinach, a partner in the brokerage firm of Ira Haupt & Co., calling our attention to the fact that his company was planning to have a tent exhibit at the annual Mineola Fair, and continuing, in part:

> This is the first time that any financial firm has conducted such an exhibit at a county fair. It is another giant step forward in our campaign to bring more and more investors into Wall Street from

among the millions of average citizens with small amounts of surplus capital.

Stimulated by this communication, we visited the Fair, a two-hundred-and-sixty-five-year-old fixture, last week and made our way through a good deal of mud to the Haupt tent, one of four or five dozen on the fairgrounds. A large sign over its entrance flap read, "Ira Haupt & Co., Members of the New York Stock Exchange, 111 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y." Inside, in charge of the giant step, we found Ernest E. Ruppe, a Haupt Long Island representative, surrounded by card tables and camp chairs laden with thousands of financial leaflets, most of them in cartons. "Sorry to be so untidy," he said, "but I've been out here three days and it's rained most of the time. Yesterday the water seeped in so badly that I had to take my financial literature off the floor and pile it on these tables and chairs. It got so cold and wet last night—I stay here until eleven—that I just went outside, sat in my car, and turned the motor and heater on." Ruppe sneezed and blew his nose. "Had a slug of whiskey and a hot bath when I got home," he added, "but I'm not sure it did any good."

The floor to which Mr. Ruppe referred was a mass of sodden grass. The walls of his tent were decorated with posters reading, "Looking for More Income?," "Republic Investors Fund, Inc. A Mutual Fund with Leverage," "Axe-Houghton Fund, Inc. A Diversified Investment in One Security," "Lexington Trust Fund," etc. Mr. Ruppe explained that a mutual fund is an investment trust designed for investors with surpluses of from ten dollars up, and that a hundred mutual funds, with varying portfolios, are available. "Money has changed hands in the past twenty years," he said. "The people who used to have it don't. The workingman does. That's where the business is, and Ira Haupt, a forward-looking firm, realizes this. One of my best customers is a potato farmer in Hicksville; I've sold him nineteen thousand dollars' worth of mutual funds." We became conscious of a great crowing of roosters and cackle of hens at this point, and Mr. R. told us that it came from a neighboring tent housing a poultry exhibit. "We're creating quite a sensation here," he said, with a sniffle. "Everyone comes to see Wall Street at the county fair." He showed us a register of visitors, containing thirty or forty names, and turned on a small Trans-Lux machine, whose tape spelled out the message "Invest your surplus above emergency and insurance needs in mutual funds" and then stopped. "End of the reel," said Mr. Ruppe. "I'll have to rewind it. It tells how out of a hundred average Americans now twenty-five only one will have as much as ten thousand dollars at age sixty-five, and how seventy-five out of a hundred at age sixty-five are dependent on relatives or charity. That's why—" Several roars from several lions cut off the conclusion of this remark, and Mr. Ruppe said these emanated from Hunt's Circus, whose animals were kept in a number of huge trucks near the back of the Haupt tent when off duty.



"Our visitors come from all over—the Bronx, Brooklyn, and Queens," said Mr. Ruppe. "Of course, we don't expect to make any actual sales here. What we're doing is creating an interest." We hung around the tent for a little while longer, reading up on mutual funds and fingering some miniature red-and-green plastic banks labelled "Humpty Dumpty," "Little Miss Muffet," "Little Jack Horner," and "The Three Bears," with coin slots for pennies, nickels, quarters, and fifty-cent pieces, and the only visitors to show were three boys wearing blazers with the legend "Oyster Bay High School." They ducked out after a disappointed look, and presently we strolled on, past tents marked "Eagle Insulation Company of Nassau," "Geological Display," and "Bee Equipment and Honey," to one containing antiques exhibited by Robert J. Bohaty, of Centerport, where we admired a 1906 Sears car and a 1737 Martin Luther Bible. Back in town, we were greeted by a phone call from Mr. Charles E. Bacon, sales manager of Haupt's Mutual Funds Department, who had been apprised of our visit. "It's a hackneyed thing to say," he said, "but the grass-roots are the places to sell thrift plans. The grassroots are the backbone of where the substantial savings are. We just felt we wanted to meet these people in the rural districts and give them the opportunity of learning what to do with their money."

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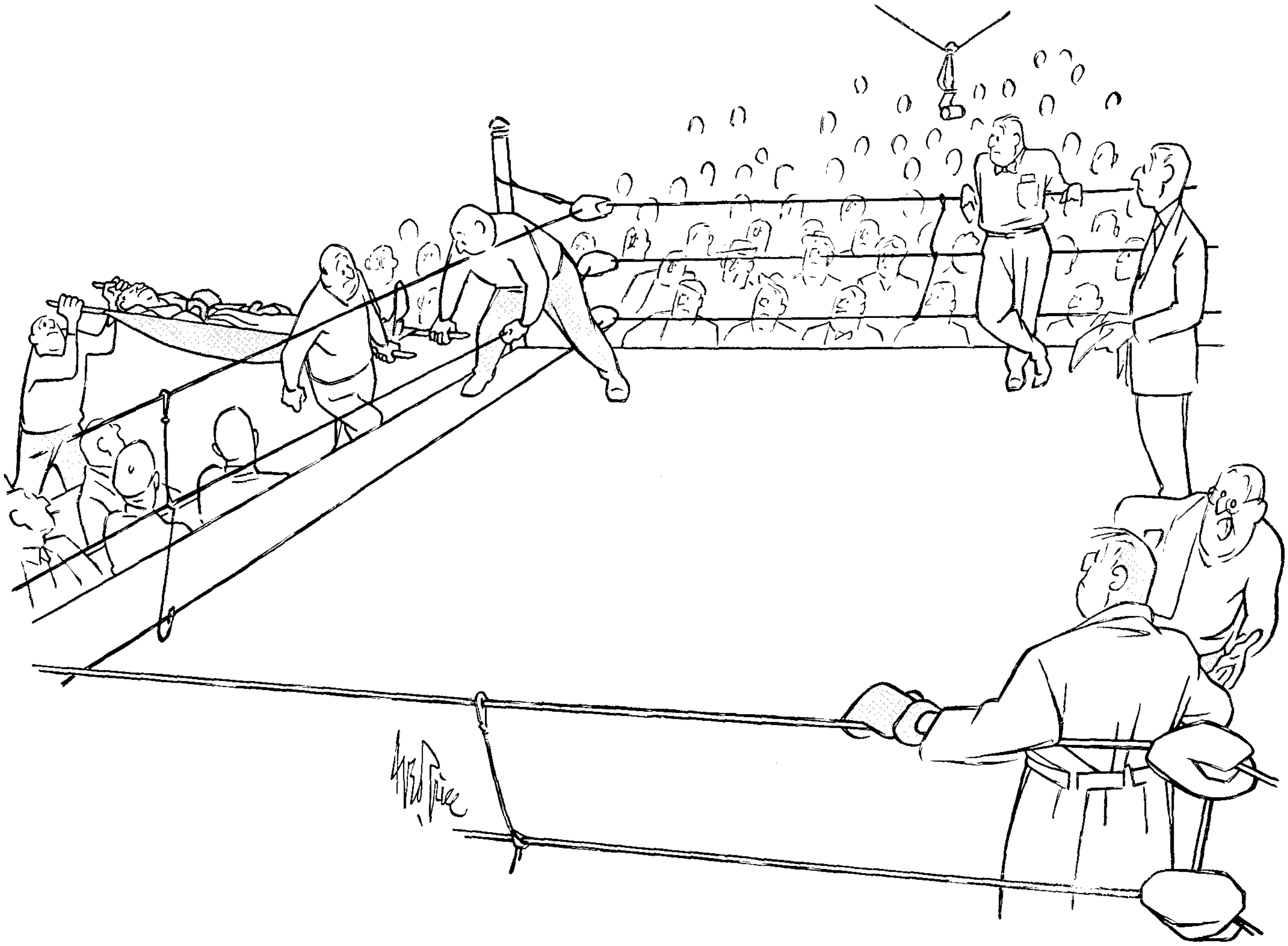
MIDWESTERN INTELLIGENCE: The Precision Scientific Company, of Chicago, has designed and has placed on sale a four-legged tripod.

Impressionist

ASIDE divertissement being offered golfers at the Greenwich Country Club at the moment is an exhibition of twenty oil paintings by Erwin S. Barrie, director of the Grand Central Art Galleries. The show, which opened last weekend, is called "Famous Golf Holes I Have Played," and it introduces to local devotees of painting and golf the work of a man, now sixty, who has been golfing since he was seventeen and has been painting golf holes for nearly as long but never exhibited his pictures before this year. He used to paint some ordinary landscapes but for the last five years has stuck strictly to golf holes. We called at the Galleries a few days before the exhibition and found Mr. Barrie in his office there, tanned, dapper, sports-coated, and eager to speak of the distinguished history of golf painting. "Cuyp, Jan Steen, Pieter de Hooch, and Esaias van de Velde all definitely painted golfers or golf scenes," he said. "Rembrandt once painted a man holding what *may* be a golf club, though it does look a bit like a snow shovel. As a matter of fact, golfing pictures have attained so signal a distinction that there have even been attempts to forge them." He then told us of an instance of this. A few years ago, in England, a dealer tried to palm off a golf painting as a Johann Zoffany, and was foiled when a golfer spotted a whole set of irons in the picture. Golfers used only one iron in Zoffany's time. Leading the way to a corner of his office where several of his paintings were mounted on easels, Mr. Barrie explained that his approach differs from that of the Old Masters in that he concentrates on golf courses rather than on golfers and in that he gives much attention to the fine points of golf as well as those of art. "Now, this one," he observed, indicating a painting with a serene brook in the foreground and a raised green and a clump of woods behind it, "is the two-hundred-and-eighteen-yard fifth hole at Pine Valley, New Jersey. Notice the formidable quality—how the green stands above those sand bunkers like a grand old fortress. Not too bad a hole if you just keep your head down. The day I painted it, I was two to the green and two-putted for a par four." Mr. Barrie moved to the next easel. "This is the second hole at the Greenwich Country Club, my home course," he said. "As you can see, it's a tightly trapped one-shotter in rolling, scenic territory. I suppose I've played that hole a thousand times. This one over here is the fourth at Whippoorwill, Chappaqua—a difficult dog-leg. I've done it rather well, I think, in the manner of the French Impressionists."

Mr. Barrie, who shoots in the high seventies or low eighties and paints, we



"Don't fall for it. It's what they call psychology."

• •

thought, at least as well, told us that his procedure is to play an unfamiliar course of a morning and return in the afternoon to paint the hole that most took his fancy; he always keeps brushes and paints in his car. On occasion, he has even interrupted a round to make a sketch. Sometimes, when he's at home, he and his caddie set out around the Greenwich course with clubs, campstool, canvas, and paints. That way, when the scenic beauties of a certain hole are suddenly made manifest to him by, say, a perfect tee shot, he paints it. In deciding which hole of a course to paint, Mr. Barrie applies both golfing and artistic standards. "I may change the weather or the time of year," he told us, "but I never tamper with golf-course architecture. Then, too, I always choose a point of view where a golfer might actually be—at the tee, along the fairway, or possibly in the rough—and I always paint toward the green. I recently saw a painting in which the viewer is looking *back* from the green, toward the tee. Why would a golfer look that way? Ordinarily, I leave people out, to avoid the effect of an illustration, but I've made a few exceptions." He pointed to a painting of a long hole on a flat course bordered by palm trees. "When I was down in Florida, playing Gulf Stream, the Duke of Windsor was there, wearing bright-pink pants, and I couldn't resist putting him in, as a small figure identifiable only by the pants. You'll notice that I've given him a fine drive—his ball lies just short of the green, well beyond his opponent's."

Mr. Barrie makes an oil sketch on the spot in three or four hours and from that does the larger, final canvas in his studio. He estimates that he has painted eighty or ninety golf pictures, of which fifteen are holes on the Greenwich course. He has found that when he is painting, golfers afford him the same consideration they do a man making a tee shot or a long putt. They speak in hushed tones and try not to move around. Eighteen of the pictures were shown at Pinehurst in April and were well received. "The first day or so, I hung around the exhibition rooms a bit, collecting reactions," Mr. Barrie said. "Several people said nice things about perspective and composition. For the most part, the golfers were pretty quiet, but I remember one who just looked at a painting silently for a couple of minutes and then said, 'What a son of a gun that hole is! Once, I was lying two in the rough, right over here in the corner, and . . .' Well, he couldn't have paid my painting a nicer compliment."

Lie Detector

ONE of the secretaries connected with the Security Council answered the telephone the other afternoon and found herself in receipt of a call from Arlington, Virginia, made by a gentleman who asked to speak to some member of the United States delegation; he had a suggestion for the handling of Malik. Such calls are not so unusual at Lake Success that the girls don't know what to do, and this secretary asked if she mightn't take the message, and alibied. "You see, the delegates are

FDNY
FD NY
Perry Day

• •

all in the meeting now," she said. "No, they're not," said her caller. "I'm watching it on television, and they all went out when the French translation started."

Underground

WE don't mean to disparage Park Avenue in reporting that it is leaking. It might happen to any self-respecting street. In most cases it wouldn't matter, but on Park it does. We discovered this new complexity of life in a great metropolis the other day when we got curious about a canvas canopy erected along the avenue below Fifty-third Street, half on the sidewalk, half on the street, half a block long. We asked one of six or seven men under it, who were gouging into the pavement with air guns, what he and his fellows were up to, and, shouting over the ah-ah-ah of his drill, he told us about the leaking. Water was getting through to the railroad tracks below, he said, and something drastic had to be done. He pointed to a sheet of black, blotter-like material another man was steadying in a neatly cut-out cavity in the gutter while a third poured shiny hot tar over it. "Pitch and tarred felt," our man said. "To keep the tracks dry." We asked him what it mattered whether the tracks were dry or not, and he hollered, "Search me!" We continued straight down the avenue to the New York Central Building, to get to the bottom of the affair, and there were directed to the office of John Ponce, superintendent of building maintenance for the New York Central. He kindly said that he would explain all, and before we knew what was happening, he had led us down, by elevator and foot, into the depths of the terminal, to the north end of the train platforms, and off on our most daring adventure of the year. From the tip of one of the platforms—which is, we learned, approximately under Forty-ninth Street—he conducted us several blocks northward, until, he told us, we were about under the leak. The last part of the trip was made along the tracks, of which there are ten as far up as Fifty-seventh Street, after which there are four. Trains loomed ahead of us, behind us, beside us, but, skipping from track to track as Ponce skipped, hopping when he hopped, we got through all right.

Near the leak, which was not in operation at the moment, the day being a dry one, Ponce indicated a six-inch pipe running down a pillar that stood between two tracks. He explained that this was one of New York Central's regular drainpipes, that the rain water runs off Park Avenue and flows through hundreds of such pipes into a series of sumps below track level, and that from there it is pumped into the Central's private sewer, which connects with the East River. The whole of Park Avenue, including the sidewalks and the grass plots in the center, has a half-inch layer of pitch and tarred felt—what's known as membrane waterproofing—under it. In the street proper, the waterproofing is covered with two inches of concrete and three inches of asphalt. The waterproofing isn't, however, to protect the tracks—the pneumatic-drill man had that wrong—but to protect the steel viaduct that holds up Park Avenue. "See those steel beams over our heads?" asked Ponce. "Well, if they got wet and stayed wet, they'd corrode, and eventually the avenue would cave in." He went on to say that the tracks are frequently wet, as a result of rain and snow being carried in by the cars from outside, or falling through the open gratings in the middle of the grass plots, but tracks, indoors or out, are worn down by friction before they get much chance to corrode.

The original waterproofing of Park Avenue was completed thirty-five years ago. "Expansion and contraction of the steel in the viaduct causes the felt to crack as it grows old," Ponce said. "When that happens, it springs a leak, and we have to put down a new section of membrane. The Central has a permanent subsurface right of way on Park Avenue, and its deal with the city is that it is responsible for maintaining everything except the asphalt surface of the avenue. We have to do two or three big leak-repair jobs a year. When the present job is finished, the avenue will be waterproof all the way up to Ninety-sixth Street. Mind the third rail, there!" We leaped a good three feet over a third rail, leaving a New

Haven train two feet to starboard. On the way back to the station, it occurred to us to ask Ponce how he knew which track to walk on. "I just watch the signal lights above the track," he told us. "Red means don't go, yellow means all clear. I walk on a red track until the signal turns yellow, then I hop to the nearest red track. When *that* turns yellow, I hop again." Four more hops and we were back on the platform.

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SIGN in window of the Woolworth's at Forty-fourth Street and Seventh Avenue: "Latest Style Antique Rings."

Tea and Biscuits

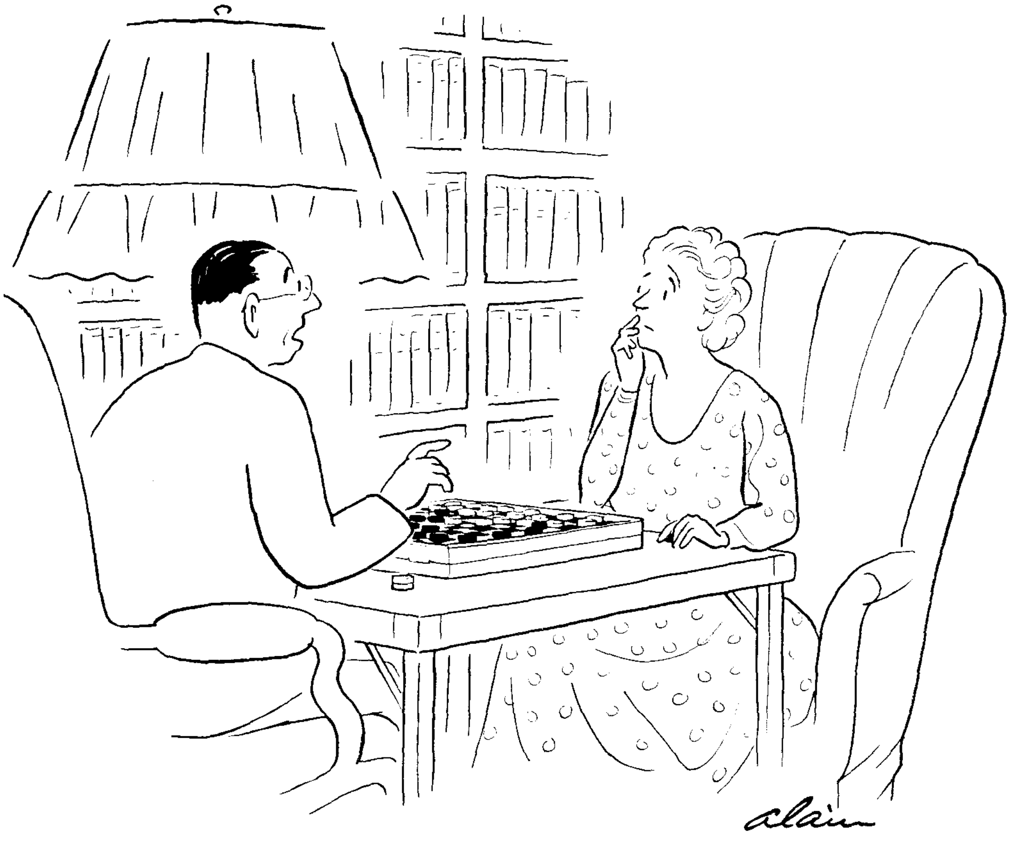
ERNEST BEVIN, the British Foreign Secretary, and Robert Schuman, his French opposite number, stayed at the Waldorf during their conferences with Secretary of State Acheson and the meetings of the North Atlantic Treaty Nations, and we sent a man over there last Friday to see how they were making out. He reports that while no ordinary mortal was allowed to get within fifteen floors of the distinguished visitors, the general impression around the Waldorf was that they were comfortable. Mr. and Mrs. Bevin were given a suite on the twenty-third floor, one of its bedrooms being occupied by a Scotland Yard man; Schuman, a bachelor, had a suite on the same floor, but didn't bring any security men with him, supposedly for reasons of economy. He was presumably in no danger, as local gendarmes and special State Department agents were deployed on the twenty-first, twenty-second, and twenty-third floors of the hotel, where offices for the delegates and their staffs had been set up, and on the thirty-seventh floor, where most of the meetings were held, and one of the tower elevators was assigned exclusively to shuttle service between these floors. The big brass was as private as it pleased, or could stand. Schuman, who likes to take solitary walks, slipped out of the hotel the morning after his arrival and did some window-shopping.

The last time Bevin was at the Waldorf, about a year ago, he was on a diet, and on that occasion he furnished the kitchen with a list of the various foods he was permitted to eat; this time the kitchen received no list, and the chef assumes that he is in excellent health. For breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Bevin invariably ordered two boiled eggs apiece, tea, and toast, and Schuman had toast, marmalade, and coffee. The hotel served tea and biscuits to the delegates during breaks in the afternoon meetings. The tea was poured from a large silver samovar, to the vexation of several minor diplomats, who felt that, under the circumstances, a samovar wasn't *quite* the proper vessel to use. Except for occasional informal discussions, which were held in a small suite, the Big Three Foreign Ministers met in the living room of Suite 37-A, on the thirty-seventh floor. This chamber measures thirty by fifty feet, and for the conferences was furnished with an enormous mahogany table, trucked up from Washington by the State Department. The Department also supplied leather chairs and British, French, and American flags. There are no provisions in the suite for burning secret papers, so after each session of the Big Three a State Department security officer was charged with collecting any scraps of paper that the delegates might have left behind, taking them down to the incinerator, in the basement, and seeing that they were consumed.

Suite 37-A was occupied by Lucius Boomer, chairman of the board of the Waldorf, until his death, in 1947, and, besides the living room, consists of three bedrooms (converted into offices for the duration of the conferences), a dining room, a pantry, and two servants' rooms. It has been occupied by President Truman, Queen Juliana, and other notables; the tab is a hundred and twenty dollars per day. The most recent guest to occupy the suite was a Texas businessman, who checked in early this month, spent several days there, and entertained quite a number of friends. When the Waldorf is pressed for space, it rents the bedrooms individually, and the Lord knows who has tenanted the suite on that basis.

Example

THE mother of a six-year-old boy, who has had to go way out on a number of limbs to answer his intensive questioning about certain matters at the Bronx Zoo, reports to us that she was greatly heartened the other day as she stood beside an old gentleman there and listened to a lecture on sheep he was delivering to a lad of about her son's age. He described knowingly how sheep are herded on the range, how they stupidly follow the leader wherever he goes, how their wool is clipped and woven into the very material little boys' sweaters and socks are made of, and so on. The only flaw in his discourse was that he was illustrating it by pointing to a couple of goats.



"Now, before I move, will you promise not to burst into tears?"

BEAR HUNT IN ORISSA

WE were wakened, Robert and I, by the sound, indispensable to an early morning in India, of our bearer pushing a tea tray against our bedroom door. Then Hamid, the bearer, came in and switched on the light, and I noticed that his face wore its habitual gloomy expression, which I'd learned to read not as a presage of riot, disaster, or assassination but as just some personal pinprick, and I discounted it accordingly.

"It is three o'clock," he announced, setting the tray down on the table by my husband's bed. "The shikari hasn't come and I can't find Bunny anywhere." The shikari was Santaya, our Oriya guide, and Bunny drove the beach wagon we frequently hired from our little hotel in Gopalpur for our hunting trips in the province of Orissa; why he was called Bunny when he was not even a Christian was something we never found out.

"They'll come," I said to Hamid, and told him to turn off the electric fan and to fetch hot water, to which he replied that he'd already brought the hot water—it was in the bathroom—and that he was the only man in the place who ever did an honest day's work without expecting a reward for it. We drank the tea, and then Hamid went out and we dressed, and by the time we were ready I heard the sound of coughing and spitting on the veranda steps and knew that the shikari had turned up, as he never failed to do, in spite of Hamid's gloomy prophecies, and then the sound of the hotel beach wagon's being tuned up reassured us on the score of Bunny. As for Hamid, he was a Muslim and a good enough personal servant but not an especially likable character, because of his morose disposition, but this, we felt, was due, at least in part, to the fact that his entire family—mother, wife, and two daughters—had been wiped out in the Calcutta riots some time before. Hamid was not above trading on this personal tragedy, nor had it softened him toward his fellow-men, least of all toward his fellow-Muslims, great numbers of whom had suffered just as much as he had but whom he would still cheat if he could—double-cross and *badnam* (blackmail) if he suspected them of trying to insinuate themselves into our esteem and so imperil his own prospects. Hamid's grudge against the other servants stemmed from his feeling that Robert and I liked them, so, besides being suspicious of their cheating us, he was jealous of them, for in his twisted, inarticulate fashion he loved us and wanted to be first in our affections.

Hamid came back to the room and picked up Robert's rifle and cartridge bag and a flashlight, and we all went out on the veranda, where Santaya was waiting for us. Santaya was about thirty, thin, with black hair that hung to his shoulders, and gentle black eyes. He was attractive in a simple, natural fashion and never boasted of his abilities as a guide; I suppose that, like all the others, he cheated us when he got a chance, but we never found him out, and that made us grateful to him, and we never worried much about whether he did or not.

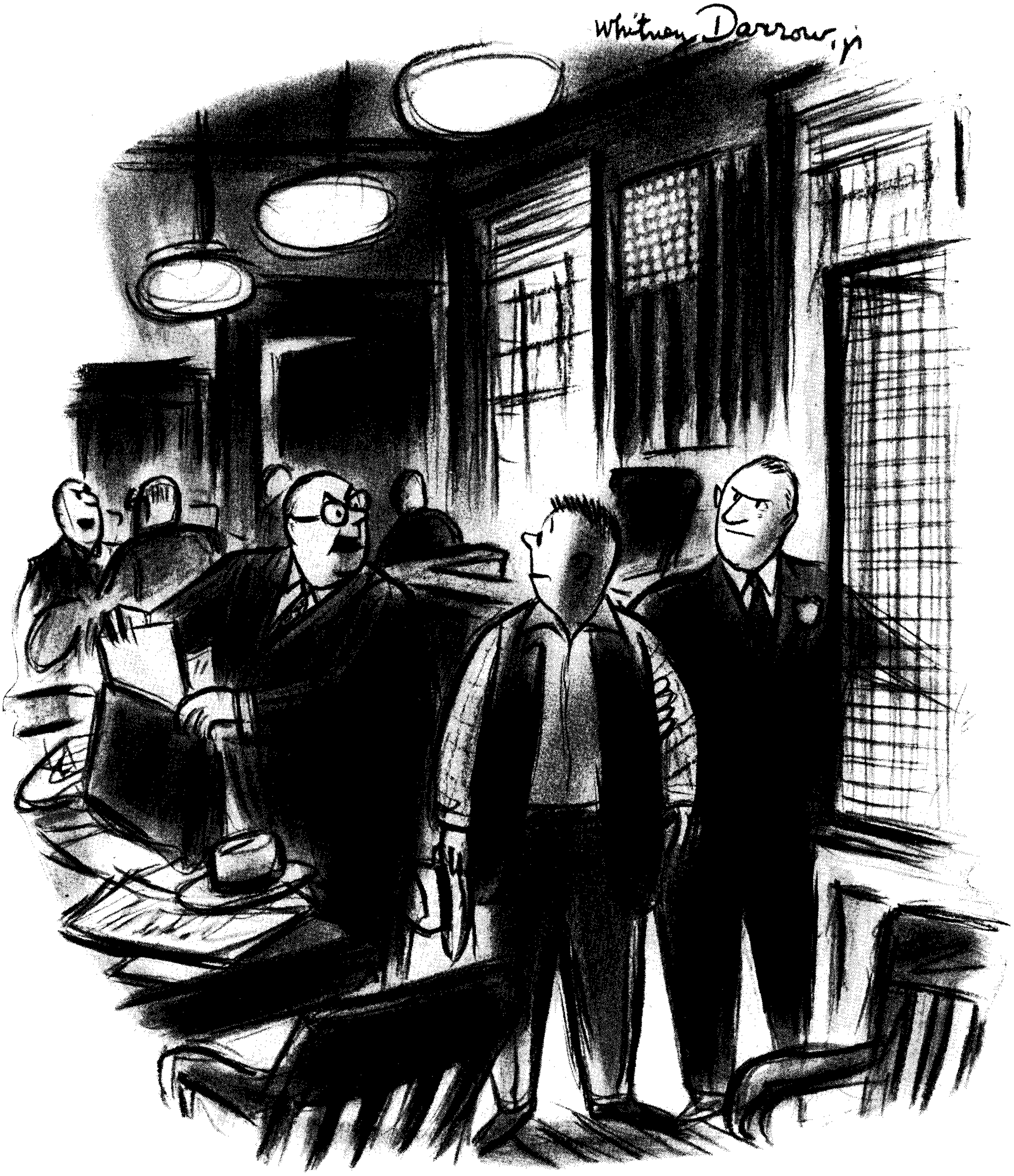
Bunny came around the corner of the veranda, smelling of liquor as he always did regardless of the hour, and told us that the car was all right and that we'd better get going if we wanted to reach the hunting grounds before the sun came up. He was always full of brisk suggestions, trying to cover up his little shortcomings with a show of energy and responsibility, and why he hadn't killed us, driving as he did, remained just another of those mysteries. Santaya and Hamid carried our things to the car, and as we stepped off the veranda, which faced the Bay of Bengal, we heard the sea crashing along the shore a hundred yards below us, and saw the Southern Cross hanging in the sky, and caught the scent of the tamarisk grove and the nearer scent of hidden flowers.

No one else seemed to be awake, and the hotel building, and the other houses scattered about, and the mosque and the temple of Vishnu had, all of them, a remote, sleeping look as we climbed into the beach wagon and started up the sandy road through the narrow bazaar where figures lay stretched on their veranda platforms like the sheeted dead, and we heard that seemingly inevitable sound of someone coughing his lungs out and the equally inevitable obbligato of a jackal howling in the distance across the invisible dunes.

Then we left the bazaar and the scattered bungalows of Gopalpur behind us and took a road southward across the dark level of a plain out of which the crowns of enormous trees rose like islands against the stars. I could still see the Southern Cross blazing away, and it seemed strange that such an aerial light should not illumine the earth, but except for an occasional silvery stain on a puddle here and there, all light seemed contained in the sky. We drove without seeing the landscape but in the knowledge of a flat country broken by groves of banyan and the savage hillocks of rock that were the homes of the jackal and the panther, and of the bears we had come to hunt.

BUNNY knew only one speed, somewhere in the sixties, regardless of the condition of the road, which in this case was execrable; from its ruts loomed the sudden forms of slumbering buffaloes and somnolent caravans and the round, gold, gazing eyes of unknown beasts, all of which Bunny somehow missed mowing down. We had long since given up protesting or cursing and had learned, instead, to grip with our buttocks, our hands, and the soles of our feet, reminding ourselves that although Bunny had often brought us to the very brink of annihilation, he had never yet quite succeeded in killing us and that precedent was on our side.

Hamid and Santaya sat in front with Bunny, Robert and I on the rear seat, and we rode for the most part in silence, for there is something in the hour before daybreak that does not incline one to discourse. I wondered what the three men in front were thinking, and whether the object of their reflecting was not the eternal one of *paisa* (money), which one hears Indians discussing whenever two or more get together; I have never known them to get beyond *char anna* (four annas) except once, on the railway platform at New Delhi when I heard the total raised dizzyingly to *bara anna*, or twelve annas (there are sixteen annas to the rupee and the rupee equals roughly twenty-five cents American), and that was a record, I think, in a land where the majority of the population lives on an income of perhaps four annas a day, a sum not even worth computing, since it makes no sense to anyone who has never had to live on it. I knew



"Of course you realize, Mulgrave, that in addition to paying your debt to society, there's that little matter of five hundred dollars due me for legal services."

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that, as Americans, we paid, as we were expected to pay, exorbitant rates in wages and prices for everything, and there was somehow a feeling of relief in doing so, though there were times when this exploitation became so blatant that we felt obliged to protest; then we could return to a kind of normalcy until the next crisis. I felt, therefore, reasonably sure of what was passing in the three heads outlined against the stars. And I reflected that it was unfair to blame them, as we did sometimes, for dishonesty and double-dealing, for how could we expect them to refrain when life itself, not to say any expectation of the most meagre luxury, depended on doing their masters out of an anna here and an anna there? And I wondered how it must seem to a man who had but one garment to his name to have charge of a wardrobe of expensive clothing, not to mention bed linen and blankets and all the rest of it—all the things

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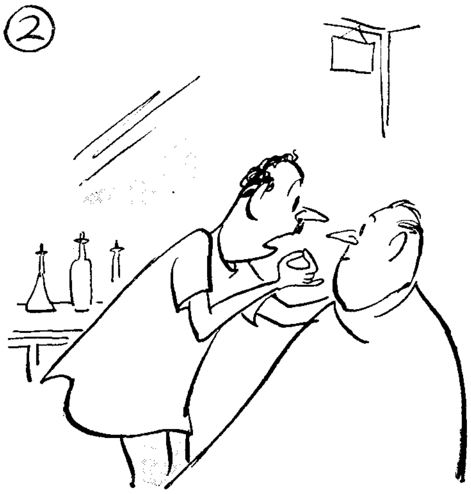

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that Occidentals take for granted but that such a man as Hamid, for instance, never dreams of owning, even in his wildest dreams. I have never known an Indian servant to steal anything that would in any degree cause his master hardship, or even inconvenience, for after all, if one has a dozen shirts, one shirt less will not matter, whereas if one has computed one's income in the immemorial terms of four annas, the wealth of people who can squander theirs on such a frivolity as the hunting of bears for sport must surely be beyond computation, and what is beyond computation is scarcely subject to loss, or even to detection of loss, especially if the master is sympathetic, or ignorant, or sensitive, which, of course, many are not.

We drove for an hour and no one said anything, yet I had a feeling of a sort of interior conversation going on between all five of us. Then Hamid blew his nose on his fingers, and I wondered whether he ever washed his hands before bringing us our tea, and then forgot it, as one forgets such things in India if one has any sense at all.

Presently, the light of a fire glittered up the road, and as we approached it, the outline of figures became visible, squatting on the ground around the fire. Bunny brought the car to a halt, and the figures all rose and I saw that they were men, villagers dressed in rough white cotton and carrying wooden spears tipped with iron. These were old associates of Santaya and were to be our beaters. They crowded around the car, eyes and teeth gleaming in the precarious light and Santaya spoke to them in Oriya, and then translated their replies into Hindustani for us. Yes, said the men, bears were about; two bears had been seen, and we were sure of getting one, and perhaps both, if we started out at once, before the sun rose, for after sunrise the bears would leave their feeding grounds on the plain and return to their caves among the inaccessible rocks. We invited the beaters to ride with us, and they clambered into the beach wagon with evident enthusiasm. It was obvious that some of them had never been in a car before and that they loved the idea, for they climbed in giggling happily and at the same time shy. They were all most careful not to disturb our belongings, seating themselves skillfully and stowing their spears wherever they could find space, and as we started forward again, I became conscious of their smell—a clean smell of wood smoke, brown bodies, and rough cotton cloth.

As we drove, it seemed to me that that interior conversation of which I'd been conscious—those elements of computation, cunning, and calculation—gave way to something else. A spirit of affection and gaiety was generated in the humid darkness, having its springs in one among us who laughed almost continuously and communicating itself to all the others. I stared from one huddled white-shrouded form to another, but they all looked alike in the gloom. They were farmers, taking a few hours off from their labors to earn an extra penny or two, and, what was more, to share in our sport for the fun of it.

IT was still quite dark when Bunny stopped the car beside a grove of trees, and we all got out and unloaded our gear. Bunny was left in charge of the car, and the rest of us, with Santaya in the lead, set off in single file down an almost invisible thread of path. Santaya said in a low voice that we'd better use the flashlight as little as possible so as not to disturb the bears if they happened to be roaming about. Silently, we walked through the grove and came on a lean-to shelter of plaited straw, outside of which there burned a few embers. A very old man was blowing upon them, crouched low over the coals, so that they lighted his wrinkled brown face and thin white beard. He turned out to be the caretaker of the grove and another friend of Santaya's. He told us that the bears had come into the grove half an hour before and that he had

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CLAUDE

driven them off by rattling his brass cookpot, and he calculated that they could not be very far, since he had not really frightened them, and anyway they were accustomed to his presence, for he often saw them in the early mornings as they made their way slowly back from foraging on the plain to their black caves deep in the rocky hilltops. The thing for us to do, said the old man, was to make for a pyramidal outcropping of rock on the small plain, on the farther side of the grove, and to station ourselves there until the sun rose, when we should stand an excellent chance of seeing the bears as they made their way homeward. We thanked him and resumed our progress in single file through the grove, whose trees I now judged to be mangoes; if I'd had any doubt of it, I had no more when one of our company retrieved an unripe fallen fruit from the dust of the path and thrust it quickly into my hand.

Emerging from the trees, we faced a semicircle of low hills, their outlines as sharp against the sky as a frieze cut from a strip of iron. No one spoke and our feet made no sound at all in the thick dust. A slight breeze stirred the bushes and a fox barked in the distance. I wondered what would happen if we should overtake the perambulating bears, and now this struck me as being a completely crazy way to hunt them, since we risked having our faces scratched off or being scalped by these creatures, or even being killed, as I knew other sportsmen had been, and the thought of having any of these things happen to us in this darkness, miles from any hope of medical assistance, grew in my mind until I began to glance around me at every rock and bush, expecting to see it move, expecting to see it descend upon me with the frightful speed I knew bears can muster when aroused. But the peculiar vanity that keeps one going even when one is badly scared—and I suppose, too, the perverse excitement of taking just such uncalled-for risks—carried me along, and presently my fear seemed to evaporate. Only the excitement remained, growing into a kind of exhilaration. This sudden disappearance of fear, this indescribable exhilaration, seemed, in its turn, to generate an odd physical attraction or magnetism, or something of the sort, for I immediately sensed it in the others, though whether it had come to me from them or gone to them from me I cannot say. It was, in a way, similar to the feeling I'd had in the car—a feeling of oneness, of a single current binding us all together. And I became vividly aware of the figure of one of the beaters, who marched directly before me in the path, a slender white-clad figure, who kept his head shrouded in one end of a cotton shawl, in the fashion of a woman. Then I remembered that a little while back, in the car, I'd heard this beater speak to Santaya, and his voice had had the softness of a girl's voice or of a young boy's, and now, my eyes having become more accustomed to the gloom, I noticed the special character of his figure. There was something gracile about it, something delicate and swift and immature, and then all of a sudden I felt sure that it was he who had thrust the mango into my hand back there in the grove, and I found myself smiling at this memory. Conscious, perhaps, of my scrutiny, he turned his head, I felt his eyes search me, and I thought I caught an answering smile. Then Santaya stopped and pointed to a hillock, shaped roughly like a pyramid, standing before us; this, I gathered, was our objective.

The hillock was composed of a kind of igneous rock. We clambered up it and disposed ourselves so that we all commanded one view or another of the surrounding plain and its boundary of low hills. I sat facing east. The slender figure in the headcloth sat beside me and laid his iron-tipped spear between us, and I felt once more the mysterious scrutiny of his eyes. Around us flowed a purplish obscurity broken here and there by the nearer shapes of rocks or low-growing bushes. Except for an occasional whisper from Santaya or the cautious movement of one of us, the silence seemed strangely complete, and thoughts and feelings seemed to grow in it as plants grow in the darkness. I still held the mango given me in the grove; now I tasted it, finding it hard and unripe, but scented and full of the promise of ripeness. Was it my imagination or was the air really becoming lighter, the outline of the hills sharper against the sky? How would we all appear to each other when the sun rose and discovered us crouched among the rocks?

Then, through the silence, I heard Santaya whisper, "They are nearby! They are coming!"

There was no further sound. But something odd was happening to my young companion, and I realized that he was caught up in a paroxysm of laughter, doubled up with it—something so unexpected and so infectious that I began to laugh, too, in an identical suppressed and silly fashion. So far as I could judge, he and I were the only ones so affected, the others crouching like so many images among their rocks. The emotion, if it could be called emotion, that had established itself between the young peasant and myself increased as each of us divined the other's feelings. I saw him lift a corner of his shawl and wipe his eyes with it, saw him stuff his hand into his mouth to stifle his giggles, and I knew, of course, that this was like the witless mirth of a child, to whom anything out of the ordinary may appear as a joke, and that my equally witless response was almost too much for him.

Then Santaya touched Robert's elbow and pointed into the gloom, and at once the long straight beam of a flashlight licked out from our hillock and there at the end of it, staring up at us, stood a bear. I saw Robert's rifle come up, and a single report went leaping and echoing from rock to rock, and Santaya said, "The other one! There! The other one!"

The torch played over a bundle that lay about thirty yards from our hillock, then moved beyond this bundle and picked up a pair of garnet eyes, which faded instantly as this second bear made off, and we heard its thin, wailing cry and the sound of rocks falling on a farther hill.

"She is grieving for her mate," said Santaya in a matter-of-fact voice. "We'll get her later."

Led by him, we came cautiously off our hillock and approached the bundle that lay on the plain. The bear was dead, shot through the head, and already, in the light of the torch, we could see the ticks moving off it, like rats deserting a ship. It was decided that Robert, Hamid, Santaya, and I should return to the hillock and that the others would climb the escarpment and drive out the surviving bear, which, for lack of another exit, would be sure to come down the hillside and cross the plain, giving us a good shot.

The villagers streamed off across the plain, my friend among them, and in a little while we saw their figures outlined against the sky, animated puppets that danced and waved their spears among the rocks. There followed a cacophony of shrieks and yells and the sound of showers of rocks being rolled into crevices where the bear might have taken refuge. High above these weird noises I thought I recognized the special accents of my young friend, demonic and divine, the heart-rending tones of one whose voice had not yet succumbed to the monotony of a purely adult human existence.

The sun rose from behind the hills and laid bare the countryside before our eyes in a strange and surprising beauty. The men on the ridge shouted and danced their hobgoblin dance, and presently we heard a curious bubbling, roaring noise and saw the bear coming down the hill at full speed, seeming rather to tumble than to run, and after it, almost on its heels, raced the young figure of my friend. He was laughing, tossing the bright tip of his spear over his head, his long hair flying and his white garment streaming behind him.

Santaya said, "The mad one! Shoot, Sahib! Shoot the bear before it turns on him!"

But Robert dared not shoot, because the boy was directly in the line of fire. We sat helplessly watching as the men on their ridge howled and gesticulated and the bear rushed toward us with the boy flying after it. I turned to look at my companions, and saw that each of their faces expressed something separate and definite, according to their natures. Robert was horrified, Santaya frowning and intent, Hamid smiling hatefully.

"The mad one!" whispered Santaya. "The mad one!"

It seemed as though the boy must surely overtake the bear—and then what? Would he engage the brute in solitary combat—that child, half naked, armed with a matchstick tipped with iron? Would he pit himself against four hundred pounds of bone and muscle equipped with jaws and claws that could tear him to bits in the flash of an eye? But in another second the bear had jinked sidewise and vanished into a cave among the farther rocks, and the boy's headlong pursuit changed, with the speed and grace of a dancer's, into a leisurely stride, and thus he came toward us across the plain, which was turning golden under his feet. As he walked, he wound the loose end of his robe into a sort of turban for his head, revealing his body naked to the waist, the body of an adolescent, with his spear balanced lightly in one hand.

When he came up to us, Santaya said dispassionately, "You will get yourself killed, Nilu, one of these days." And, turning to me and touching his forehead with a meaning gesture, he added, "Nilu is mad, quite mad, you know—ever since he was a child."

I looked into Nilu's eyes, which brimmed with laughter and darkness, and I felt again that I might break down and laugh with him—what about, neither of us could possibly have said. Around us, the landscape floated in the sunshine, a village glittered in the distance, the dark green of the mango grove stood revealed, and I could see the road along which we had come, and the sharp outlines of the hills changing color in the morning light.

—Christine Weston

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SUBURBAN WIFE'S SONG

When you are gone, I lie upon your bed
And you are there, dark as the light of stars,
Closer than measurements of heart, and loud
With the silences of all our daily years;

And then the door key, lights in the living room,
The slamming wood, the briefcase on the floor,
The way you say, "Where's everyone? I'm home"—
And do not know how far away you are.

—Robert Hutchinson

GRID GANDER

WITH a tang of autumn in the air, the thoughts of sports-lovers naturally turn to football, and it becomes the task of the expert to see what gives on the nation's gridirons this fall. I return to my annual football prophecies bloody but unbowed. Of the ten elevens I predicted last September would reap top honors, only one, the Georgia Varmints, made the grade. I was also wrong on eleven of my selections for the All-America team, but I was one hundred per cent correct when I predicted that young Brian O'Halloran, of Upsala, would win the assistant managership of football there. He did, nosing out a Psi U named Wagstaff in the last week of the season. So here goes for a gander at the 1950 grid prospects!

The game itself remains substantially as it was last year. There have been a few changes in the rules, designed chiefly to throw the alumni off the scent. The number of players remains eleven to a side, pending final figures on the 1950 census. Reapportionment following the increase in population may cause the addition of a twelfth player, but that is something to worry about next year.

Although it has been criticized in some circles, the new rule about broadcasting will probably simplify football games for the stay-at-home fans. This rule provides that any play that has been misunderstood and/or incorrectly described by a radio and/or television broadcaster is automatically void and must be played over.

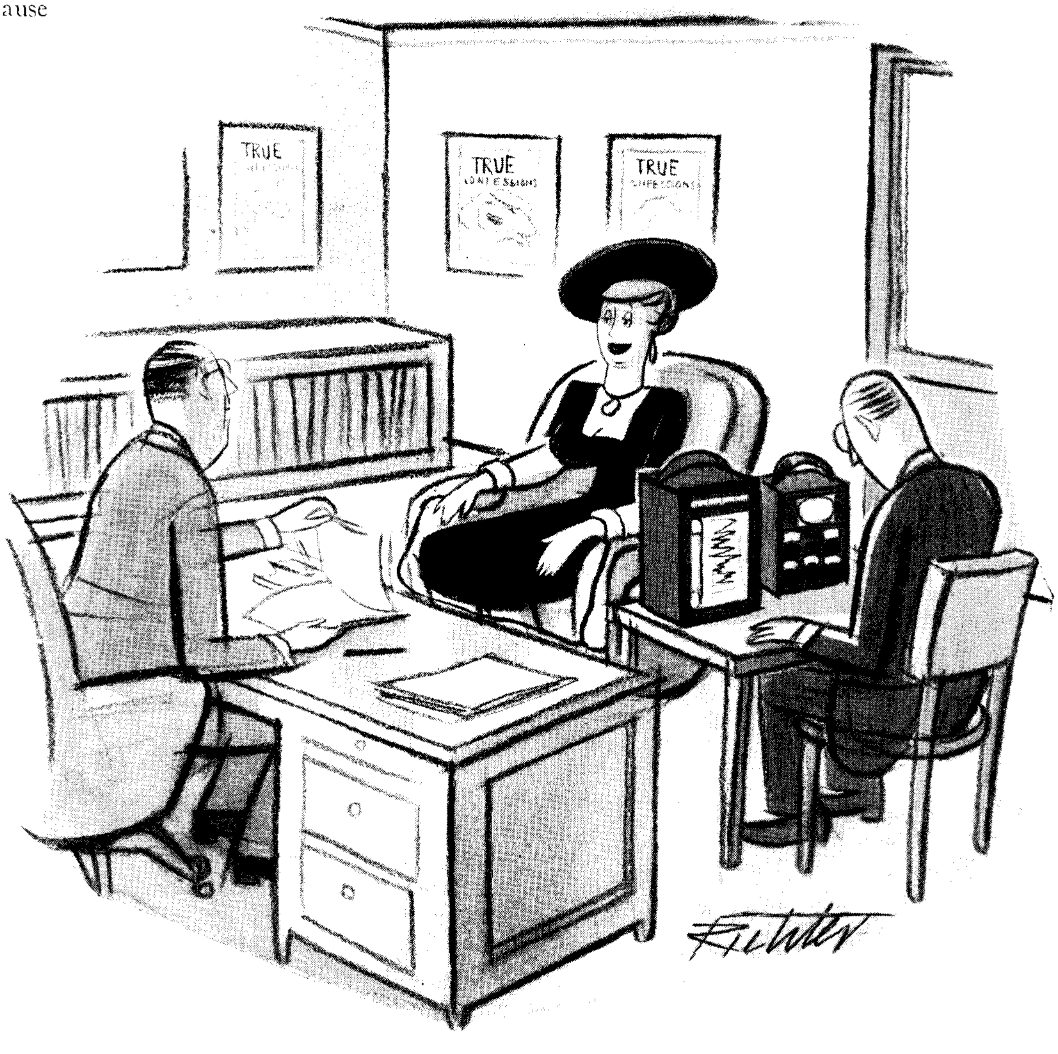
The proposal to change the officials' shirt stripes from vertical to horizontal did not find favor with the Intercollegiate Conference of Intercollegiate Football, but at the April meeting the I.C.I.F. did O.K. the so-called Marshall Plan rule. This requires powerhouse outfits with a surfeit of crack, hard-hitting players to share their excess triple-threat men with less fortunate, fifty-watt colleges. The rule was passed over the veto of Notre Dame.

THE classic grid tilts will take place as usual, but there have been some schedule changes. Northwestern will not meet Southeastern this fall, for the first time in as many years, and Southwestern will not play Northeastern.

College teams have suffered the usual losses from graduation, falls in slippery bathtubs, and other mishaps. Holy Cross loses its star back, Doak McCloskey. Wesleyan loses *its* star back, Doak McMaster. North Carolina loses its triple-threat star, Doak Justice, and Army's Doak Davis is a pro. Colorado School of Mines loses its great passer, Doak Doolittle. What the Beetles will do without Doolittle is one of the posers football offers this fall.

Southern Aggie is going to feel the loss of its crack, triple-threat, hard-hitting, strapping, speedy, crack back, Froggie Beltravers, Sr. Beltravers entered Southern Aggie in 1931 but, because of repeated conditions in poultry husbandry, did not gain his degree until last June. Through the years, as his sons reached college age and joined him, the Beltravers backfield became a force to be reckoned with. It will be interesting to see what Froggie, Jr., and Buster Beltravers will accomplish this fall without Dad.

In the Ivy League, the eyes of fans and experts will be on Yale's promising new passer, Azenbrodt Teele, who will be making his first varsity appearance in the game with Southern Trappist next month. Teele is a strapping, hard-hitting, crack two-hundred-pounder with the advantage, always handy to a passer, of having three arms. He prepped with Ringling's sideshow. There was some doubt among League officials as to whether Teele was eligible to play. It has been more or less the tradition in the Ivy League that players should not have more than the usual complement of arms and legs, though other conferences have winked at such departures from the norm. However, it was pointed out that a two-headed boy from the medical museum played quarterback quite successfully for Harvard in 1871, and in view of this precedent no objection to Teele was raised. Yale has done a characteristically sporting thing by offering to knock off two yards from any ten yards gained by



"Now, here on page eleven, Mrs. Payson, you say . . ."

ACME HOUSE WRECKERS INC.
ACME HOUSE WRECKERS INC.
Hoff

Teele while using more than two arms.

Eyes this fall will also be on Boff Dostoievsky, Union Theological's highly touted, strapping, hard-hitting, crack center. This remarkable three-hundred-and-forty-pound youngster, standing five feet two in his stocking feet, will get a chance to show his mettle in the Vicars' game with Purdue. A senior, Boff has never yet played in a game, although he has made every All-America team except mine for the past two years. A succession of mishaps has dogged his footsteps. Last year, on the eve of the game with Tulane, in which the Vicars counted on him to even old scores with the Louisiana Sugar Cookies, he came down with scarlet fever, and did not finish desquamating until Little Christmas, by which date basketball had supplanted football. In the previous year, Boff was hailed as a soph whizz, but hard luck crossed him then, too. On the first day of fall practice, he tripped over an assistant manager someone had carelessly left lying in an end zone and strained all the ligaments in his and the assistant manager's back. The latter, who was a pledge of the Dekes at the time, was dropped by that frat for his costly blunder.

Texas Poly will be itself again this season after the vicissitudes that beset it last year, when all seventy-two of its squad, the coaching staff, and the mascot fell in love. Every coach knows that of all mishaps that can throw a team or a coach into the doldrums none is more to be dreaded than love in mid-season. Oddly enough, it was with the same girl, a Miss Daisy LaTouche, that they were one and all enamored, and old-time sportswriters say that this coincidence has not happened since the days of Frank Merriwell and Brown of Harvard. Texas Poly fans will rejoice to hear that Miss LaTouche moved away from Texas, last April, to Princeton, New Jersey.

The T formation will, of course, play an important part in grid success or failure this fall, but I have been hearing quite a lot of talk about the sensational new J formation, which Southern Baptist used for the first time last November in the now historic game with Minneapolis Poly. You can count on it that from now on the J formation will be stressed in all chalk talks given by the smarter coaches. It can be used with either the 6-2-2-1 defense or the 5-3-2-1 defense, or, in a pinch, with the 4-3-3-1 defense. Roughly, it works as follows: The receiver pivots, runs away from the defender, does a reverse pivot, feints in one direction with the head and in the opposite direction with the shoulders, and then does a fake feint at an angle of a hundred and eighty degrees, followed by a fake pivot, and then a fake lateral, a fake cutback, a fake bunt, and, to top all, a fake bid of three spades. The defender then takes one or two steps to the right or left and executes another quick pivot and a fake dribble. The cheerleaders for the receiver call for a fake cheer. Then the wingback executes a cutback and the receiver fakes a block and follows up with a quick kick, and there you are.

It marks the first time that the principles of canasta have been applied to football, and it has the merit of being simpler in its essentials than the T formation. Its success depends on two of the tackles being disguised as officials. So, all things considered, we may look for crowded stadiums from now until snowfall.

Extensive improvements have been made in the stands at Baker Field, Columbia's home arena. Last spring, when Mr. Little examined the field, it was discovered that several alumni had been left in the stands all winter, and had worked considerable havoc. They had got into the woodwork and everything. New stanchions had to be installed throughout, but things are now shipshape, and the word is—you guessed it—"Play ball!"

—Frank (Biff) Sullivan

A REPORTER AT LARGE

HOWLING WITH THE WOLVES

I HAVE known Karel Janda, as I shall call him here, for twenty-five years—ever since I was a law student at the University of Prague. He was then a clerk in a small business, of which he later became the manager, but despite the difference in our interests we were always close friends. I was at his wedding, when he married the vivid brunette I shall call Marta, and just after the Liberation I visited their home and saw their two children, whom I shall rechristen Antonín and Matilda and who are now seventeen and twelve, respectively. I visited them again in 1948, and again on my most recent, and possibly last, trip to Prague. On this occasion, I rang up Janda at his office. He sounded glad to hear from me, but then he asked me where I was calling from, and when I told him I was at my hotel, the heartiness went out of his voice. He asked quickly, "Can you come to dinner tonight at seven-thirty?" I said I could, and he hastily said goodbye and hung up.

When I set out that evening for the Jandas' apartment, the contours of the old baroque houses and church towers were soft and diffuse against a twilight sky. Across the Vltava River, below Hradčany Castle, the lights were beginning to come on in the old palaces. I've never forgotten the relaxed evenings of my youth, when the dim lights and black shadows, the hushed sounds from darkened doorways, and the gentle air seemed to have a curious effect on the people in the streets. They would slacken their pace or stop entirely to look at the reflection of the lights in the river, and they would inhale the air deeply, as if they had just arrived at a mountain resort. Now, as I walked along, the air was as it had always been, and the lights and shadows and the silhouettes of the buildings looked the same, but something was different. After a while, I realized that it was the people. They didn't seem relaxed. They walked fast, as if they were under some compulsion. They stared down at the sidewalk, avoiding one another's eyes. The music and gay voices one formerly heard in the streets of Prague were gone and the only sounds now came from trolley gongs and automobile engines.

The Jandas live in a comfortable five-room apartment in an attractive middle-class district centering on a street that once bore the name of Marshal Foch and later that of Reichsprotektor Baron Neurath, and now is named for Stalin. The door of the elevator in the Jandas' apartment house was locked. One could open it by putting a koruna in a slot, but I didn't have a koruna, so I rang the bell of the janitress's quarters. After a while, a fat woman with unkempt hair and wearing bedroom slippers waddled up from the basement and looked at me suspiciously. I remembered her from my previous visits, but she didn't remember me, and I suspected that it was better that way. She asked me whom I wanted to see, and after I'd told her she opened the elevator door for me with a key. I left her mumbling to herself, and rode to the fourth floor and rang the bell of the Jandas' apartment.

I HAD expected that the apartment door would be opened by Emma, the Jandas' cook, who had been with the family since the children were born, but instead it was opened by Marta, wearing a polka-dot apron over her dress. "Hello," she said, holding out her hand. "Come in. Karel just phoned about you from the office. He'll be here any minute. I wish I'd known earlier that you were going to be here this evening. I could have fixed something special for you. It isn't easy nowadays to get all the things we used to have." She was breathless and seemed nervous, and perhaps a little too eager to appear pleased. I noticed that she had gained weight, and that her hands were rough and unmanicured. She nodded her head toward the kitchen, at the end of the hall. "Emma isn't here any more," she said, rather self-consciously, I thought. "We had to let her go last fall. Karel said we couldn't afford her. Besides . . ." She hesitated, and then went on, "This is no time to have servants. The neighbors were talking."

Marta led the way into the living room. "Let's see," she said. "When were you here last?"

"In January, 1948," I told her. "Just before the *Putsch*."

"Before the revolution," she said. I was surprised. Party enthusiasts have always avoided the word "*Putsch*," but I had never known Marta to show any interest in politics.

The oak parquet floor in the big, bright living room was as clean as ever. Conscientious Prague housewives don't wash their floors with soap and water, because this would darken them; instead, they scrape them clean with steel wool and then wax them—quite a job. Marta saw me look admiringly at the floor and smiled. "I had a woman to help me, but even so it took three days to get the whole apartment clean," she said. "That was at Easter time. Karel insisted it was foolish, but when you've been used to having things nice all your life . . ." She shook her head. Along the walls were the paraphernalia of middle-class comfort—a glass chest filled with blue and red Bohemian crystal ware, two glass vases etched with deer-hunting scenes, two landscapes, a painting of the old Karlstein Castle. Janda's desk stood in a corner, with a big globe at one side of it and bookshelves at the other. At first, the room looked to me as it always had, but then I realized something was missing. It suddenly came to me that it was the piano, which had stood in the corner by the window. Now a rug covered part of the space where it had stood, but it didn't conceal the marks two of its legs had made in the floor, marks that Marta or her cleaning woman had undoubtedly spent hours trying to smooth and polish.

"We sold the piano," Marta said. "They said the government was going to put a tax on it. Besides, Matilda stopped taking lessons. She's too busy now with her other activities. We sold it to the new tenant on the second floor. Got a good price for it, too."

"Doesn't Karel play any longer?" I asked. In other years, I had always taken my violin along when I went to call, and Janda and I had played sonatas—Franck, Debussy, Mozart, Brahms. He had been crazy about Brahms.

"Karel is so tired when he comes home at night," Marta said with a sigh. "Oh, well, I keep telling myself it's just one piece of furniture less to dust."

JANDA arrived a few minutes later. He kissed his wife and shook my hand vigorously. "I didn't want to talk long on the phone," he said. "One never knows who's listening in." A big, robust man with disorderly dark hair, Janda always used to have a zest for living, an immense enthusiasm for whatever he was doing, but now he looked tired and his enthusiasm seemed not quite genuine. But what struck me most sharply was that he was wearing the Communist Party emblem in his lapel. "Where are the kids?" he said.

"Matilda will be here any moment," said his wife. "Antonín won't be home until eight. This is Tuesday."

"Tuesday?" he said.

"You know," Marta said. "Political education."

"Oh, *that!*" said Janda, and gave a shrug, the weary shrug that has become the standard gesture of resignation in so much of the world. He sat down on the couch, slumped back, and closed his eyes. "Political education. Three times a week," he said to no one in particular. "The boy hasn't even got a free evening any more. And Sundays he has to go out with the brigades, working on farms or building roads. Political education!"

"It's orders," Marta said to me. "Everybody does it, and Karel knows it. But he just won't bring himself to realize that times have changed. I keep repeating our old Czech proverb to him, 'You've got to howl with the wolves or they will devour you.' How true it is."

"I'm howling with them, all right," Janda said resignedly, pointing to his Party badge. "But I don't have to like it. Not at home, at least."

"They're not as bad as you make them out," Marta said. Again I noticed the nervous strain in her voice. "We should give them credit for a lot of things."

"Such as?"

"Everybody is working now," she said. "Have you forgotten the thirties and what a time we had trying to support the family?" Janda assumed an expression of exaggerated boredom. "Well," she said lamely, "I'd better go and see about my dumplings. You still like them filled with strawberries, and sprinkled with cheese, sugar, and melted butter?" she asked me.

I assured her that I did.

"Good," she said. "I'll bring in the wine." Janda looked after her as she left the room, and then smiled apologetically. "Don't mind Marta," he said. "Women always get emotional about such things. I suppose she's been listening to that wretched brother of mine too much. You remember Václav?"

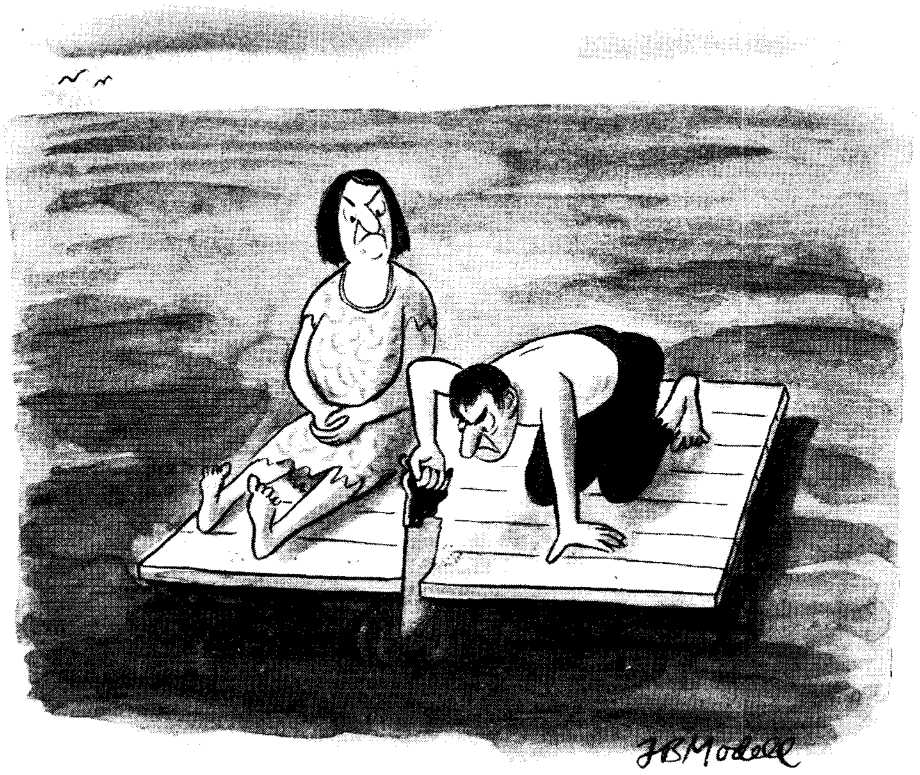
I nodded. Václav had been, when I knew him, a sort of untalented dilettante, dabbling from time to time in journalism, the movies, the theatre, and politics, but mostly just hanging around the coffeehouses of Prague, getting nowhere. I'd always suspected that his brother supported him.

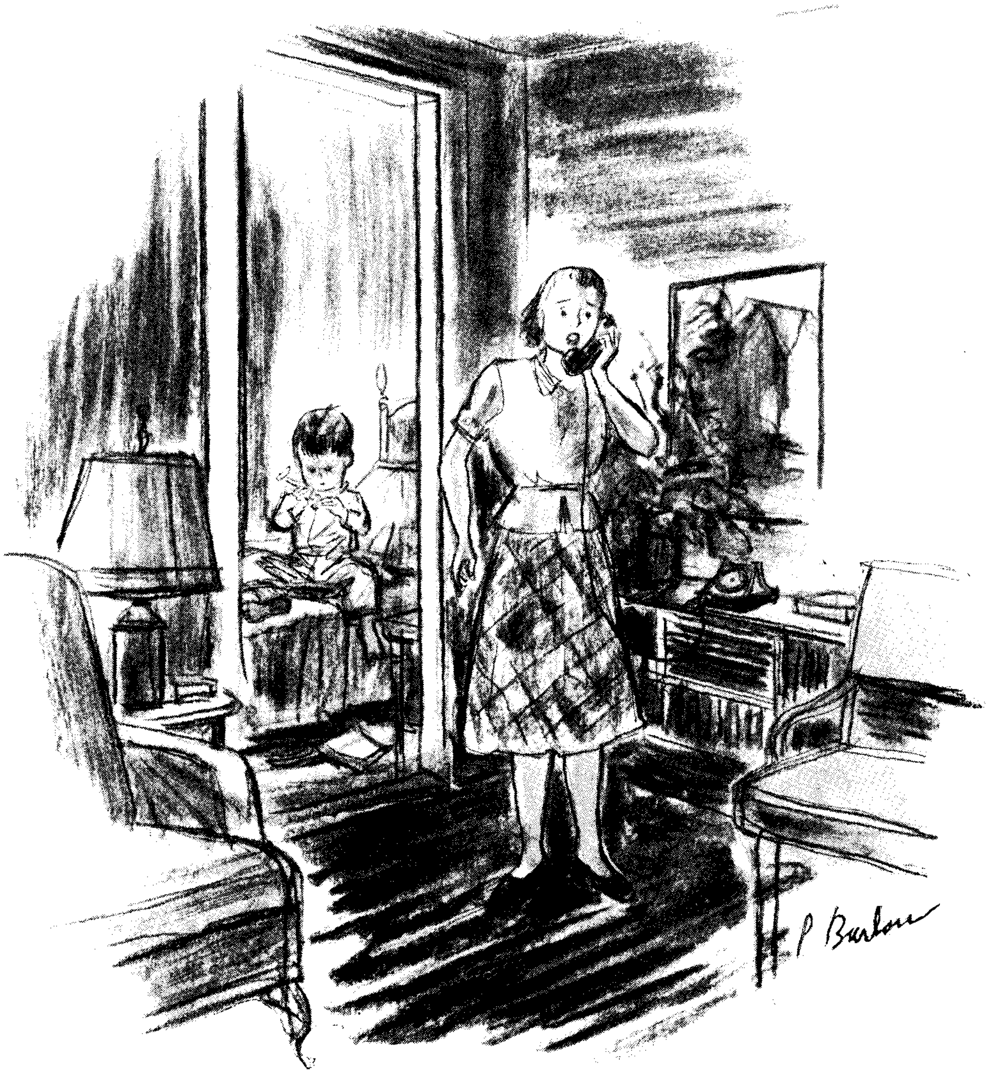
"Václav is a big man now," Janda said. "He's discovered his great gift for Party politics. He's got a finger in every kind of pie. He's a member of an action committee, and when you listen to him you'd almost believe he's sincere. I'm not very proud of Václav. Sure, I'm no hero myself. I never accomplished anything while the Germans were here, but—"

"You hid that underground fellow," I broke in. I knew that in the winter of 1944 a wounded Partisan fighter had spent two weeks in the room where we were now sitting.

Janda shook his head. "That wasn't much," he said. "The war was almost over then. But at least I never hung around the Lucerna bar with all those German officers, the way Václav did. Oh, what's the use of talking?" He got up and walked over to the window and stared out. "Václav has probably told himself so many times that he is a good Communist that he has come to believe it," he said in a voice that sounded faraway. "I joined the Party because I have to feed the family. I can't afford to lose my job, and joining up was the best way of keeping it. At least, that was what I thought two years ago. But now they've begun to check on everybody who has joined since the revolution. One of these days they're going to catch up with me, and when they do . . ." He didn't finish the sentence. Many sentences are left unfinished in Prague these days.

"Roughly four-fifths of our people are against them, though they won't admit it," Janda went on, still staring out the window. "But what can a man do? They have the police and the guns, and we have neither the brains nor the courage to do anything about it. The Germans did something to our courage. They broke our backbone of decency and national pride. We Czechs are not cowards by nature. We have our history to prove it. We fought off the rule of the Hapsburgs. During the First World War, our legionnaires were always where the going was toughest. But now we're all howling with the wolves, as Marta says. I've been told to learn Russian. Everybody who works for a nationalized industry has to learn Russian and pass an examination in it if he wants to keep his job. So does everybody who works for the city or national government, and even professional people, too. People laugh and say we must all learn Russian so we'll be able to get along when the Russians send us to their camps in Siberia. A nice joke! And twice a week I have to attend a course in political education, like Antonín. I no longer have time to read the travel books and novels I like, because I have to study the writings of Marx and Engels and Lenin and Stalin and so on. But it's the children—mine and everybody else's—that





"This is Ethel, Mrs. Wilson. Malcolm wants me to sing 'Wynken, Blynken, and Nod,' and I was wondering if you could tell me how it goes."

• •

I'm really worried about. They learn the Communist theories in school, and when they come home, their parents tell them something different. After a while, the poor kids don't know where they're at. They get confused and frightened. Everybody is frightened. Coming home on the streetcar tonight, I was frightened. A man sitting across from me gave me a funny look. I looked back at him, and almost automatically the questions came to my mind."

"What questions?" I asked.

"I suppose everybody has some reason to be afraid," Janda said. "Everybody is hiding something. You become afraid that your doubts and intentions show in your face. I looked at this man and I said to myself, 'Now, where does he belong? He's not wearing a Party badge. You might say, then, that he's not a Communist, but on the other hand he may be such an important Communist that he doesn't *have* to wear a badge. He may be a member of the central committee. Or a member of the secret police. Or perhaps he's a reactionary. Does he know that I am just an opportunist? Why does he keep looking at me? Have I done anything that might get me into trouble—today, yesterday, last week, last year? Could it be because an American friend called me on the phone?' "

"I'm sorry, Karel," I said. "I didn't think—"

"No, no," Janda said. "I'm just trying to explain our nationwide anxiety neurosis. You go to bed with fear in your bones, and when you get up in the morning the fear is still there. The fear is constantly there. During the German Occupation, it wasn't any fun to ride on a streetcar, with all those S.S. men and German soldiers around, but in those days I was never afraid. I would get on a streetcar and sit or stand beside a Czech. I wouldn't talk to him, but just his presence seemed warm and reassuring. I knew I wasn't alone. We Czechs were all together then. Before the war, we'd had fifteen political parties in Parliament and they fought each other tooth and nail. There was always much talk about national unity but nobody did anything about it. Then the Germans occupied the country, and suddenly the nation was truly united. The much-talked-about dream of unity had at last come true. But today?" Janda's tone became bitter. "It's brother against brother. They take you to Pankrác Prison, and when you get there, Czechs—your own people—beat you up. That's what's so hard to take. You walk up to a shopwindow where two women are talking, and as you approach, they become silent and back away. They are afraid of you. They think you're a secret one. You're all alone now, more alone than ever before in your life. And there is no hope that it will be over someday."

Janda turned from the window abruptly. "Remember that evening early in May, 1945, when you were here?" he asked with a warm smile. "You were sitting exactly where you're sitting now. And that girl in the white blouse, with a gun in a holster and the armband of the Republican Guard, was sitting next to you—"

I remembered. The evening he spoke of was the second after the Liberation. There was still sporadic gunfire in the nearby Olšany Cemetery, but the sound of the shots was soon drowned out by joyous shouts from the street. Boys and girls came riding by on trucks, singing Czech songs that had been *verboten* for six years, like the red, white, and blue Czech flag they were carrying. I was an American sergeant at the time, and had entered Prague in a jeep. The Russians were already in the city, but I had no difficulty getting through their lines. Everybody was everybody else's friend. The difficulty was to make my way through the throngs to Janda's apartment. When I finally got there, the living room was a melee of excited, exultant people. Most of them were drunk—as much, I imagine, from joy as from beer and wine. A thin-lipped Czech lieutenant colonel kissed me on both cheeks. Marta's younger sister, Jarmila, was dancing a gypsy dance, and singing and laughing and kissing everybody. Mrs. P., the slovenly janitress, sat on the couch, and Mr. K., the

THOUGHTS WHILE SOWING FIVE POUNDS OF DOMESTIC RYE GRASS SEED AT 40 CENTS THE POUND

("BUILD UP YOUR SOIL THIS EASY WAY")

My forebear with his bull-tongue plow
Opened the earth, he cared not how.

He did not plant a cover crop,
And neither did *your* grandpa's pop.

He ran his furrows up and down
And blithely drove his grain to town.

He did not sow domestic rye;
His was not to reason why.

He planted wheat and made it pay;
He never heard of T.V.A.

He sowed the land to corn and cotton,
And he will not be soon forgotten.

The fields ran out, the plains blew dust,
The bull-tongue plow was left to rust.

Bare to the searching wind and rain,
The bleeding furrow left its stain.

With dock and wire grass, sedge and thistle,
My forebear's children had to wrestle;

Abandoned, worn-out farms lay dozing;
And sounds of mortgages foreclosing.

A century, a new frontier,
And now, by God, what have we here?

With lime and super, grass and clover,
This awkward grandchild makes earth over.

I plow the contour, disk the rye,
Restore the soil with blood in eye.

With birdsfoot trefoil and with brome,
I bring the spirit back to loam.

Astride my scarlet Farmall tractor
I am the good earth's benefactor.

And as, on golden harvest days,
Across the blooming mead I gaze,

My forebear, called the Pioneer,
From where I sit seems cracked and queer.

But as I rectify his error
I guess I do things even queerer.

—E. B. W.

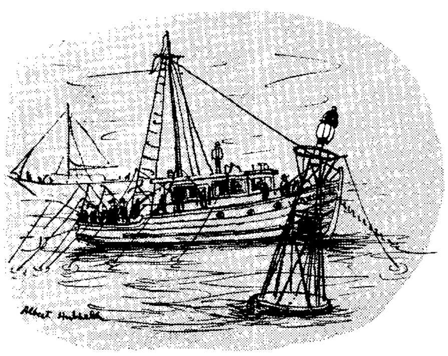
• •

landlord, sat beside her with an arm around her shoulder. Mr. K. owned three other houses and two factories, and subscribed to the reactionary newspaper, *Národní Listy*, but he got drunk that night with a Russian officer who boasted that in three years he had marched with his regiment all the way from Stalingrad to Janda's apartment without even getting flat feet. The officer emphasized the accomplishment by taking off one of his boots and displaying his foot, and Mr. K. sprinkled slivovitz on it and said, "God bless the Russian feet that have walked the long way from Stalingrad to liberate this country!"

Janda, who had remained standing, came and sat down near me. "Remember the lieutenant colonel who kissed you when you arrived at the party?" he said. "Poor fellow, he got into trouble. His promotion to full colonel was just about to come through when the Communists took over. During the war, he had kept in touch with the Beneš group in London, not with the Gottwald group in Moscow. So, naturally, the Communists didn't promote him. Then he began going around telling everybody how he'd fought for Masaryk with the Czech Legion in the First World War and for Beneš in the Second, and look at what a man got for being a patriot. So they came for the patriot and put him in jail, and he's still there."

I asked Janda what had become of Mr. K.

"You can probably guess," he said. "He always was a fool. That big party up here was the only time I ever saw him forget about class distinctions. He was fraternizing with the janitress that night, but two weeks later he wouldn't have been seen talking to her. Well, today the janitress wouldn't want to be seen talking to K. I never liked K., because he was so arrogant and always making trouble for us, but I'm almost sorry for him now. For a while, they let him keep his houses and factories. Then they nationalized the factories, and afterward they put confiscatory taxes on his houses. Instead of keeping his mouth shut and trying to get along in the apartment they were going to let him keep in one of his houses, he went to a lawyer and started raising hell. So now they've taken him away to a labor-and-correction camp, and his wife has been moved into one room in a tenement house. You can imagine who got his apartment."



"The janitress?"

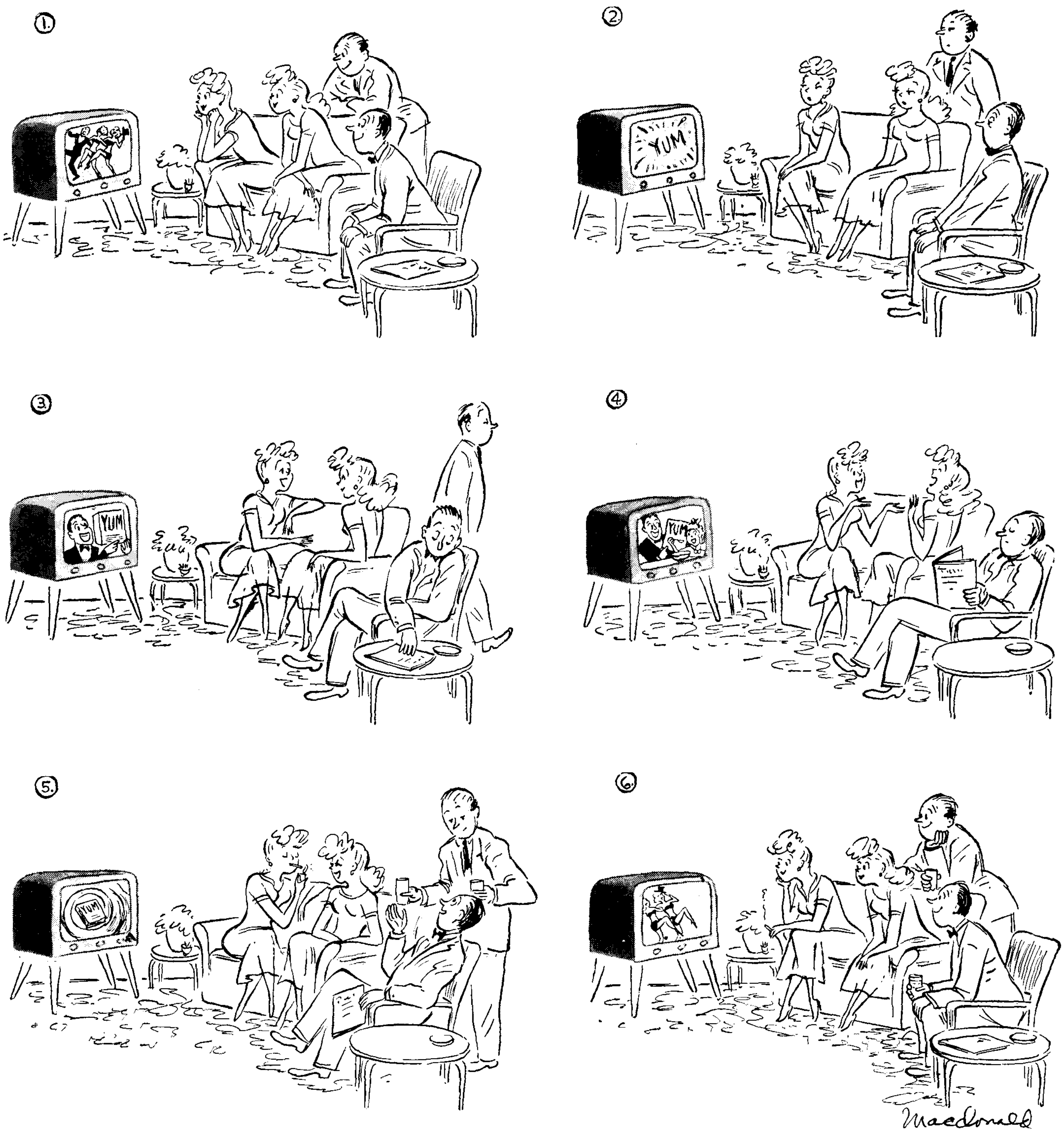
"No, it's not *quite* as pat as that. The son-in-law of the janitress. He's a secretary at the Trade Unions Center. He's the one who bought our piano."

Marta came in with a tray on which were glasses, a bottle of white wine, and some slices of dark bread thickly spread with pâté. Janda filled the glasses. "One of our last bottles of good Moravian wine," he said.

"Well, if you'd only stop finding fault and try to make the best of things, you could have all the wine you want," his wife said tartly. "Party members have priority, haven't they?"

"Now, Marta," Janda said, "I've told you time and again that I joined the Party on account of my job, and not so I could beg favors from some pompous stooge."

The telephone rang and Marta went into the hall to answer it. "I never thought the day would come when we'd



have political arguments in our family," Janda said, staring gloomily into his glass. "Politics used to be fun—something to argue about in a beer parlor, over a glass of Pilsner, when you had nothing else on your mind. Now, every time one of us opens his mouth we're in a fight, and that includes the children. Antonín hates the Communists, and Matilda is violently on their side. Politics has become our bitter daily bread. There seems to be no other topic of conversation. It makes me sick." He shook his head. "And there's just no getting away from it. People can't travel any more. Last year, everybody had to turn in his passport. Now you've got to be a high-ranking official, or at least a member of a trade mission, to leave the country. You even need a permit to go from one Czech town to another. We're virtually locked up here. It gives you a feeling of claustrophobia."

WE heard the front door open and close. "That should be Matilda now," said Janda, and a moment later his daughter walked into the room. She had grown up a good deal in the two years since I'd last seen her. She was still slim and pretty, but there was now a thoughtful, serious air about her that made her seem much older than twelve, and neither the red net she wore over her hair nor her ankle socks helped to convey an impression of youth. She barely smiled as she greeted me, and when I held out my hand she touched it, and then quickly withdrew her fingers, all the time looking at me uneasily.

"Hello," Matilda said to her father, without going near him.

"What's new in school?" Janda asked.

The girl hesitated, and again looked

warily at me. Then she said, “We had more trouble with that reactionary culture specialist of ours—Karolina. She wanted us to hang up a picture of Masaryk in the classroom, underneath the Gottwald and Stalin pictures. I had to bring the matter before the pupils' committee.”

“Matilda is secretary of the pupils' committee,” Janda said to me. I wasn't sure whether he was proud of the fact or apologizing for it.

“What is the pupils' committee?” I asked.

Matilda seemed amazed. “Why, every class has a committee,” she said. “We elect members of the class to make special studies of political education, sports, newspapers, lectures, economics, excursions—*and* culture. That's Karolina. Naturally, she was voted down—six to one. What do we need a picture of Masaryk for?”

Janda sighed. “Matilda,” he said patiently, “we wouldn't have this republic without Thomas Masaryk.”

The girl made a face. “That's not true, and I can prove it. You know what *Rudé Pravo* said?” *Rudé Pravo* is the official newspaper of Czechoslovakia's Communist Party. “*Rudé Pravo* said,” she went on, quoting, “ ‘The chapter in our history that was connected with Masaryk is now closed. He depended on the West. Today the Czechoslovak nation is marching toward Russia and Socialism.’ ” She spoke the memorized lines in a low, monotonous voice, and I was not at all sure she knew what she was saying. There was little that was childlike about her, but she wasn't mature, either. I glanced at Janda, and from the way he looked back at me I knew that he was distressed. He was losing Matilda, and there was nothing he could do about it.

“Matilda,” I said, “you're too young to understand what President Masaryk did for this country.”

The girl made another face, and her father reddened. “If you're fresh, Matilda, you're going to your room!” he said.

Matilda shrugged and walked out.

For a while, neither of us spoke. It was painful to see the despair in Janda's eyes. At last, I felt I had to say something. “She's only a child,” I told him.

Janda drew a deep breath and cleared his throat. “She's just twelve,” he said. “What are girls of that age supposed to be interested in—books, games, dolls? I don't know. Matilda doesn't care for any of them. The walls of her room are covered with pictures of Russian marshals. She's crazy about Marshal Rokossovsky. When they put him in charge of the Polish Army, she cried and said they should have sent him to Prague. Her Aunt Jarmila brought her pictures of Clark Gable and Robert Taylor, but Matilda doesn't care about movie stars. She doesn't seem to care about anything but politics. Before the last election, she and her classmates went all over the twelfth district at night and glued Communist slogans across the campaign posters of the three other parties. She's given up her piano lessons and she's earnestly trying to read the same books by Marx and Gottwald that I have to study. She loves candy, but when I brought home some chocolate a while ago, she wouldn't eat it, because it came from some old Unrra supplies.”

Janda got up and began pacing back and forth. “This is a fairly well-to-do district, as you know,” he said, “but of the twenty-nine girls in Matilda's class twenty-seven are members of the Communist Youth Organization. The other two are called reactionaries, but don't be fooled by the word. It simply means anybody who is not a follower of the regime. The two reactionaries come from poor families—I believe the father of one works on the railroad. Don't ask me to explain all this. Nothing makes sense any longer. Let's have some more wine.”

MARTA came in. “You haven't eaten anything,” she said, looking at the tray. “Don't you like the pâté?”

“I guess we lost our appetite listening to Matilda,” her husband said.

Marta glanced at him questioningly and sighed. “You've been arguing again!” she said. “I wish you wouldn't keep antagonizing the child, Karel.”

“I'm going to thrash that damn nonsense out of her head.”

“Someday she's going to tell her teacher that you—”

“Don't be an idiot!” Janda said brusquely. His wife stopped short and flushed. It was a trying moment. Then Janda cleared his throat. “I'm sorry,” he said. “I never used to lose my self-control.”

“You're losing it very often these days,” Marta said.

“Who was on the phone?”

“Jarmila. She's coming over for dinner.”

“Oh, Lord! Did you *have* to invite her *tonight*?”

“You know no one ever invites Jarmila,” Marta replied. “You know my darling sister as well as I do. She's always inviting herself. She probably was downtown all day long looking at dresses, and then she got home and discovered there was nothing to eat. Oh, well, Pepík knows her,” she said, glancing at me. Pepík is the Czech diminutive for my first name.

I knew Jarmila, all right—a vivacious, headstrong, handsome woman. As far back as I could remember, she had always been in some sort of trouble—always she'd just been thrown out of a school or lost a job or broken off

Wherever it may be . . .

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with a man. No matter how tough things were, though, they didn't get Jarmila down. She had had a fling at the theatre and the movies and knew everybody in town. She was hopelessly generous and habitually in debt, thoroughly honest and recklessly impulsive. I suppose no one was very surprised when Jarmila joined the Resistance during the German Occupation and went to live with a group of Partisans in the Slovak woods. There she married a minor hero, but by the time of the Liberation they had split up, and Jarmila was left without money and had a baby girl on her hands. For a while she worked as a salesgirl, and then she began to sell her personal possessions.

"I hope you two won't fight all evening long," Janda said to his wife. He had always admired Jarmila for her kindness and loyalty.

"*I* don't fight," Marta replied. "It's Jarmila who starts those arguments. She's a reactionary, just like you, and doesn't want to understand that times have changed. Life is no longer merely a nice evening at a night club."

"Jarmila doesn't go to night clubs any more," Janda said.

"Well, she used to—a lot."

JARMILA arrived presently, bringing with her her daughter, Anna, a pretty six-year-old child who much resembled her mother. Most women in Prague now have a tired, beaten look; they don't bother much about hairdos and makeup, and they wear coats with collars that have been turned and shoes with worn heels. But not Jarmila. She had managed to clothe herself smartly, her nails were manicured, her eyelashes were mascaraed, and her hair was glossy and well cared for. She threw her arms around me and gave me a long, loud kiss. "God bless America, Pepík!" she said. "Have you seen my Billy?"

"That red-headed lieutenant I met here at the party?" I asked. It wasn't always easy to keep track of Jarmila's boy friends.

"No, that was Teddy. Billy was the dark captain with the Czech nose."

"It was an Irish nose," I said, remembering.

"Well, they're the same to me. The Czech nose was why I loved him so much. I still have his flag. Look!" She opened her jacket. On her blouse was a silver brooch with a small American flag in its center. "*Ježiš*, I'm tired!" she exclaimed after I had admired it. "I've been all over town trying to find a pair of shoes."

"Didn't I tell you?" Marta said to her husband.

"Shoes for Anna, if you don't mind," said Jarmila. "Have you heard the latest joke about Martička?" Martička is a nickname for the wife of President Gottwald, a homely, plump, somewhat graceless woman, who is the butt of many popular gibes. "Somebody asked her, 'Madame President, are you going to "The Marriage of Figaro" tomorrow?' and she said 'No, I'm too busy, but I'm going to send them a telegram.' "

Jarmila and I laughed. No one else did. Janda looked annoyed. "Jokes," he said bitterly. "We've lost our freedom and our self-respect, and what are we doing? Cracking jokes."

"Now, don't get despondent, Karel," Jarmila said, and kissed him on the forehead. "It won't last forever. Nothing does. They will be here on the twenty-eighth of October."

"Who?" I asked. October 28th is Czechoslovakia's Independence Day.

"Who?" Jarmila repeated, with surprise. "Why, the Americans, of course. Didn't you know? I have it from somebody who has connections at the American Embassy. It's not mere gossip. My friend knows what he's talking about."

Janda sighed. "I don't know where you pick up all these stories, Jarmila," he said.

"It's no story, Karel," Jarmila said. "It's a fact. You tell us, Pepík," she went on, turning to me. "When are the Americans going to come and liberate us?" She was looking at me intently with eyes in which hope and hopelessness were mixed. I didn't answer. After a long silence, she drew a deep breath. "Just the same, someday they will be here," she said defiantly. "Let me have some wine, Karel." She drank her wine, and ate a canapé. "I ought to watch my figure, or I'll soon look like Martička," she said. "Have you noticed how people here eat all the time now?" she asked me. "It's as if they wanted to make up for all the food they couldn't get during the war. The girl at the post office eats bread with pork fat while she sells you stamps, and the stamps get all greasy, and the streetcar conductor has his mouth full of cake when he gives you your ticket."

"They've been hungry for years," said Marta.

"That's no reason for them to behave like pigs," said Jarmila. "What a beautiful city Prague was! Now it's beginning

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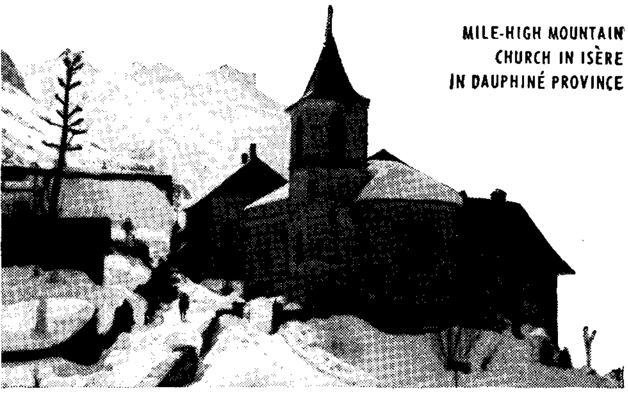

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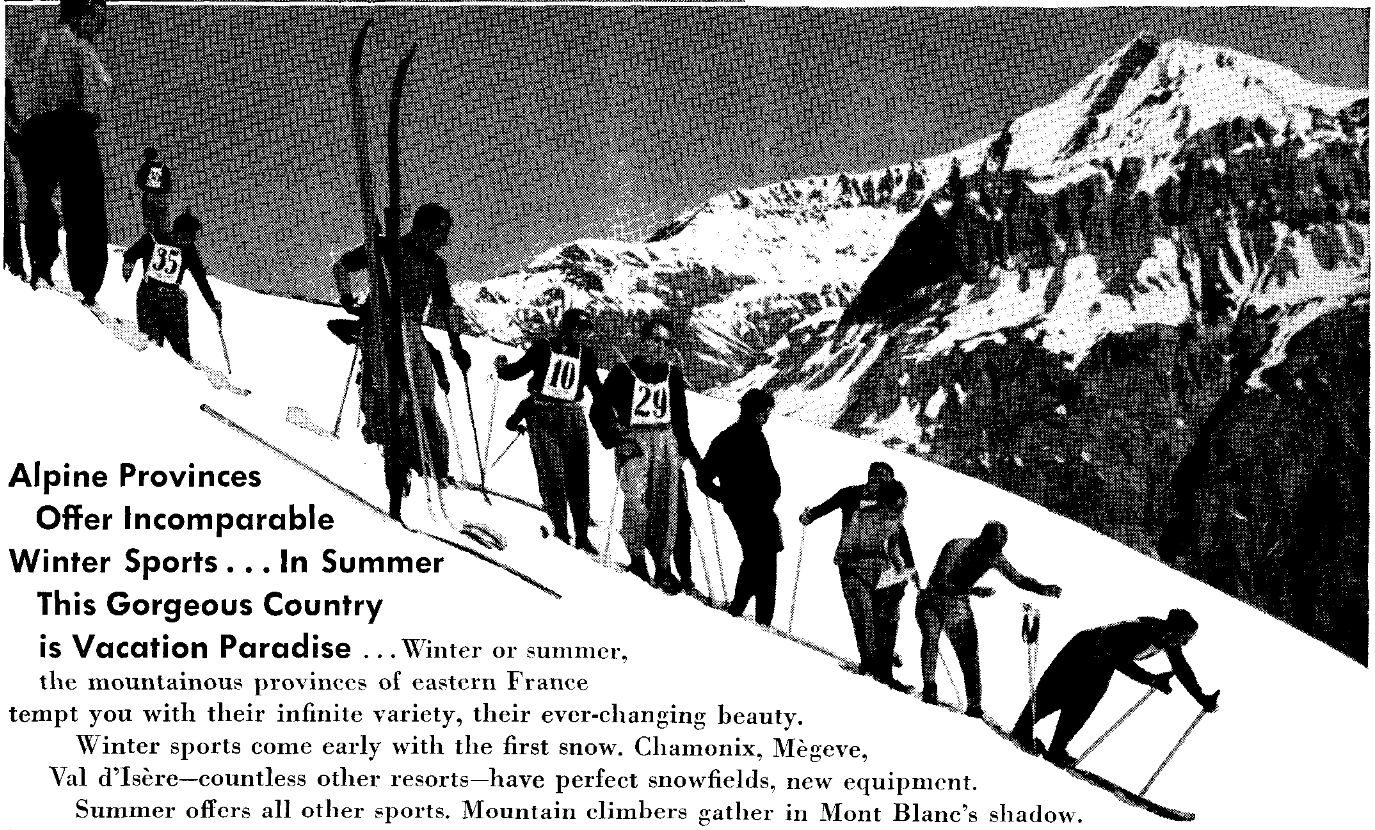

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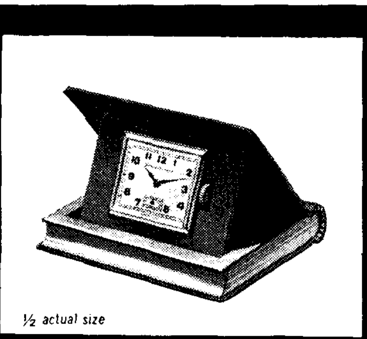

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"A lot of them have," Janda said. "First the Germans killed the Czechs and the Jews, and then the Czechs killed the Sudeten Germans, and now the Czechs are killing the Czechs."

Jarmila poured herself another glass of wine. "Anna, go play with Matilda," she said, then turned to me. "She always sticks with the grownups. Never wants to play with other children."

Anna shook her head. "I don't want to play with Matilda," she said. "She's a Communist."

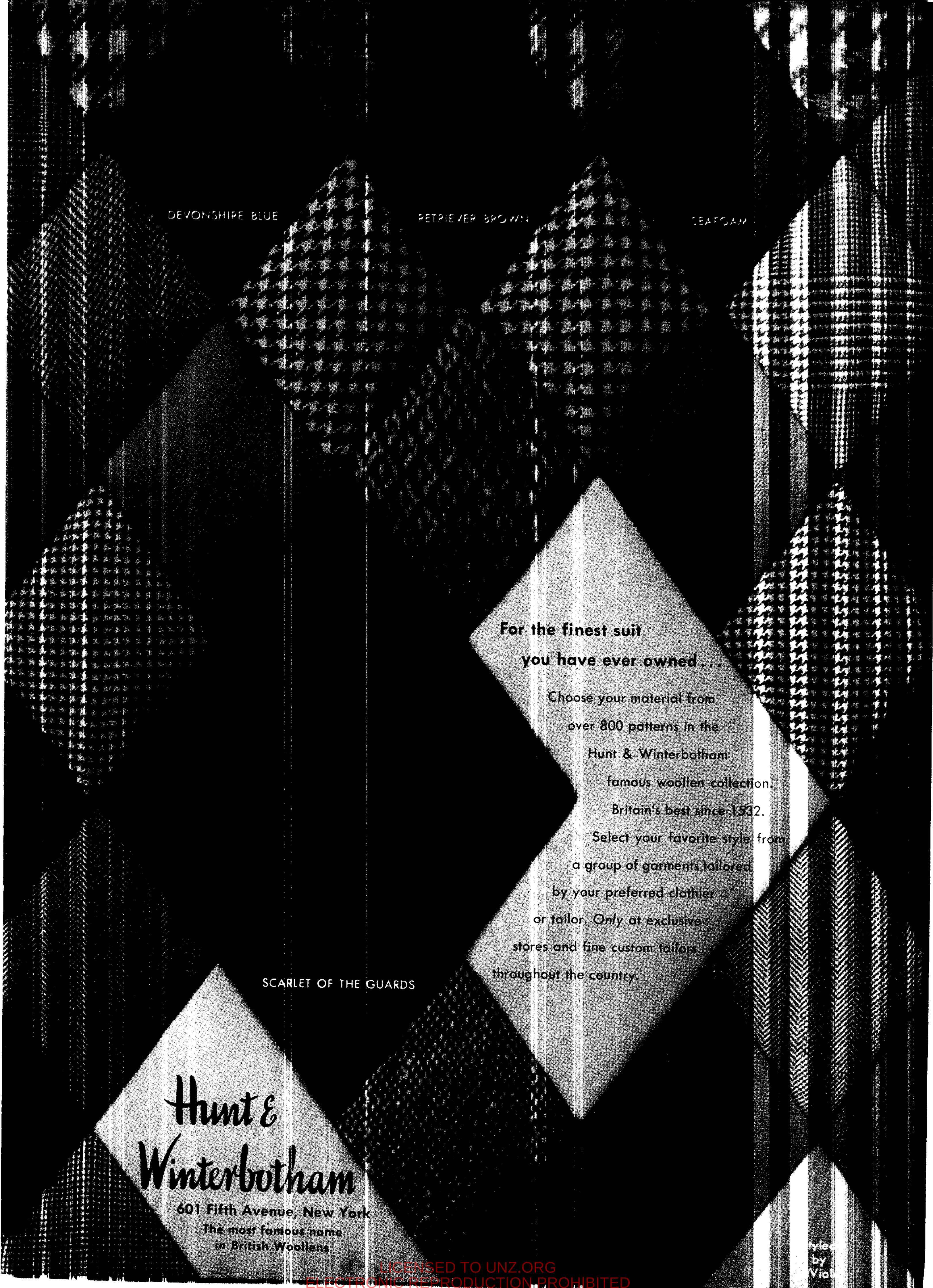
I was astonished, but apparently no one else was. "Anna!" Jarmila said sharply. "I told you *not* to talk like that when you come here!"

"You should be ashamed to teach her those things," Marta said to her sister. "Anna is six and talks like a grown-up."

"Well, what she says is true, isn't it?" Jarmila demanded. "Matilda and her fat Russian marshals! Last week she spent an hour showing Anna pictures from Russia. Anna asks me why all the people in those pictures look so well dressed. Sure, why shouldn't they, taking away the things we make and sending us second-rate wheat in return, as if we didn't have enough bread to eat anyway. Yesterday, I was riding in the bus with Anna, and the conductor and I got to talking, and I told him that I was trying to find a pair of shoes for Anna but they were all far too expensive. I said there seemed to be certain people who could afford them, and he agreed. Then a man with a Party badge got on and we stopped talking, but when I left the bus the conductor whispered, 'Don't worry, they won't last forever. The Germans always talked of a thousand years, and we threw them out after six.'"

Marta said, "Someday you're going to talk to the wrong man, and then you'll be in trouble. You're crazy to wear that American flag in times like these."

"I don't change my loyalty every year," Jarmila said. "The other day, a man on the streetcar told me to take off the flag. I asked him what right he had to give me orders. He said he was an *úderník* [Stakhanovite] in the steel in-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dustry. 'Very nice,' I said. 'I suppose you were a steelworker all through the war, helping make guns for Hitler? Maybe even an *údernik*, getting double food rations from the Germans?' You should have seen his face! At the next stop, he got out. I'm still wearing my American flag."

"Just the same, it's not *prudent*, Jarmila," said Marta. "Someday you'll get yourself in trouble."

"You mean someday I may get you all into trouble? Well, don't worry, I won't. If anything should happen to me, I'll make it perfectly clear that all the members of my family are loyal worshippers at the altar of Comrade Gottwald."

"Oh, for God's sake, stop fighting, you two!" said Janda. "We have a guest tonight."

"A guest from America is no guest," said Jarmila. "He's a friend. Here's to America!" She emptied her glass.

Janda turned to me. "I should have known," he said. "I should have taken you to a restaurant. We could have talked about old times without having to listen to all these stupid arguments."

"Why shouldn't Pepík listen to them?" Jarmila said. "Let him find out what goes on in a family in Prague these days. The same thing is going on in practically every damned house in the country. People sit at home and stare at each other and are afraid of each other. Children fight their parents and their parents are afraid of them. I wanted to take Anna to 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs,' but they told her in school she ought to go only to Russian pictures. Who wants to see those tractors and wheat fields and the wonderful life on a collective farm? If they're so happy there, why do they bother with us? Why don't they leave us alone?"

"Some Russian pictures are very good," said Marta.

"Well, you should know. You've seen them all. Does the janitress give you orders to go, the dirty informer?"

"If everybody you call an informer was one, half the nation would be sitting in prison today," Marta said.

"Well, they are, aren't they?"

"Oh, be quiet! You talk like a Fascist."

"And what are *you*, if I may ask?" Jarmila shouted.

"I'm a—a democrat!" Marta shouted back.

"Oh, quiet, both of you!" Janda said. "I'm sick and tired of your squabbling. Let's have dinner, shall we?"

Marta bit her lip. "I'll go and see if it's done," she said, and went into the kitchen.

The rest of us sat silent for some time. Anna kept looking at me with big, startled eyes. Finally, Jarmila stood up. "I'd better go and help Marta," she said. "Come on, Anna." They went out.

JANDA leaned back on the couch and rubbed his eyes. "Now they'll have a good cry out there," he said. "And they'll make up, because they are really very close to each other. But in five minutes the same thing will start all over again. It has become a disease. Sometimes when Jarmila is here I stay at the office until ten o'clock at night so I won't have to come home and listen to these eternal arguments. Marta is very cross with me because I don't take her side against Jarmila, as she puts it. But I can't help respecting Jarmila, though she often talks a lot of nonsense. She could marry a very high-ranking Communist official. He's an able man, and he's honest; he's been an organizer for twenty-five years and never made any bones about it. Jarmila could have a villa and a car and plenty of shoes and clothes for Anna, but she won't even go out to dinner with this man, or to a night club, and you know what *that* means to Jarmila. She has no money to pay the rent and she lives from one day to the next by selling her clothes. I'll bet you when Marta told her you were here, she put on her last good dress and her only pair of nylons. A few weeks ago, this man got her an offer of a very good job, as assistant manager in a store. Of course, in order to get the job she would have to have a trade-union card, and to get the card she would have to join the Party. The man told her that it would be a mere formality, but Jarmila said no." Janda sighed. "I wish I had her strength of character," he said.

"But you have a wife and two kids," I said.

"This thing has brought out the best in a few people and the worst in the rest," Janda said. "No one has remained the same. I sleep very badly now, and when I'm lying there in the dark, I try to remember what my life was like before all this happened. My worst problems once were seeing Antonín through an attack of pneumonia and making Marta stick to her budget. I thought at the time I had worries enough, but what were they compared to the present? There was never a night when I went to bed and wondered, as I do every night now, whether I would

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wake up as usual in the morning or whether they would come and get me before. They always come at dawn, to avoid attention. Remember that lawyer, Dr. M., who spent every spring in Monte Carlo? They came for him at dawn three weeks ago."

"Why?"

Janda raised his hands and let them fall in a gesture of despair. "There is no why," he said. "They just came for him, that's all. No one knows where he went—probably to one of the labor-and-correction camps, to be made into a useful member of Marxian society. If he's lucky, he'll be released in from three to six months. Meanwhile, his apartment has been given to new tenants and his furniture has been sold to them, and his paintings and books and silver have disappeared. When he comes back, he'll have to take a job in a factory, and his metamorphosis into a proletarian will be complete."

"But he must have done *some*thing," I said.

"Oh, sure. He was an enemy of the state. You see, a lawyer is no longer permitted to keep professional secrets. He must report to the authorities on his clients and their confidential affairs, and if a case is against what is called the interest of the nation he cannot take it on. A lawyer can't even handle an income-tax case, because that would be against the interest of the nation. Do you understand now why so many middle-class people have joined the Communist Party? They want to remain in the middle class. The middle class is the core of the Party. Party members get jobs, vacations, apartments, seats at the opera. And middle-class people who don't join the Party are proletarianized into the new working class, a secondary working class that has only duties and no privileges. And then they talk of the new classless society!"

THE front door opened and closed again, and Antonín entered the room. He was a tall, blond youth, and when he smiled, he reminded me of his father—of his father before the revolution. He had a friendly face and friendly eyes, and he had about him some of the lightheartedness that Janda once had. In his corduroy jacket and slacks, he could have passed for an American college boy. He pumped my hand and said it was great that I had come to visit them. "How is America?" he asked. "God, how I wish I could go there!" There was an awkward moment of silence, and

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then he added lamely, "For a visit, I mean."

"I wish you could go there and stay there," Janda said quietly. "Only don't tell your mother."

"What happened to the jeep you had in the Army?" Antonín asked me. I said the government had probably disposed of it long ago. "What a car!" he said. "Remember when we went up that hill behind the viaduct in high? I think it would have run on water just as well as gas. I saw pictures of your new cars in a magazine at the United States Information Service. They're getting bigger all the time. How can you ever park cars like that?"

I said a lot of Americans were trying to find the answer to that one.

Marta called us into the dining room. As we gathered around the table, she brought in soup plates, and Jarmila followed with a tureen. Their eyes were red; Janda had been right. We all sat down, Jarmila beside me, Anna next to her, Antonín and Matilda opposite us, and their parents at either end of the table. "How is the handsome Marshal tonight?" Antonín asked his sister. "I hope you've had a talk with La Passionaria, here," he said to me. "She loves a marshal, and she doesn't mean Montgomery."

Matilda bridled. "Reactionary!" she said.

"Antonín! Matilda!" Marta said. The children subsided, and Marta changed the subject by telling me that in my honor she had set the table with her best china. "I used to keep it for extra-special celebrations," she said. "Once, Emma broke a cup, and I was heartbroken, but now I wouldn't care. We may as well use it before we have to sell it, like the piano."

"I don't have those worries any more," Jarmila said cheerfully. "I've sold everything already."

AFTER dinner, the women and the girls went to the kitchen to wash the dishes. Janda dug up another bottle of wine, and he, Antonín, and I returned to the living room. Antonín sat down with a Russian grammar and started to study. Janda said that at the *Gymnasium*, where Antonín was in the eighth grade, Russian was the most important foreign language, but that the boy was also taking Latin, English, and French.

Presently, Antonín looked up from his book. "They've finally found Karásek," he said to his father.

"In the same place?" Janda asked.

"Yes. His mother went there today and wanted to give him a change of underwear and a little extra food, but they wouldn't let her."

"I hope you weren't mixed up in this," Janda said. He looked worried. "Your mother cried all one night last week, she was so upset about it."

"There's nothing to be mixed up in, Father."

"Just the same, I wish you'd keep away from those boys and stick to your work." Janda turned to me. "Three weeks ago, two of Antonín's classmates suddenly disappeared. Their parents were frantic, of course. Then, last week, word came from one of them. He was in a cell at police headquarters. You can imagine what *that* means. Now it seems the other boy, the one we're talking about, is there, too. Probably been questioned somewhere for days about anti-state activities."

"Anti-state, hell!" said Antonín. "They found some American magazines and passed them around in the classroom, and the Latin teacher saw them. That's all there was to it. That teacher pretends to be a reactionary, but we think he's just a stool pigeon for the police. He found out about the song, too."

I asked what song.

"Half our class is against the Communists," the boy replied. "When we want to needle the other guys, we sing the song. Want to hear it?" I nodded, and he grinned and started to sing a Czech translation of "Off we go, into the wild blue yonder . . ."

"I wish you wouldn't sing that—at least not so loud," Janda said. "I wish you'd be more careful."

"I *am* careful, Father," said the boy. "But what's the use? You can't fool *them*. They know I'm a Westerner." He started to hum the Air Force song.

Janda said to me, "Antonín is treated unfairly in school. Last year, when there was some sort of public celebration, he and his friends who aren't members of the Communist Youth Organization had to stay and clean the schoolhouse while the other boys went off to watch the fun."

Matilda came in. Antonín stopped humming. "Careful, men," he said mockingly. "La Passionaria is back."

The girl sat down. "I know all about Antonín," she said to the room at large. "He's a member of the reactionary group in his class. I know about his song, too."

"Matilda!" shouted Janda.

"I've been listening behind the door!" she said triumphantly, stamping

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—COREY FORD

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on the floor. "Yes, I have, I have, I have!"

Janda got up. I had never seen his face so sharp and white, and I thought he was going to strike the child. "You go to your room and don't you dare come out!" he said to her. "I don't want to see you any more tonight. That's for listening behind doors. Out!"

Matilda crossed her legs deliberately, and then uncrossed them. "All right, all right," she said at last. "I'm going." She stalked out.

Janda stood rigid. The veins in his temples were pulsing. Then he sat down and rubbed his face with his palms. "The happy Janda family, you used to call us," he said to me. "Well, you've seen the happy family."

"Matilda is silly, Father," Antonín said. "The other day, she threatened to denounce me and—"

"Shut up!" Janda shouted. "Shut up and study your Russian!"

Marta and Jarmila came in. They said they had put Anna to bed in Marta's room. "What's the matter with you?" Jarmila asked Janda. "Had another argument?"

Janda didn't answer. He went into the kitchen, and came back with a bottle of brandy. He filled a glass, sat down, and took a big swallow. Antonín went off to study in his bedroom. The rest of us talked about old friends who had gone abroad or disappeared or were "sitting," meaning that they were in jail.

THE doorbell rang. Janda sat up stiffly and looked apprehensively at his wife. "Who's that?" he asked.

Marta said, "Oh, my God!"

Jarmila stood up. "I'll see," she said. "Don't worry, Karel." She went out and opened the front door. There were voices, and then Jarmila came back, followed by the janitress, who had a shawl around her shoulders and was still in her bedroom slippers. Jarmila winked at me. "Mrs. P. was wondering," she said to Janda.

"Wondering?"

"Whether you'll take Pepík down when he leaves and lock the door after him. She's going to bed now."

Janda looked puzzled. "Why, of course I'll take him down," he said. "I always take our guests down and lock the door after them, Comrade P."

The janitress looked around the room. "It's a regulation, Comrade," she said. "They don't want to have to worry about doors being left open." She stared at me. "Especially when there are strangers around."

"But he's no stranger," Marta said.

"Don't you remember him? He's been here before."

"How about a glass of wine?" said Janda. "Good Moravian wine."

"A good idea," the janitress said. She took the glass and at once lost interest in me. "To your health!" She drank, and put the glass down. "Well, I'm going to bed. Good night. Be sure to lock the door, Comrade Janda."

We heard the front door close. Marta got up, looked into the hall, and came back. "She's gone," she said, almost in a whisper.

"The dirty informer!" Jarmila said.

"Yes," said Janda. "Tomorrow everybody will know that Pepík was here."

Marta said, "Have a little more wine, Pepík. And how about an apple?"

I said thanks, but I thought I'd better be going, because I had an appointment early in the morning. I said good night to the women, and then Janda and I walked downstairs. He unlocked the street door and stepped outside with me. The street was dark and deserted.

"How long am I going to be able to stand this life?" Janda said softly, as if to himself. "Another year—eighteen months at the most—and my savings will be gone. They'll throw us out of the house. Maybe they'll throw us out before. Maybe we'll all be split up." He took a deep breath. "Good night," he said. "I'd better go up now. I'll phone you."

He went back into the hallway and shut the door. As I started down the lonely street, I heard him turn the key in the lock. I knew he wouldn't phone me, and he knew he wouldn't, and he didn't.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

●

The bride attended Orcas High School and is a permanent member of the young set.—*Sedro-Woolley (Wash.) Orcas Islander.*

Oh, it always seems that way.

●

She began at the Kansas state line and rode until she came to Enid. With a cry of triumph she slid from her badly lathered horse into a dead faint.—*Sausalito (Calif.) News.*

A welcome change.

●

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[*From Opportunity*]

It's an ill wind that blows no one any good.

International tension over Korea is spurring buying and recent reports from the field show that direct sales are really zooming.

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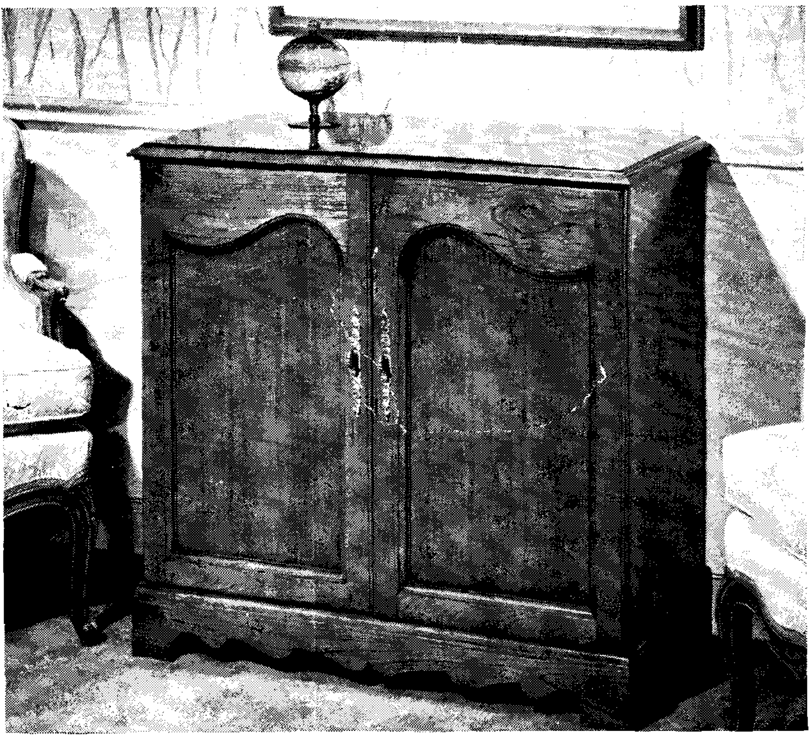

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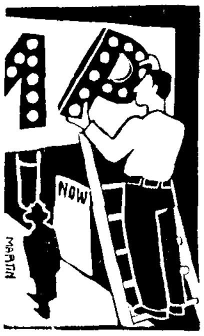
Boys and Girls Together



"THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE," an English film, has to do with the confusion that envelops Nutbourne College, a boys' school, when the Ministry of Education decides that it must share its facilities with St. Swithin's, a girls' school. This business of a horde of females invading a traditionally masculine establishment probably sounds like the sort of thing so often used as a scaffolding for submarginal musical comedies, but as it is treated here, the theme is fairly lively, since it has been shined up with a nice wit, and Alastair Sim and Margaret Rutherford are permitted to give free rein to their comic fancy. As the headmistress of the girls' school, Miss Rutherford is full of the brisk and lunatic efficiency that made her performance as the medium in the movie version of "Blithe Spirit" such a delight. She is fond of requesting her assistants to repeat the slogan of their school—"Effort, St. Swithin's, Effort"—in times of stress, and her solution to the problem of housing boys and girls under one roof is terse: "Cut out biology." As the headmaster confronted by Miss Rutherford and her maidens, Mr. Sim alternates between cavernous despair and mad lightheartedness.

In the course of a visit to St. Swithin's by some parents and a simultaneous inspection of Nutbourne by some of its governors, it becomes necessary to hide the fact that the two institutions are sharing quarters, and a pair of guided tours are instituted; the boys take over the classrooms in time for the governors, and the girls succeed them in time for the parents. This adds up to some busy nonsense, and it establishes between the headmaster and the headmistress what she calls "a measure of rough-and-ready harmony." Regrettably, the schools eventually troop onto the playing field at the same moment, and as the students riot over the issue of whether lacrosse or Rugby shall be the sport for the day, Miss Rutherford proposes to Mr. Sim that they head for new pedagogic fields in Tanganyika, where the profession isn't so crowded.

Throughout "The Happiest Days of Your Life," the authors of the script, Frank Launder and John Dighton, have furnished the cast with dialogue a cut above the ordinary, and the situations they have contrived are ingenious enough to hold your interest pretty consistently. Mr. Launder also directed the film, and he was certainly fortunate in the cast he had to work with.

IN "My Blue Heaven," we are afflicted with a husband and wife who appear on a television program that might well drive any civilized bartender in real life to go for his set with a bung starter. This dismal pair want to have a baby (possibly to keep up with the husbands and wives on radio programs who like to toss their little ones into the act before the birth certificate is dry), but the wife in question has a miscarriage. Then there's a lot of wailing and weeping, which winds up, several reels later, with the couple listening to the patter of six tiny feet. If you request the usher to wake you up occasionally, you may be able to catch a glimpse of some dance numbers involving Dan Dailey and Betty Grable, who play the parents, and also Mitzi Gaynor. These bits are hardly worth the trouble, though, and one, in which Mr. Dailey imitates Ezio Pinza in "South Pacific"—I *think* that's what he's trying to do—is downright horrible.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

POESY DEPARTMENT
(PERFECT TRIBUTE DIVISION)

[*From the Honolulu Star-Bulletin*]

MR. UNIVERSE
(TO JOHN GRIMEK)
By Eugene Strohlin

Like statue, a physique, thee stands
With muscles like many iron bands,
And the lights upon him gleaming,
Flow sinewy muscles retorting.

Far or near like a spirit seen
Yet of human across the scene;
But the multitude had to stand
For this Greek God in all the land.

Then there went up a muffled roar
For all the shouting one could bare,
And upon the pedestal turned
Thy symmetric physique thee earned.

Each poise upon the tender light
Met with thy aspect in the night,
And the throb were in each one's heart
For reality of thy art.

Flexing thy mighty brawny arms,
The sinewy of the greatest arms,
That tell of the days in goodness spent
And now for every compliment.

A poet like me conveys this verse
To the great Mr. Universe;
For no mere words can I express
For a great physique thee possess.

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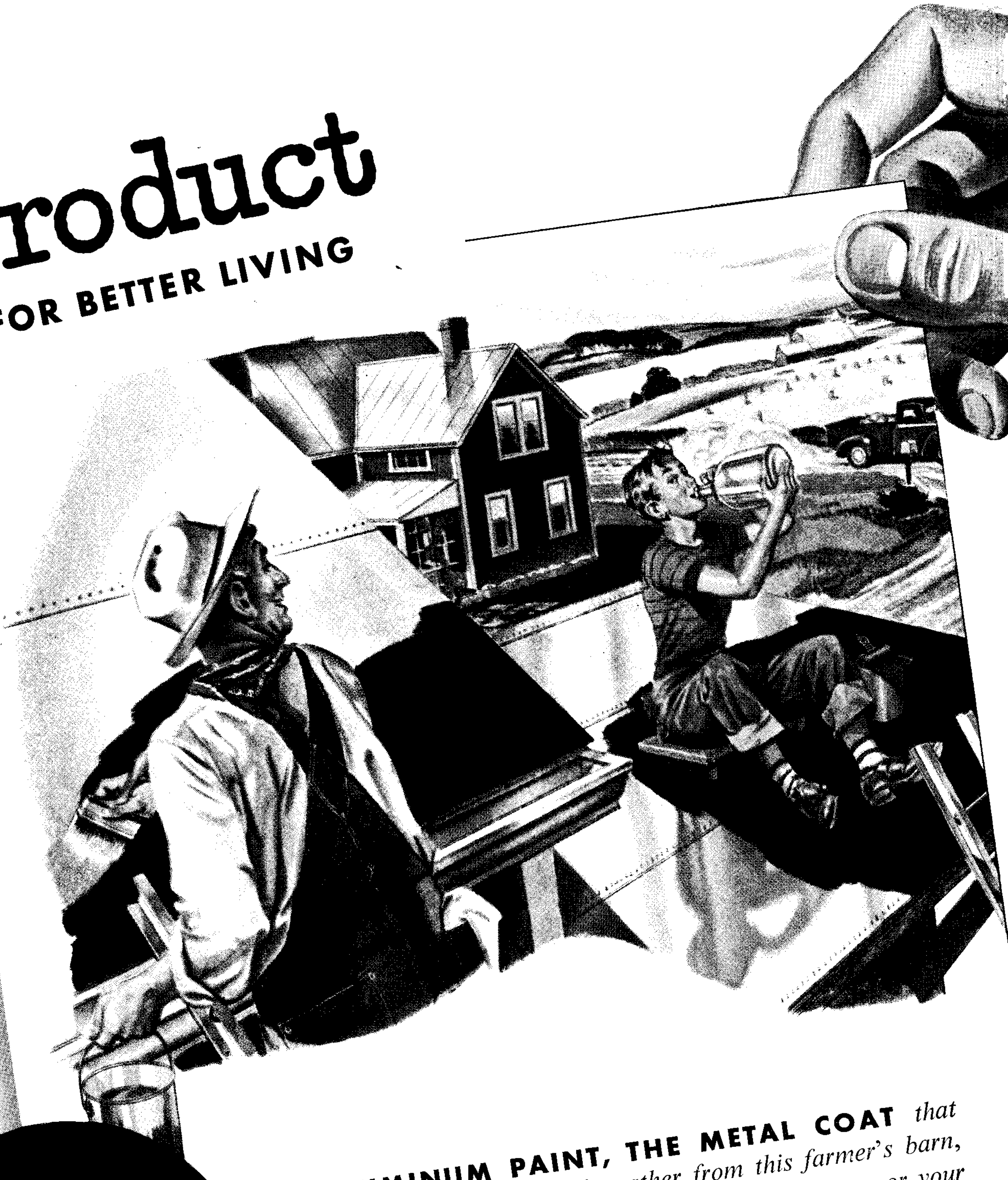

ALUMINUM PAINT, THE METAL COAT *that bounces off hot sun and weather from this farmer's barn, is also the ideal protection for your children's toys or your factory roofs. Ask your paint dealer or paint manufacturer for the kind made with Alcoa Pigment and the right vehicle for your job. It goes on smoothly, has high hiding power, looks well, and lasts—long after ordinary paints would fail.*

ALCOA
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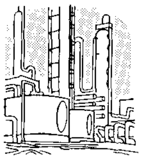
The light metal
that lasts

Story
BEHIND THE PRODUCT

GOLDBEATERS of ancient times, who laboriously pounded pure gold into "leaf," produced the first metallic pigment for paint. Powdered into tiny flakes, the gold leaf was used for the gilding called for by royal decor of that day.

The first aluminum pigments were produced by mechanical methods that duplicated the hand action of the goldbeaters' hammers. It was in 1910 that Aluminum Company of America started operation of the first aluminum powder plant in this country. At that time, the polished flakes we made were mixed with "banana oil" or bronzing liquid to make silvery decorative paint.

In the early 20's, Alcoa decided this brilliant pigment might offer great possibilities in paints for weather-exposed surfaces. Aluminum Research Laboratories launched a long-term program; determined to seek out proper vehicles to carry the metal flakes, and to find ways of improving the aluminum pigment itself.



You can see the results everywhere today. Farms sparkle with aluminum paint. Well-kept industrial plants use it widely. Homeowners find that one coat brightens dark interiors, protects things used outdoors.

But almost *any* aluminum pigment apparently looks well, hides well, goes on smoothly in almost *any* kind of paint vehicle. Inferiorities, if present, begin to show only after weeks or months. So we advised paint manufacturers on vehicles, continually improved our own pigments, and preached *quality* from the housetops. Alcoa did this because we felt a heavy responsibility in seeing that you always got your money's worth when you bought aluminum paint.

At the end of World War II, shortages in paint raw materials led to some compromises on quality, as manufacturers labored to supply the overwhelming need for paints. So we preached quality louder than ever, and developed a plan whereby the Alcoa trademark could be used as a guide to paint buyers. It would be found only on the labels of those manufacturers who participated in the plan, and whose aluminum paints matched or exceeded prewar quality standards.

ALUMINUM
PAINT
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Since Alcoa does not make paint, we were in a position to help everyone. To assist paint manufacturers, by providing technical advice from our specialists, on the formulas that work best with aluminum. To help prevent trouble for paint dealers, who would certainly have had some dissatisfied customers.

And to benefit you, who — in the final analysis — run the whole shebang here in America, by deciding which products give you your money's worth, and which do not.

Moral
FOR THINKING PEOPLE

TRADEMARKS *in America stand for precious things. They must be kept alive by unceasing, costly research, by honest quality of product and selling methods, by fair management of people and machines. One of our freedoms worth cherishing is the freedom of choice — letting such trademarks guide us to our money's worth.* ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA, 1797J Gulf Building, Pittsburgh 19, Pennsylvania.

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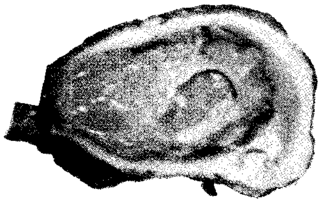
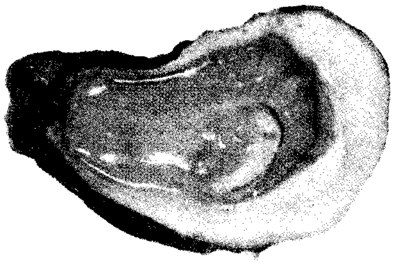
GUINNESS GUIDE TO OYSTERS



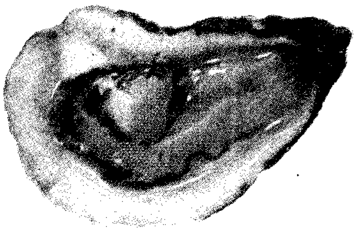
CAPE CODS : An oyster of superb flavor. Its chief enemy is the starfish, which wraps its arms about the oyster and forces the valves open with its feet. The battle lasts for hours, until the starfish is rewarded with a good meal, but alas, no Guinness.

NEW ORLEANS : This was Jean Lafite's oyster, which is now used in Oysters Rockefeller. Valuable pearls are never found in *ostrea virginica*, the family to which East Coast oysters belong.



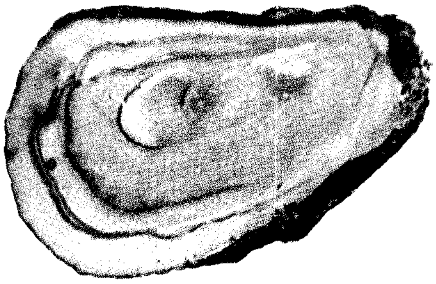
GREENPORT : These oysters have a salty flavor all their own. They were a smash hit with the whalers who shipped out of Greenport in olden days. Oysters contain iron, copper, iodine, calcium, magnesium, phosphorous, Vitamin A, thiamine, riboflavin and niacin. The Emperor Tiberius practically lived on oysters.

OYSTER BAY: Oyster Bays are mild and heavy-shelled. It is said that oysters yawn at night. Monkeys know this and arm themselves with small stones. They watch for an oyster to yawn and then pop the stone in between the shells. "Thus the oyster is exposed to the greed of the monkeys."



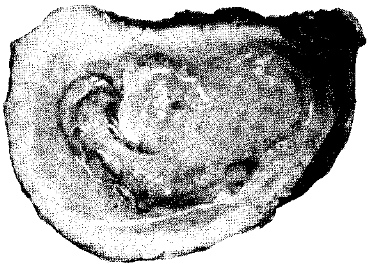
TANGIER : This is one of the sweetest and most succulent oysters. It comes from the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Pocahontas fed Tangiers to Captain John Smith, with famous results. Oysters go down best with Guinness, which has long been regarded as the perfect complement for all sea-food.

BLUEPOINTS : These delicious little oysters from Great South Bay somewhat resemble the famous English 'natives' of which Disraeli wrote: "I dined or rather supped at the Carlton . . . off oysters, Guinness and broiled bones, and got to bed at half past twelve. Thus ended the most remarkable day hitherto of my life."



LYNNHAVEN : These gigantic oysters were Diamond Jim Brady's favorites. More fishermen are employed catching oysters than any other sea food. The Damariscotta mound in Maine contains three million bushels of oyster shells, piled there by prehistoric Bradys.

DELAWARE BAY : This was William Penn's favorite oyster. Only 15% of oysters are eaten on the half-shell. The rest find their way into stews, or end their days in a blaze of glory as "Angels on Horseback." One oyster was distinctly heard to whistle.



CHINCOTEAGUES : Many epicures regard Chincoteagues as the supreme aristocrats of the oyster tribe, but some West Coast gourmets prefer the Olympia oyster, which is no bigger than your thumbnail. Both Chincoteagues and Olympias are at their best with Guinness.

ALL OYSTERS taste their best when washed down with drafts of Guinness—what Professor Saintsbury in "Notes On A Cellar-Book" called "that noble liquor—the comeliest of black malts." Most of the malt used in brewing Guinness comes from the fertile farms of Southern Ireland, and the yeast is descended from the yeast used by Guinness in Dublin one hundred and ninety years ago.

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LETTER FROM VENICE

SEPTEMBER 12

THERE has been very little *dolce far niente* in this island pleasure dome lately. In the midst of Adriatic heat, accompanied by cerulean skies, sensational sunsets, and mosquitoes, the activities of the late-summer season have demanded a lot of energy of the visitor who wanted to see everything, on land and water, that was going on, or even half of it. There have been four overlapping international festivals, all involving gondolas or motorboats or footwork—the twenty-fifth Biennale di Venezia, Europe's most cosmopolitan summer modern-art show; the thirteenth International Festival of Contemporary Music; the eleventh Theatre Festival; and, most dynamic of the quartet, the eleventh annual International Exhibition of Cinema Art. For several years, the movie festival has been, in its fleshless fashion, a focal point for the international set that annually congregates here for the season and that considers every first night a matter of privilege and principle. Unfortunately for the moviemakers and their works, this worldly summer clan has a long, rich memory, if gained only by hearsay, of the fantastic Venice seasons in the late nineteen-twenties. Then, instead of a mere Technicolor melodrama that cost millions, there was the colorful, living violence of Diaghilev and his Russian Ballet distributing their corporate beauty to the point of bankruptcy among the *palazzi* of the great Venetian scene. Modern art was not academic in those days, and an item hanging on the Biennale's walls seemed ambulatory and alive, because the important artists visiting here were the men who, with their new ideas, came to dinner. The magnificent dilapidation that is Venice was animated by a real revival of taste and of pleasure in taste; public entertainments had the intimate qualities of art, and private entertainments the splendor of public fêtes. What Paris then offered in its cloistered salons during gray winters Venice presented alfresco amid its marble-walled canals in summer. Thus the two cities alternated seasonally as the center of the civilized surface of Europe in a peak period of art and patronage, which grandly flourished and then dwindled away. (It was a period when well-informed people thought the First World War was all there was to it.) Against this traditional background of personalities and performance, the presence here of clean-cut Robert Taylor, flown up from the papier-mâché sets of "Quo Vadis," now being filmed in Rome, seemed rather anticlimactic.

For visitors in Venice, the best part of this year's Cinema Festival, which was held mainly on the Lido, was the fun of going to the movies in boats—fast public *motoscafi* that streaked across the Lagoon between lighted buoys and darted down the Lido Island boulevard canals to deposit the movie fans, in evening clothes dampened by the delightful voyage. The official premières were held in the Lido's big, modernistic Palazzo del Cinema, near the Excelsior Hotel, at five-o'clock matinées or at ten at night. For the convenience of visitors who preferred to spend their nights gambling at the Lido Casino, the latter programs were repeated next afternoon at the San Marco Theatre. The festival, which began August 8th, ended September 10th with the awarding of prizes. The most coveted, the Prize of the Lion of Saint Mark, went to "Justice est Faite," a French film directed by André Cayatte and starring Valentine Tessier and Jean Deducourt. It deals with the euthanasia killing of a man by his mistress.

Many of the films would not seem to be sensible propaganda for the countries that made them, even if they had been understandable to the people of other countries who saw them here. Of the American films entered, three—"The Asphalt Jungle," "Caged," and "Panic in the Streets"—featured crime as though it were a main American export. The sad historical significance of another, "All the King's Men," was lost on the Europeans, who had never heard of Huey Long. The most appreciated British film was the Italo-American story about Brooklyn "Give Us This Day," based on Pietro di Donato's novel "Christ in Concrete." It was directed by Edward Dmytryk, one of the famous ten Hollywood men convicted of contempt of Congress. To the eye, which is what Europeans who do not speak English must go by, the film appears good, but to the ear its

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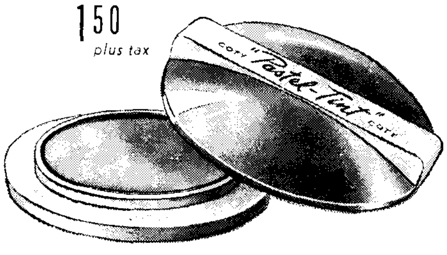

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COTY

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dialogue seems sentimental and forced. Another of Britain's entries, which will doubtless be a big commercial hit, was the romantic Technicolor costume opus "Gone to Earth," starring Jennifer Jones as a fey, fox-loving wanton who speaks Shropshire dialect with a strong American accent. "La Ronde," perhaps the only skillful sophisticated picture shown, is, unhappily, so Frenchily French that Italian censors probably will not license it, and certainly American censors won't. It is a fantasy version of Arthur Schnitzler's bitter "Reigen," the *Reigen* in the film being an old Vienna merry-go-round symbolizing the amorous dalliances of ten characters, each of whom, beginning with a streetwalker, gets to know two of the others but never the whole group; the story ends as it began, with the tart in bed, completing the vicious circle. It is meticulously directed and superbly played by a constellation of stars including Simone Simon, Danielle Darrieux, Isa Miranda, Jean-Louis Barrault, Fernand Gravet, and Gérard Philipe. "La Ronde" is an exquisite paste jewel.

Luigi Zampa, the famous Italian director of neo-realistic films who was responsible for the admirable "To Live in Peace" three years ago, scored a fiasco this year with "E Più Facile Che un Cammello" ["It Is Easier than a Camel"], which Venetian critics found neither droll nor penetrating. The work of only one other notable Italian director was shown—Roberto Rossellini's "Francis, God's Jester." It was enacted by friars of the Franciscan Monastery of Nocera Inferiore, near Naples. Saint Francis is played by Fra Nazario Geradi, a lively, exalted young novice who was formerly a village schoolteacher. "God's Jester" (the Saint's own phrase) was the only Italian film that anyone bothered to discuss. It struck Protestants as an imperfect but remarkable film, a flashback over centuries into a situation of purity, illustrated by photography that tries to match Giotto's frescoes. Catholics either revered it as doctrine or deplored its lack of pathos and grandiosity. Those of the second viewpoint were also vexed by its childishly gay monks scampering barefoot over the lovingly photographed landscape, and by the silly follies of Fra Junipero, who must have been God's simpleton. The story ends suddenly, with Saint Francis's inspiration to disband his group temporarily so that all can go to the ends of the earth to preach peace. This constituted the only warning—offered in the words of a saint of

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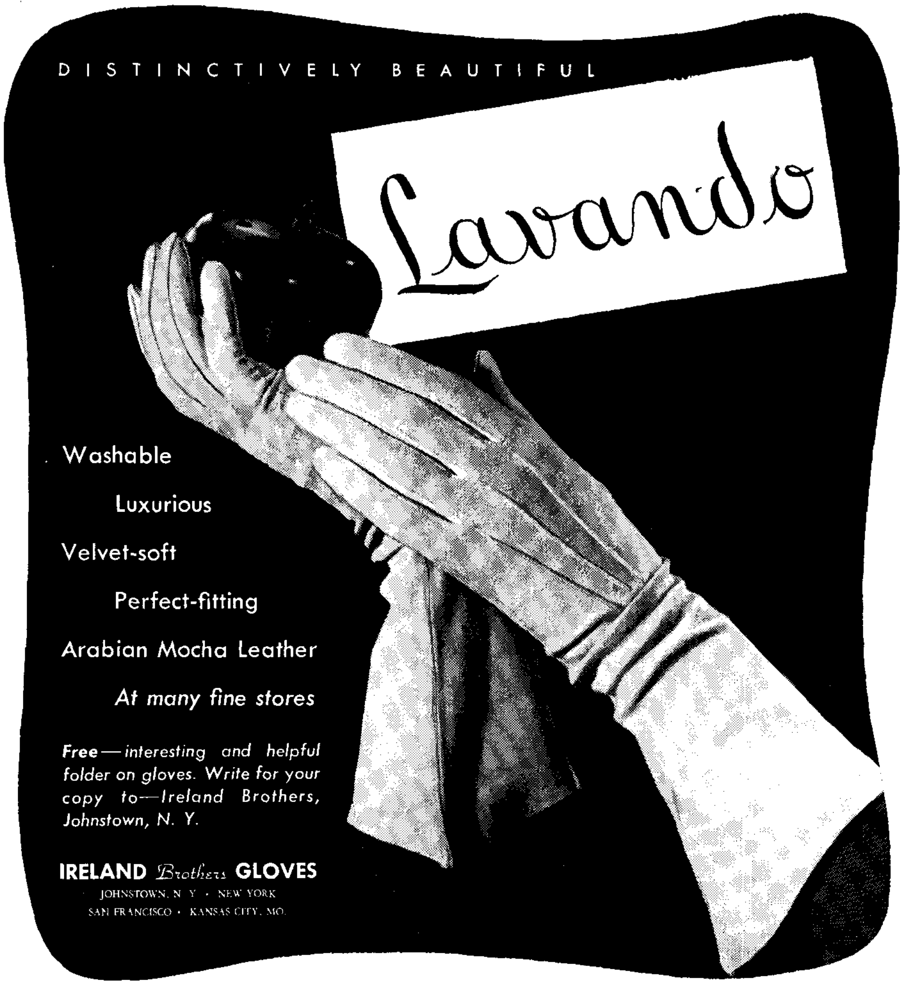
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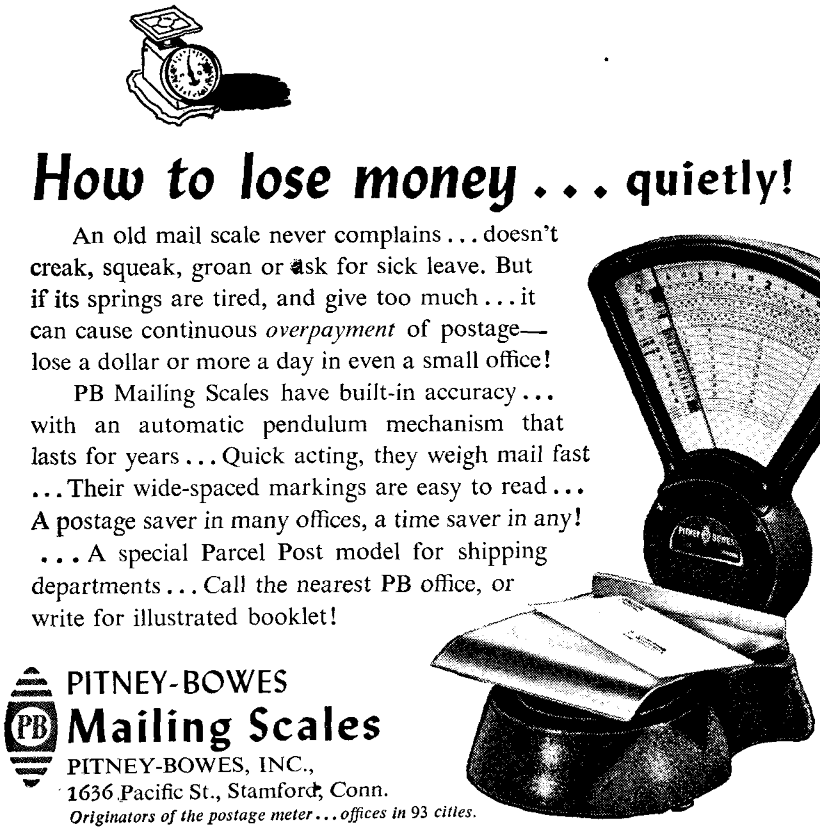
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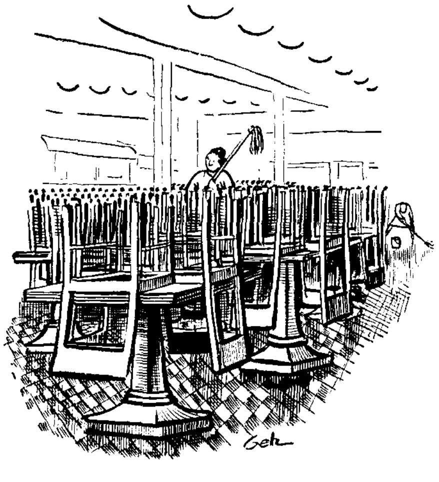
seven hundred years ago—heard at the Cinema Festival.

THE Festival of Contemporary Music got off to a feeble start. The opening night of the Marquis de Cuevas Ballet, which was considered no great shakes recently in Paris, was at least a fashionable sellout at the lovely, gilded old Teatro della Fenice. There was only one first-rate ballet, Jean Cocteau's newish "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort," danced by Jean Babilée. For the opening of the purely musical half of the festival, also at the Fenice, hotel concierges gave away tickets, for few had been bought. The first concert began with Paul Hindemith's Concerto for English Horn and Orchestra, which is pastoral and made up of kindly dissonances, and closed with an ugly little symphony by the atonal Austrian Ernst Kreňek, of which a French visitor remarked, "*Tant de bruit pour faire une omelette* [So much noise to make an omelet]." Later programs included "Two Studies for 'The Trial,' by Kafka," by Bruno Maderna, a young Italian composer who uses the twelve-tone scale; "The Earth," by Gian Francesco Malipiero, Italy's ranking melodic modernist; and Arnold Schoenberg's "The Survivor of Warsaw," conducted by himself. What the Venetians liked best were the free tickets and the opportunity to dress up.

Italian women dress more elaborately during the Venice season than they do anyplace else any time in the year. Venetian ladies, successfully approximating in organdies and cottons the black-and-white elegance of the old-time laces and trains, sweep majestically up and down the Piazza or step sure-footedly from their gondolas. During this high season, the private gondoliers are equally elegant, in white broadcloth waistcoats and with colored armbands bearing their employers' coats of arms,



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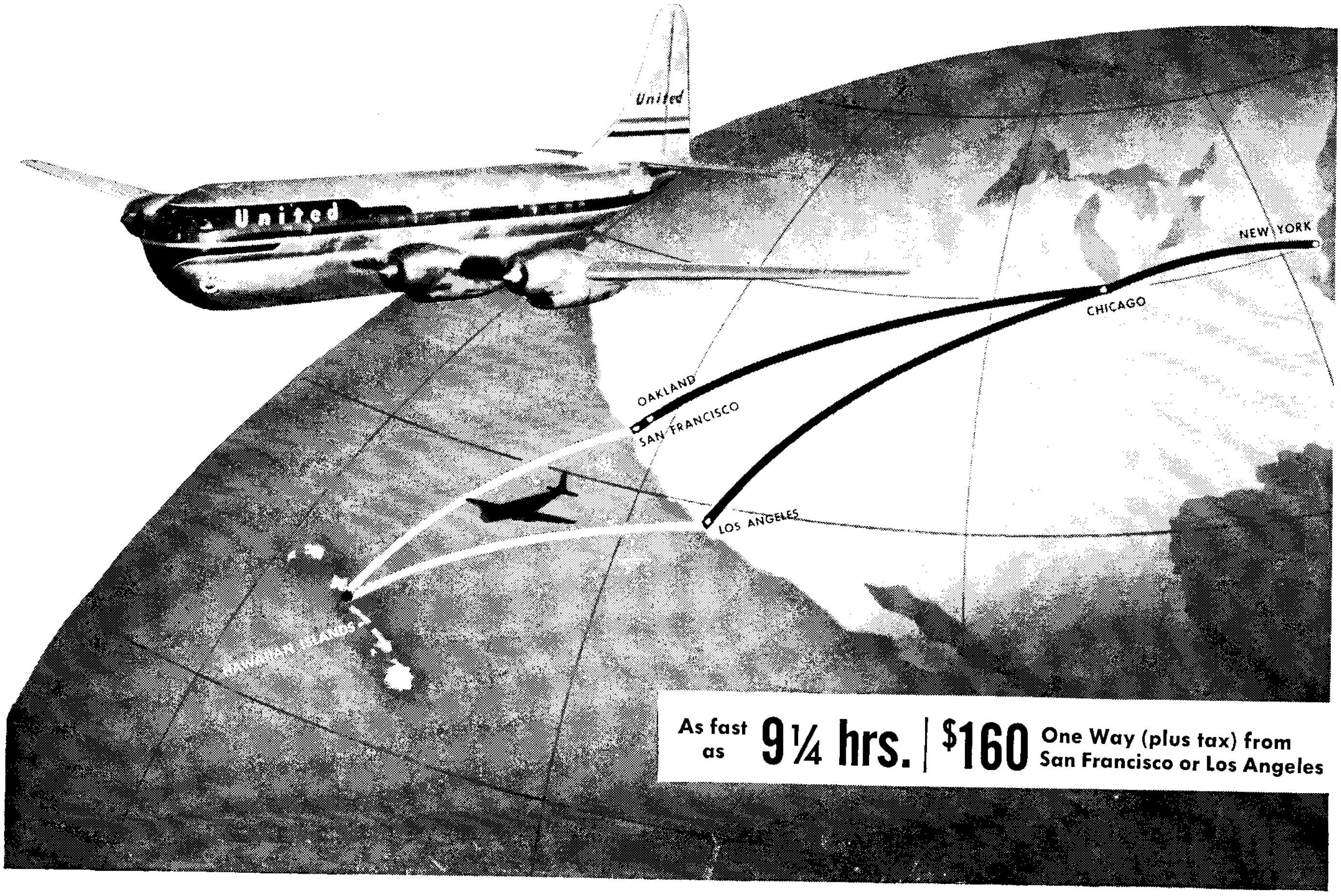

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and colored sashes and ribbons on their boyish straw hats. In case of great haste or grandeur, there are as many as four gondoliers to a boat.

THE twenty-fifth Biennale di Venezia, at the Giardini Pubblici, which will continue until the middle of October, features retrospective expositions of the French Fauves, the four French masters of Cubism, the Italian Futurists, and the Germanic Blue Riders Group, thus offering a rarely seen correlation of the four basic schools that made and molded modern European art. Among the artists represented are Matisse, Braque, Derain, Vlaminck, Dufy, Van Dongen, Gris, Léger, Boccioni, Balla, Severini, Klee, Kandinsky, and Kubin. Some spectators have protested that not all the pictures are really distinguished, which is indeed true. Now that war is in the air, many collectors are not letting their pictures go beyond their front door. Few collectors are, of course, as close at hand as Mrs. Peggy Guggenheim, now installed, with her sizable collection, on the Grand Canal in her permanently incomplete Palazzo dei Leone, from which she lent, among other things, her splendid Braque "The Waltz," a Gris, a Picasso ("The Poet"), and Balla's "Automobile and Noise." The Biennale also contains fascinating big retrospectives of Rousseau and Bonnard, and Seurat's drawings; a collection of the Belgian James Ensor, including his notorious satire "Christ Entering Brussels;" and the Mexican Pavilion, containing a huge show of those four monopolists of Mexican art, Orozco, Rivera, Siqueiros, and Tamayo, who had never been seen in Italy before. The United States sent a roomful of fine John Marins. In the British Pavilion are three shows—Constable, Joseph Smith, and Barbara Hepworth's drawings and sculpture. It is a treat to have all these works together within walking distance. The Biennale is nevertheless as weak as it is dull in the showing of today's younger big and little painters, who, instead of entering the show on a competitive basis, were simply invited to send in their offerings—a system that led to some queer selections. Thus the French Pavilion is dominated by two gigantic, unpleasant bile-yellow creations by someone named Bernard Lorjou, whom French visitors have never heard of. Venice has a Communist mayor, and the paintings of the official Party artist Renato Guttuso are well in the fore. Ten million lire were given in prize money to living painters by donors as various as the Venice Ro-

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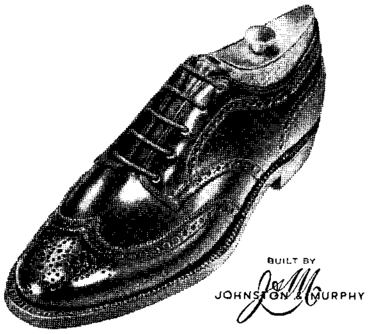

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tary Club, the Communist publishing house of Unità, and Perugina Candies.

THE season's gayest festival, which dealt in brawn, not brain, was the annual gondola race for local gondoliers, always held the first Sunday in September, from the Lagoon down the Grand Canal. The race was first run in the year 900. As usual, the racing boats were preceded by a procession of picturesque outriders—*bissone*, great ancient skiffs, with prows of silver horses or golden goddesses, that trailed purple or scarlet silk hangings in the water and that were each manned by a dozen hearties, who stood to the oars costumed as blackamoors in yellow silk, as blue-velveteened linkboys with top hats, as silver fishes, or as muscular pageboys in crimson. It was a stunning aquatic picture as they swept, under a blue sky, down the curves of the canal. The racers, white-clad, two to a gondola, followed after the starting cannon boomed, and were feverishly cheered by Venetians packed on palace balconies, church landings, family scows, or vegetable barges. The Venice firemen acted as water-traffic cops. Instead of blowing whistles, they used their fire hoses, freely sprinkling traffic jams of excited, shouting onlookers. The race was won—or half won—by a gondolier named Streghetti, a popular fellow who had won, or half won, four times before, has ten children, and can use his share of the three-hundred-thousand-lire purse. The fourth prize was a suckling pig.

DDT is now being used in Venice instead of the old mosquito nets over the bed, and there are other improvements. The commercial waterfront in the Zattere district, beyond the Giudecca, has been completely modernized since the war and is said to be better than that of the great port of Genoa, whose bombed equipment was merely repaired. Behind Venice's big business of summer tourists is its year-round livelihood—its port, which is manned by workers (today mostly Communist) bred, as were their forefathers for centuries, in the squalid poverty of the Bragora and Marittima quarters of the city. Under the Austrians, Trieste

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was able to strangle Venetian shipping. Under international occupation, Trieste has become nothing, and Venice would have resumed its rich Adriatic trade with Eastern Europe if the Iron Curtain hadn't been lowered before Eastern Europe. As it is, the Yugoslavs have developed the rival port of Pola, denying Venice its opportunity, and the long projected canal between Locarno and Venice, which would speed inland trade through the port from Central Europe to Africa, is still far from being finished. The state-owned railways have cut their freight rates below the steamer rates for the run down and around to Naples. Venice still has some of its age-old trade to the Far East, and will probably continue to have it as long as any part of that immense East maintains relations with the West. Venice, whose power and luxury had once towered as high as the sails of its ships, began to decline with the shift of world trade routes to the new Atlantic lanes, and by the eighteenth century the decline was complete. Today, Genoa's dominant position is not questioned. Genoa is the handier port for the U.S.A. —GENÊT

•

Miss Emma A. Hunt invited the fellowship of the Methodist church to meet for a party in her barn Wednesday evening, August 9, and had 19 present to enjoy games. She had a quiz on various antiques that were stored in her barn, one that she did not know herself, but Mrs. Rose Smith said it was a plan to burn worm's nests in fruit trees, homemade of course. Miss Emma had to take a great many steps to get her barn lighted and ready feared bugs and flies might come, but for a wonder there were none present, this time. They toasted her marshmallows at the fireplace outside with her other refreshments and her lanterns were bright and burning for this cheerful occasion, near the steps up her wall against the bank. It seems that suet will save tin from rusting if rubbed on.—*Snumshire correspondent in the Springfield (Vt.) Reporter.*

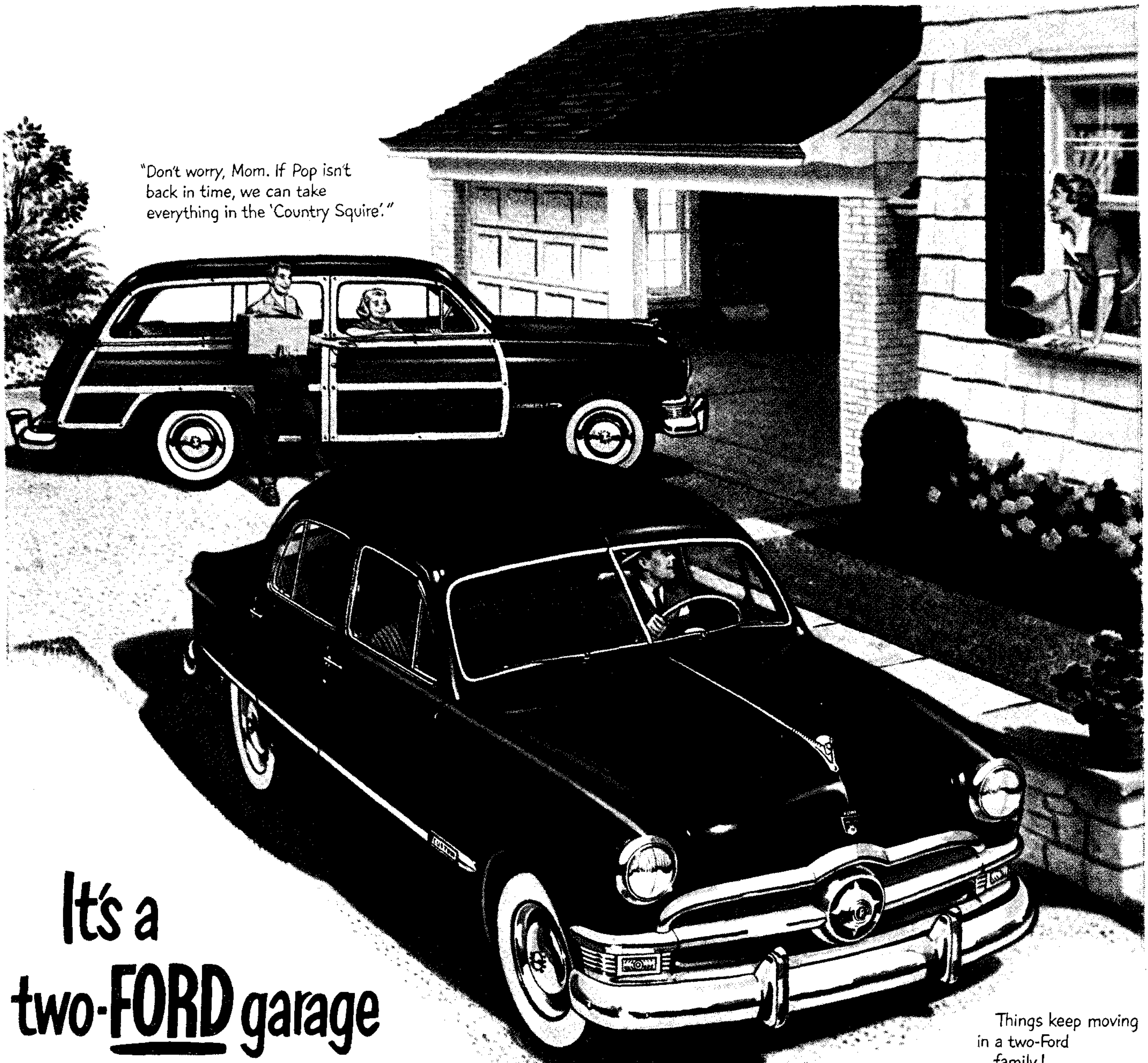
Might try one of those marshmallows first.

•

REMARKS WE DOUBT EVER GOT MADE

[*From an article in Dicta, journal of the Denver and Colorado Bar Associations*]

The writer realizes that the amount of time a lawyer spends on a case is only one element of many that should be taken into consideration in arriving at the final fee to be charged, but when an attorney has kept an accurate record of what he did and the time it took and presents this to his client, who can afford to pay a reasonable fee, I know that the client will gladly pay it and will generally exclaim, "I had no idea it took that much time and I can readily see that you have earned your fee and here is my check in payment."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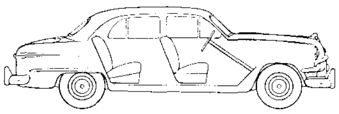

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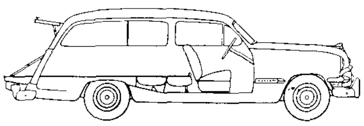

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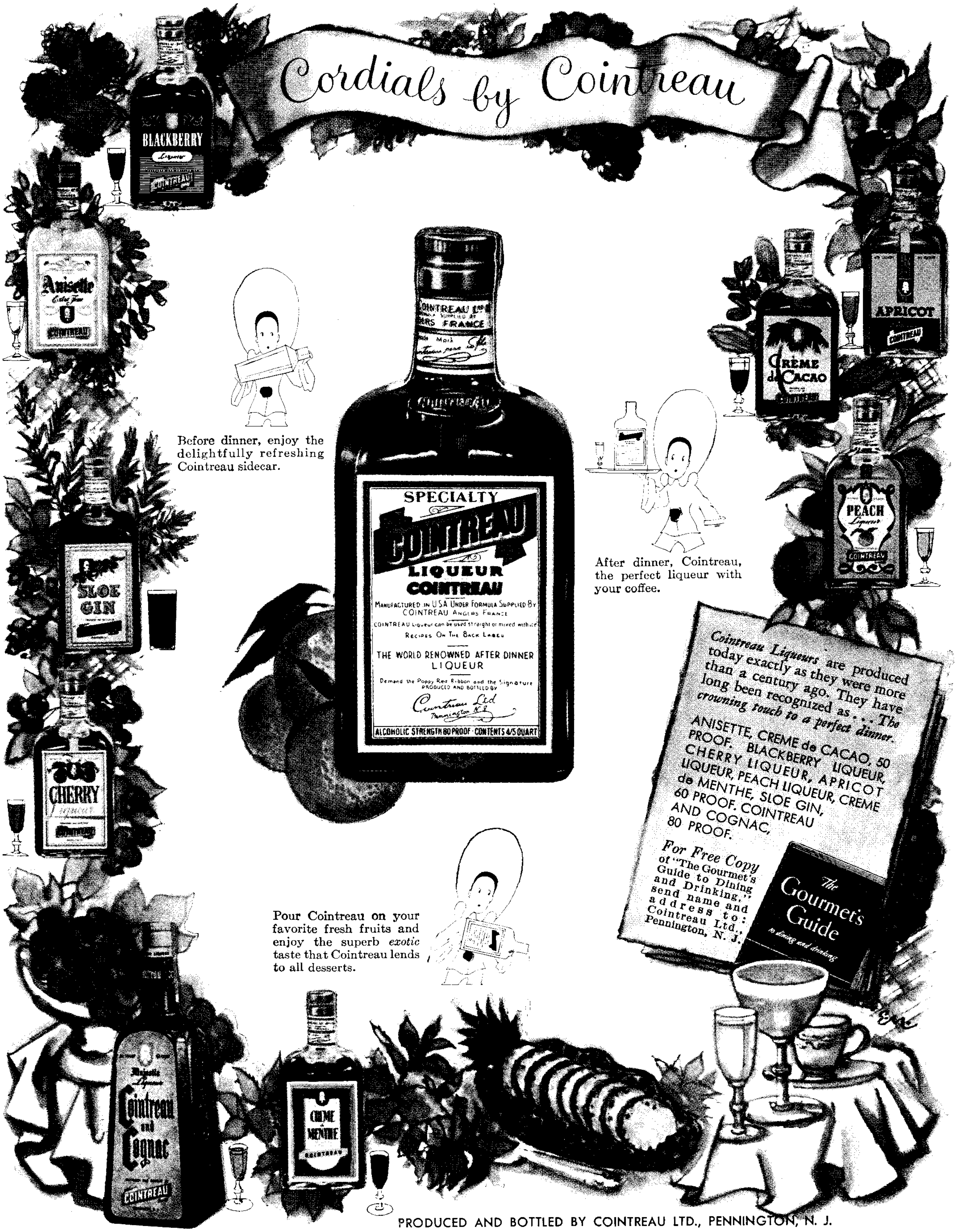
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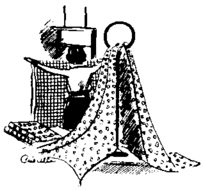
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

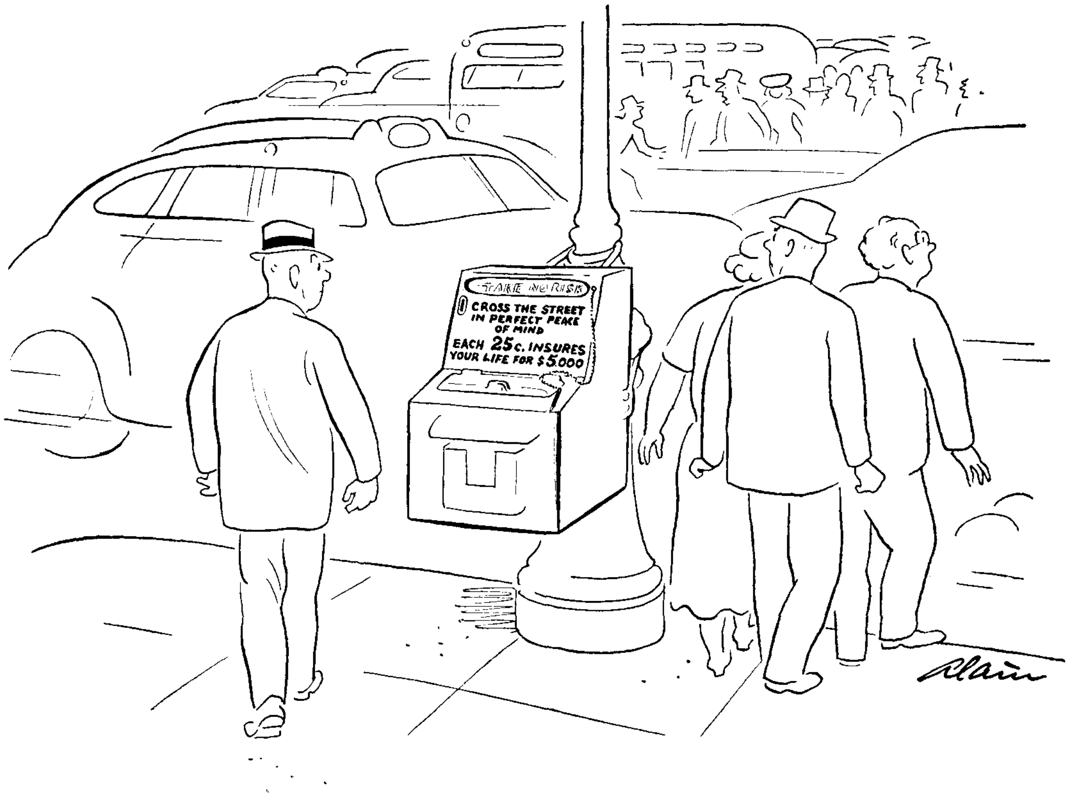


FASHION is, as has been said a thousand times (but not by me), a tumultuous jade, given to many aberrations. This season she is more experimental than usual. For one thing—and a good thing, too—color is rampant again. For all day long, there are pinky oranges (called "bittersweet" by some), all manner of rust and brick tones, pale mauves that gradually shift into the most violent violet, wild plaids, and such. And once more evening clothes clamor for adventure. The stores are again full of misty chiffons and laces that suggest romance in the moonlight, and of rowdy red satins, trimmed with sequins and beads, that will get plenty of attention on the dance floor. This is as it should be. New Yorkers have missed a lot by playing safe in those full-skirted black taffetas that have been a café uniform for too long. Why should Dallas have all the fun? For facts-of-life existence, tweed is being used everywhere in suits and coats so citified that velvet collars and detail look perfectly proper on them; wool jersey has also been brought back from the country and set down at the smartest lunch tables; cloth coats have become exciting instead of merely utilitarian. As for line, the straight, skimpy sheath has finally established itself. Usually, it clings tightly to its owner until it gets below the hips; it may then swing outward, at one point or all around, toward the hem. This line can easily be obvious, but properly done it flatters the hips and gives a sense of ease in motion. When there is no flare and the line is almost too stark for anything but a perfect figure, panels and drapery disguise the starkness, or a rich fabric or allover embroidery is used to distract the eye.

This week, I'll begin with the high-style (and high-priced) ready-to-wear collections, which contain examples of all these novelties and splendors.

TRAINA-NORELL, always prophetic, is both original and daring when he goes to work on a sheath. Dress after dress is cut to hang straight from the shoulders; there are no seams at all around the middle. His mannequins, who wear flattening bras with these clothes, appear with them casually roped in by a self belt. When they remove the belts, all semblance of form-fitting vanishes, in pure 1926 style. Traina-Norell makes suits with tweed jackets that are absolutely straight or flare only a bit in back. He accompanies these with slim black velveteen skirts ending sixteen inches from the floor, and with round-necked cashmere sweaters. His brief evening dresses, with short shoulder straps, moderate ovals in front, and deep ovals in back, are entirely beaded, Lorelei Lee fashion, and have fringe or other flutter below the hipline. Bergdorf shows some of them, as well as Traina-Norell's straight-from-the-shoulder dress of a ribbed wool in red or pale gold, with masculine dress-shirt detail below the turnover collar, plus dolman sleeves of the push-up variety. You can wear this belted or loose. Bergdorf also has Traina-Norell's dress of imported charcoal flannel. Black silk braid edges its narrow shawl collar, and there is a slim line of braid down each side of the pencil skirt—about as close as one can get to a male dinner suit. Milgrim has an example of his middy silhouette, in faille, with short, flaring sleeves and a middy collar and tie. There's a deep fold around the hips, and for once the skirt flares slightly. This dress, too, can be belted at the natural waistline if courage is lacking to let it hang straight.

PAULINE TRIGÈRE's clothes are always graceful. She can sneak in a bit of princesse cut to make a tubular silhouette look willowy; she is also adept at making silhouette dresses swirl slightly all around toward the hem. One of the most beautiful street costumes of the season is hers, and, like the other things she has done, it is in high-style shops everywhere. It's of sheer black wool and has a standing collar and fat, faceted jet buttons starting at the hollow of the throat and curving off to one side on their way to the hip. The three-quarter jacket, of felt, is straight and equipped with jet buttons that follow the same course. This season everyone is dishing up wool dresses with really fleecy jackets that match in color but not in weight; Trigère has a triumph of a jacket in poodle cloth, a gray fleece very like poodle fur. It's just a hip-length, slightly flaring box jacket with tabs that cross and button at the neck; well down on the hips there are two more tabs, very wide. One buttons forward and one buttons backward to give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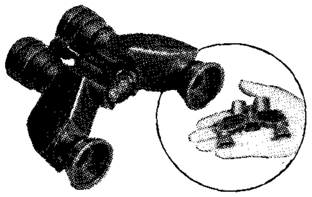

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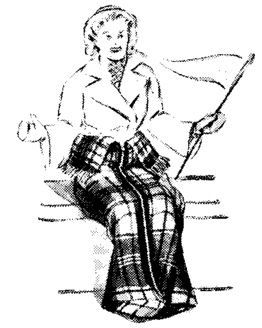

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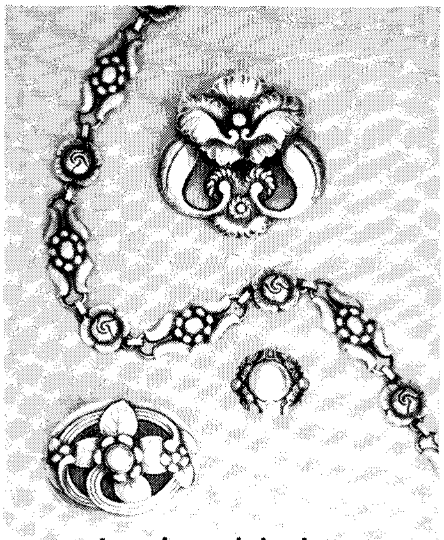
the effect of a very long waistline and a hint of the barrel shape in coats that is creeping up on us. It's worn over a sheath dress.

WHILE our ready-to-wear designers have been getting up the nerve to indulge in prankishness, they have also been learning how to give that custom air to basic dresses, so that they won't look too practical. Bernard Newman, who designs Bergdorf Goodman's ready-to-wear originals, turns out facile dresses of black crêpe or wool zippered up the back for trimness. And Fira Benenson's collection at Lord & Taylor shows the sort of detail that used to be associated only with handwork. A jersey dress in what she calls shadow blue has a tiny turnover collar and inverted tucks curving outward on the trim bodice; similar tucks curve outward on the hips to make the waistline look more indented. A wool dress in two shades of gray is tailored like a sports dress. The darker gray makes a narrow panel going up each side and under the arms—an artful, slimming device she uses frequently. All her cocktail and dinner things dip noticeably in back, which makes the stomach and hips look flatter. A satin cocktail dress is hooked down the diaphragm but parts to show the black velvet bra above and the black velvet underskirt below. Black lace evening dresses must have Line to look like anything, and hers have it. The bell skirt of one is all three-inch-high tiers of the stuff, which becomes extra full from the knees down. Another dress has lace medallion incrustations on a foundation of black net. Both have deep oval veiled necklines with lace over the tips of the shoulders; both show the feet and ankles in front but just miss the floor in back.

JACQUES FATH'S New York collection (the manufacturer is Halpert) is also at Lord & Taylor, and his clothes seem less aggressive and more wearable than in the past. Tubular dresses have flounces that start low in back and ascend to knee height in front. A blue-gray or red wool dress has a scarf coming out of one side of the back that is long enough to go around the opposite shoulder, twist through the belt, and dangle to the hem. The same idea is used in a dress of gray or bittersweet wool jersey with a wide belt. His cocktail dresses frequently have a deep oblong décolletage in front and tailored collar treatment at the sides, even when the fabric is elaborate, such as a small-patterned faille that suggests needle-



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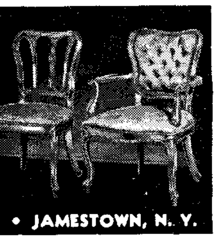

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point. In fact, big tailored revers appear on many of his cocktail and dinner dresses, including those with halter backs. And, following the new trend toward evening wraps cut like raincoats, he shows a street-length one of white satin with a fan-pleated lining of black chiffon.

CHIFFON is as perilous as black lace in amateur hands. But Omar Kiam has made some stunning long evening dresses that are swirls of pastel chiffon, sometimes with a looped panel down one side of the skirt. The tops, which are strapless, glisten enormously because of allover opalescent beads or sequins or bead embroidery harmonizing with the color of the skirt. De Pinna, among others, has examples of these. The versatile Mr. Kiam has done stunts with day-length sheath dance dresses that enable you to dance, walk, and even sit down effortlessly in them. One, of satin with an allover curly pattern of matching silk braid, is strapless and has a short (and short-sleeved) matching bolero. The dress has a circular insert just above the left knee in front and another behind the right knee in back. It's at De Pinna. Another dress, black lace over taffeta, has three-quarter sleeves, a V neck, and the same treatment in the skirt. This one is at Milgrim.

THEN there is fringe, another pitfall. Howard Greer presents one of the best fringed daytime dresses in some seasons. Greer, an artist at dealing with the mature figure, does beautiful clothes that are likely to be beltless and smooth to a point well below the waist. (I can never understand why women with waistline trouble insist on putting belts around themselves.) The dress in question, in navy, black, or white crêpe, has long, tight sleeves and a deep, square neck; a band of fringe goes around the upper part of the dress, which is flesh chiffon and sequins. The three-tiered fringed skirt starts a bit below that smooth Greer hipline. This is at Jay Thorpe, and so is his cocktail outfit with one of those deceptive, waist-length jackets that look like part of a one-piece dress. It's of black crêpe and has a taffeta shawl collar. The dress has jet embroidery on chiffon over flesh color across the chest and the shoulders; the skirt, attached to a longish bodice, has slight gathers to make the hips easy, and it tapers toward the hem. Greer also manages one of the prettiest day dresses in town, of crêpe in that prevalent black-gray that he calls caviar gray. It has a three-tier scalloped yoke

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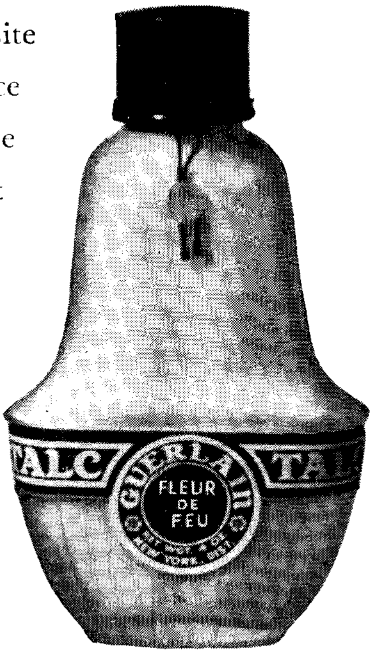

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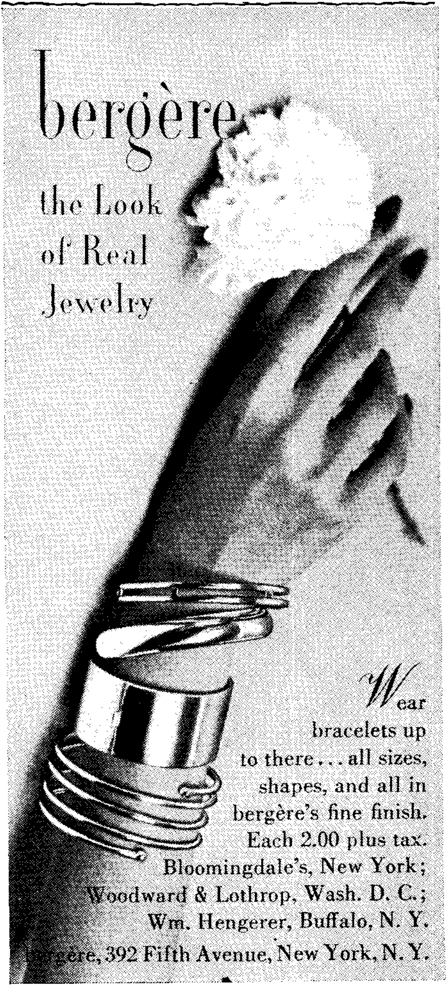

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in front—white at the top (like its scalloped turnover collar), light gray below, and dark gray below *that.* There's no harm in looking demure in the daytime, any more than there is in looking harum-scarum at night, I figure.

OLEG CASSINI's clothes are at Jay Thorpe, too, on an order-to-size basis. (You can ask for waistlines an inch longer than the model, and minor variations like that.) He has some slender wool jersey dresses in gray or navy, with separate fringed scarves to go around your neck and dangle below the belt, which serves as an anchor. There are pockets in both ends of these scarves. Other simple jerseys have a narrow panel attached to the belt in back to offset any undue severity of line. Cassini's half redingotes are also designed to draw the observant eye from that tubular line. One, a black wool sheath with a modified turtleneck, has a sheaf of black taffeta going halfway around the body and swirling out at one hip in a highly lopsided way. Cassini, like everyone else, is playing with short, form-fitting dance dresses of the Eadie-was-a-lady type; his most flamboyant one is of black lace over red velveteen. And he has a talent for evening dresses of pale taffetas that are not in the least ingénue.

HAPHAZARD remarks on other ready-to-wear people: Mangone has two masterpieces at De Pinna. One is a moderately full street-length fleecy wool coat in rust, with sleeves that are very round at the elbows and tight at the wrists; the other, also a wool coat, is full but looks straight because of deep pleats in back, and has a wild plaid lining that shows in the Johnny collar. The big bell sleeves are slashed well above the wrists and one side of the slash is buttoned back in a V so that you can't miss the plaid lining there, either. . . . Milgrim's beaded sheath dress has enough glitter for anyone, what with the cut steel beads on its gray crêpe and on the flesh net around the deep oval neck. Nicely molded, too. Milgrim also has a perfect theatre costume, designed by Bruno. The strapless top and the attached skirt are of white moiré, and there's a twenty-inch flounce that looks as if it were fastened on with rhinestone buttons. One version of this has a velvet-and-moiré stole; another has a waist-length fitted jacket.

AND now on to a couple of custom collections. Sophie, of Saks Fifth Avenue's Salon Moderne, has a versa-

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tile assemblage of clothes that manage to avoid the faults of the sometimes boisterous new styles. She has become bored with that black taffeta café dress, but she still shows the shortest full-skirted dance dresses I've seen anywhere. Now, though, they're made of, say, tortoise-shell lace over pink net. She is clever at working out tailored tops that give no hint of the dazzling décolletages beneath; one black velvet waist-length jacket is wrapped high across the neck but peels off to show a dress with that deep oval neckline, just capping the tips of the shoulders, that she dotes on. The narrow skirt is pulled over to bunch on one hip. Sash ends descend from there to below the short skirt. This tendency to exaggerate one hip occurs throughout the collection. A velvet sheath with a bateau neck and long sleeves has satin and velvet twisting furiously on one hip before dangling downward. A less exaggerated side sweep appears on a masterly tailleur in blue serge, which has a crossed shawl collar and a skirt wrapped up to three bone buttons on one hip. To give a casual look around the shoulders of her trim suits and dresses, Sophie uses stoles with deep fur edging. One of black fox goes over an asymmetrical black wool dress; a navy wool dress, with fullness low in back, has navy broadtail on the shawl that is wrapped around its top. There's a fine day coat of bright-purple fleece, full-backed and street length, with gold-and-pink embroidery on the slanting pockets, and a topcoat of vertically striped red and black wool, with a huge adjustable collar and a drawstring effect around the waist. A third coat is a pyramid of magenta and dark-green plaid with a red wool lining. There's an inverted pleat astern and a collar riding high in back. Sophie can smile tolerantly at designers who are just rediscovering romantic, full-length evening dresses; hers have always been perfection. There are slim beaded sheaths, black velvet dresses on which white lace is appliquéd, gray chiffons (elusive and misty, with velvet leaf appliqué) and, for drama, a tangerine faille with a tangerine stole scarf. This last dress is strapless, and the skirt is veiled with black tulle in layers that decrease in frequency as they approach the hem.

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taining little close-fitting boleros, high and snug in back and buttoned high on the chest under small turnover collars. A navy wool suit with the medium-length fitted jacket that still prevails here has a matching bolero lined with black Persian lamb that swings free in front but is attached just below each shoulder blade; a slim dress of wool jersey has big Persian patch pockets and a separate bolero of Persian with three buttons below its turnover collar; a gray wool jersey dress has plain jersey edging the white pin-dotted snug bolero over it. A more lunatic version of this last has a red jersey bolero covered, except along the edges, with black beaded lace. It's shown with a short, strapless dance sheath of black lace. Another sheath, very circular from mid-thigh down, epitomizes all my ideas about being glittery at night. It's of Fireworks red satin, with sequins and puffed detail around the top and near the hem; *nobody* is going to miss you in that one. Among the suits there is also an enchanting navy wool affair with a wide band of navy squirrel around the circular hem and a squirrel ascot inside the V of the nipped-in jacket. For evening, pseudo-demure people have two superlative choices. One is an ankle-length dress of brown taffeta, with rows of ruffled black lace trimmed with jet beads making a band across the bare-shouldered décolletage. More black lace and beads make apron detail on the skirt. The other is of rosewood satin, bell-skirted and strapless. It has black velvet bands around the bodice and hem, daintily outlined by the same narrow silk braid that makes up-and-down curlicues, suggesting the most delicate wrought iron, on the skirt. As for coats, Bergdorf shows a straight, double-breasted one in gray French wool moiré. A flaring one of tweed with big patch pockets is entirely lined with brown mole.

—Lois Long

●

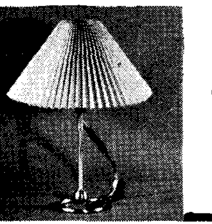
WHAT ALMANAC D'YA READ?

[*From the World Almanac, 1950*]

Tabulation of Those Who Speak the Chief Languages	
Arabic	29,000,000
Chinese	488,573,000
Czech	7,500,000
Dutch	16,548,500
German	78,947,000
Hungarian	8,001,112
Italian	43,700,000
Japanese	97,700,000
Portuguese	48,800,000
Rumanian	19,400,000
Spanish	80,000,000
Swedish	6,266,000
Turkish	16,160,000

[*From the Information Please Almanac, 1950*]

Languages of the World	
Arabic	58,000,000
Chinese	450,000,000
Czech	8,000,000
Dutch	10,000,000
German	100,000,000
Hungarian	13,000,000
Italian	50,000,000
Japanese	80,000,000
Portuguese	60,000,000
Rumanian	16,000,000
Spanish	110,000,000
Swedish	7,000,000
Turkish	18,000,000



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MY wife and I took our two young sons to the seashore this summer, renting a house on Cape Cod, at Truro, which is just nine miles short of Provincetown, the first landing place of the Pilgrims. After three remarkably evolutionary centuries, Provincetown is currently the annual landing place of countless salty painters and psychiatrists, and an even vaster number of tourists who are curious about the summer habits of painters and psychiatrists. My sister, who happens to be a painter, spent a couple of weeks with us at Truro, and she found the place and its environs so inspiring that she soon ran short of materials. She borrowed our car one afternoon to drive over to Provincetown to stock up. While she was gone, my wife took our older child, Terry, into the bathroom to wash the sand out of his hair. Our younger child, Joey, aged eighteen months, was playing with some toys in the doorway to my sister's room. I had a lot of reading that I was anxious to catch up on, so, during this lull in the household's activities, I went out on a porch and settled down contentedly with a reprint from the *Southern Medical Journal* of an article by a doctor of our acquaintance, entitled "Psychosomatic Aspects of Cardiovascular Disease." I had reached a provocative passage about a cardiological symptom called dyspnea (difficult or labored breathing marked by a flattening of the diaphragm induced by emotional turmoil) when I heard my wife shout, "Bring Spock, quick!"

Just as a single wail of the village siren propels a volunteer fireman out of bed and into his pants, so did that familiar curt summons jerk me from my chair and to the living-room mantel. What my wife had reference to, I knew, was "The Common Sense Book of Baby and Child Care," by Dr. Benjamin Spock, a primer of practical advice on which we slavishly rely in times of anger, fright, or bewilderment. I grabbed Spock from the mantel, where we had enshrined it, and raced to the bathroom. There I came upon my wife apprehensively regarding Joey, who was plastered with what appeared to be blood and had the stuff running out of his mouth.

"It's paint," my wife said comfortingly. She held out a lacerated tube that Joey had filched from my sister's room and chewed through. "I don't know how much he's eaten. What's Spock say to do?"

Fumblingly, I riffled through Spock's usually dependable pages. Only once had the book failed us—when Terry, after making friends with a stray dog, had skipped home bringing with him a colony of fleas; Spock had dealt appropriately with lice and worms but had ignored fleas. Now Spock seemed to be lax again; he listed antidotes, some of them quite drastic, for ammonia, arsenic, benzene, drain cleaner, ink, kerosene, lye, Lysol, mothballs, and shoe polish, but didn't mention paint. I conveyed this information, or lack of it, to my wife.

"What's the label on the tube say?" she asked, with astonishing calmness. "Maybe it contains something that's also in ink or mothballs."

"'Grumbacher genuine casein color, cadmium red light.'" I read hoarsely. "'Gouache tempera, artists' quality. Permanent. Pure cadmium sulfoselenide on barium sulfate. Vehicle: stable casein emulsion. Please, after your day's work, clean brushes with Grumbacher Brush and Hand Cleaning Fluid or soap and water.'"

"What's all that mean?" cried my wife.

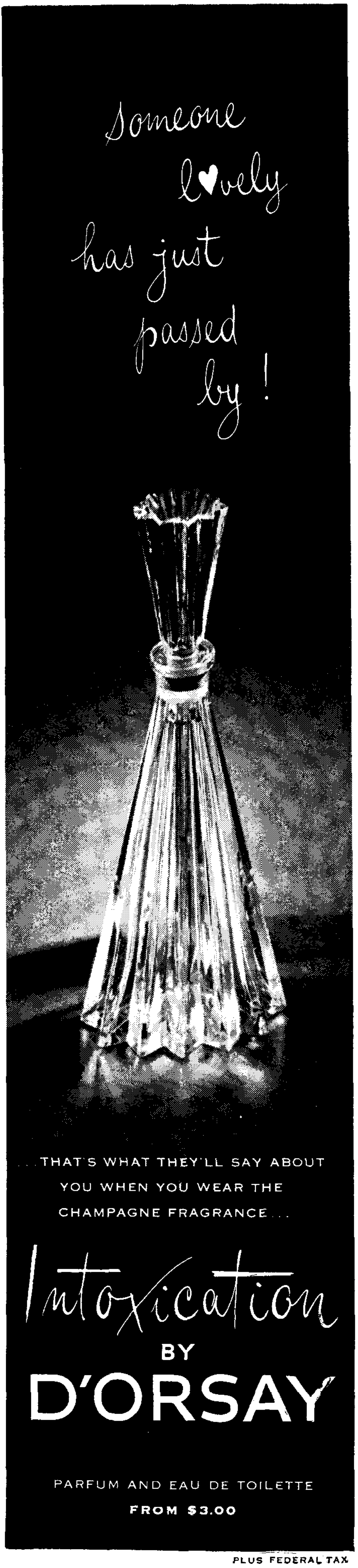
"I don't know," I said. "I'll ask Dr. H——."

Dr. H—— lived just down the road from us and we had met him at the beach. I telephoned him. "What do we do for a child who has apparently eaten some pure cadmium sulfoselen—" I began.

"I'm sorry, old man," he interrupted, "but I haven't practiced in ten years. I'm a hospital director, you know."

I rushed from the phone to the bathroom, where my wife was cleaning off our son—externally—with soap and water, as the Grumbacher label had suggested. The paint had a very unpleasant odor.

"Try the beach," she said. "It's prob-



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ably crawling with doctors. Take the tube with you. Hurry."

It was lucky for me that the bathing beach the community uses was only a quarter of a mile off, considering that my sister had our car. I ran all the way, and was breathing heavily when I got there. I realized as soon as I tried to identify the bathers that I had left my glasses behind. Without them, I can't recognize faces too well at a distance. So I stumbled, panting, across the sand, peering under beach umbrellas in the hope of spotting a familiar physician, and probably causing not a few people to conclude that I needed the ministrations of one, what with my dyspnea and my being by then liberally smeared with the bloody contents of the tube. Finally, I staggered to the umbrella of a lady I knew and gasped out my predicament. She took the tube, tasted the paint, made a wry face, and said we shouldn't worry; a child would instinctively reject anything that tasted as dreadful as Grumbacher's gouache. I was momentarily cheered, but I knew Joey's eccentricities; had I not seen him, three days earlier, pick a dead horsefly off the porch floor and gobble it down?

While this disagreeable picture was flashing through my mind, the lady, who has better vision than I have, espied one of the summer-resident psychiatrists, an eminent émigré from Budapest or Bucharest or Vienna or some such place. She called to him and he came over. She introduced us. He bowed stiffly. I bowed limply. She explained the situation. "If you please," said the doctor, and reached for the tube of paint.

I handed it to him, and he began to read the label, or what little of it hadn't been obliterated by Grumbacher's oozing gouache. Suddenly he noticed that the paint was coming off on his fingers. Aghast, he returned the tube to me, stooped and picked up a bit of driftwood, and tried to clean off his hand with it. He merely got paint on the other hand. He slashed at his palms with mounting frenzy, and then scampered off toward the ocean, holding both hands carefully away from his body, as if he were a surgeon tidying up for an operation.

I RAN back home and found Joey clean and placid, though still exuding a repellent odor. My wife told me that in my absence she had managed to get another doctor on the phone, and that he had told her that if the paint had produced no ill effects during the

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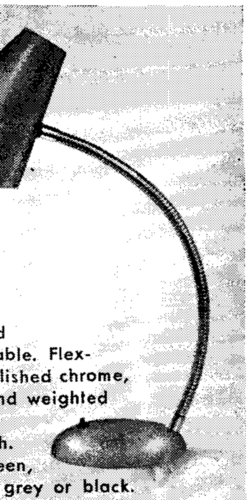

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first few minutes, it wasn't likely to ever. We decided we might as well forget about it and all go to the beach for a swim, which turned out to be a sound decision. On our way, we met the lady who had gallantly eaten the paint on my behalf. She was heading for our house with a message from the psychiatrist, and she delivered it to us through vermilion-flecked teeth. The doctor had left the beach hurriedly, she said, a few moments after my consultation with him. "He said," she went on, "that he thought warm water would probably be a help." She wasn't sure, and I don't know to this day, whether he meant for Joey's stomach or his own hands.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

ROMANCE

"A gel must not be serious. It's
alahming
when pretty gels do other than be
chahming."
So spake Lord Harry of the Nth
Hussars,
squeezing my hand and sighing at the
stars.

Silent, I thought how Harry'd find it
shocking
if he should learn the color of my
stocking
or spy a brain beneath my cap and bells
far from the calibre prescribed for gels.

I thought: I must be careful, and should
Harry
propose it, I must not consent to marry.
Woe to the happy British upper classes
when wives make husbands look like
silly asses.

Since Harry hunts the Fox and I the
Muse,
I'd like to post him with some cheerful
news:
When gels grow older and a shade less
pretty,
a little intellect is no great pity.

—DILYS BENNETT LAING

•

Scott Fitzgerald said to Ernest Hemingway, "The very rich are different from us." Hemingway replied, "Yes, they have more money." I have seen the exchange quoted many times.—*"The Liberal Imagination," by Lionel Trilling, page 214.*

. . . to Fitzgerald's remark, "The very rich are different from us," Hemingway replied, "Yes, they have more money."—*Ibid, page 247.*

Guess we've *all* seen the exchange quoted many times.

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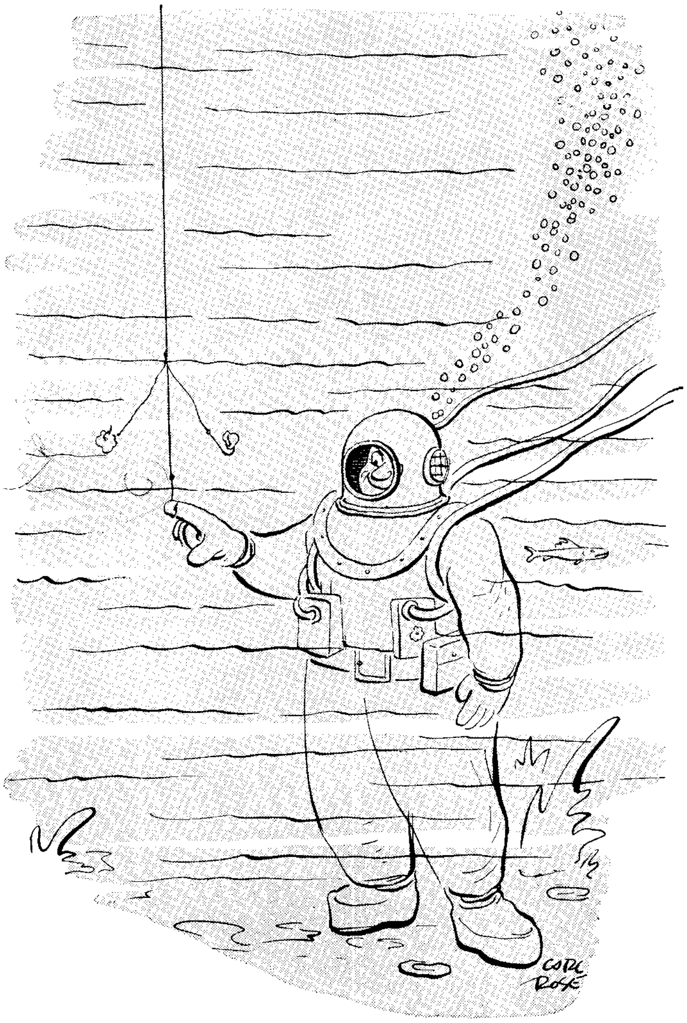
ANNALS OF CRIME

TORCH IN BROOKLYN

THE Borough of Brooklyn in the years 1930, 1931, and 1932 enjoyed a reasonably normal rainfall and was struck by lightning no more frequently than usual. The Fordham University seismograph reported no temblors there, nor was there any evidence of volcanic activity between Williamsburg and the sea. There is no reason to believe that during those years more than the customary number of nonchalant citizens dozed off clutching lighted cigars or overloaded their electric circuits. Among small children, playing with matches continued to be a popular diversion but one that by no means reached epidemic proportions. The fact is, however, that in the years 1930, 1931, and 1932, Brooklyn was a singularly inflammable community. Not since the eighteen-seventies had fires been such a familiar feature of daily life there. In 1932, the Brooklyn Fire Department responded to 15,817 calls, as against 10,181 in 1928 and 12,455 in 1929, and losses paid to burned-out Brooklynites by fire-insurance companies that year amounted to almost eight million dollars, as against approximately five million in 1928 and six million in 1929. Toward the end of the year, several of the companies were seriously thinking of refusing to write any more policies on Brooklyn property.

It would be an unmerited slur upon the acumen of the local fire-prevention authorities to imply that Brooklyn's sudden inflammability surprised them. The years 1930, 1931, and 1932 were, as were the eighteen-seventies, years of economic crisis. In such years, one of the most popular methods of avoiding bankruptcy is to collect fire insurance. Legal papers drawn in Brooklyn in 1930, 1931, and 1932 continued to describe loss by fire as an act of God, but to a number of cynical observers in the offices of the Police Commissioner, the Fire Marshal, the Kings County District Attorney, and the National Board of Fire Underwriters it seemed probable that the Lord was getting a good deal of unsolicited help. Of all these cynics, none were more incensed by this suspicion than the detectives employed by the Arson Department of the National Board of Fire Underwriters. The National Board is an association of almost all the capital-stock fire-insurance companies in the nation; its members write about eighty-five per cent of all the fire-insurance policies in the United States. The purpose of the Board is to act for the trade in such matters as compiling statistics, developing safety techniques, and helping public officials track down citizens who find it either profitable or entertaining to burn things up. It is, of course, with the last activity that the Arson Department is concerned, and because to the members of the National Board arson is a matter of large amounts of money, the Department commands resources of cash and manpower that are the envy of tightly budgeted public investigators. Inasmuch as fires in Brooklyn in 1930, 1931, and 1932 cost National Board members something over a million dollars a year more than they were taking in from that borough, the Department felt justified in instituting a fairly extensive investigation. This got under way in the fall of 1932, in coöperation with the offices of the Fire Marshal and the Kings County District Attorney. As matters turned out, aside from the number of fires involved and the deplorable discrepancy between the amount of premiums received and the amount of claims paid by the insurance companies, nothing about the case was on a heroic scale. It was a typical instance of plodding (and sometimes stumbling) crime and of plodding (and sometimes stumbling) detection. When it came to profits, the arsonists and those they dealt with were working for small potatoes. Even the judicial handling of the affair was not without its uncertainties. Nevertheless, for all the quaint, absurd, and grotesque aspects of the case, when the books were finally closed, twenty-six people had been convicted of arson, including a man who, between October, 1931, and May, 1933, had set in the vicinity of a hundred fires, at a cost to the insurance companies of nearly half a million dollars. In 1933, the year in which he and his twenty-five associates were rounded up, fire claims paid in the borough declined by four million dollars.

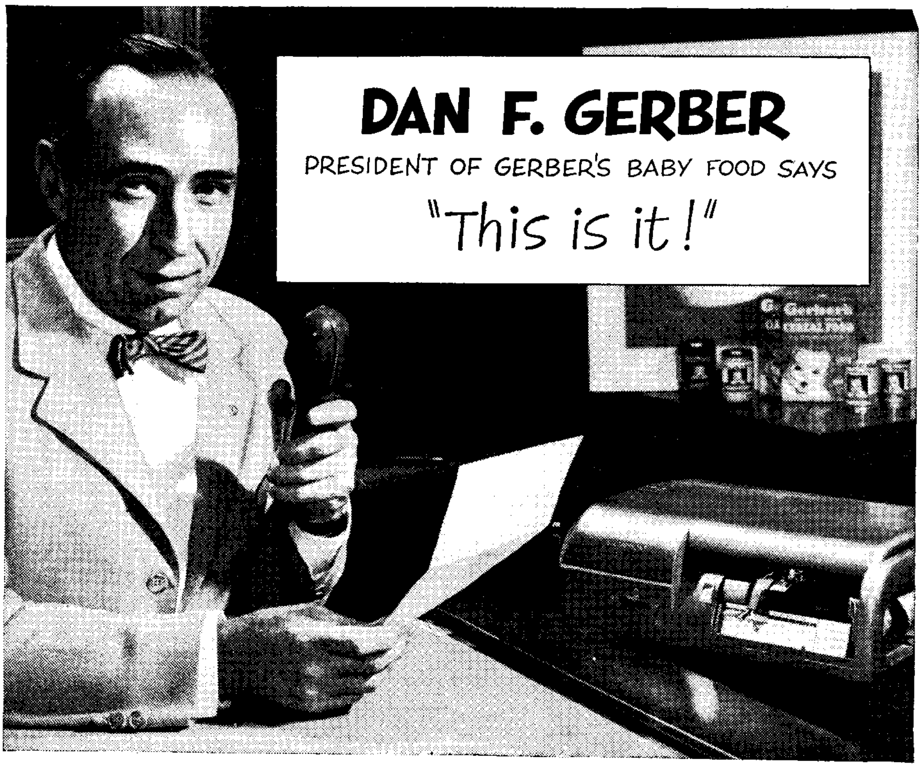


THE head of the Arson Department in 1932 was, as he still is, a large, hearty connoisseur of criminals named Alexander Bruce Bielaski. Bielaski, a resident of Great Neck who is now sixty-seven, has spent most of his life looking into crime. Upon graduating from the law school of George Washington University in 1904, he got a job with the federal Bureau of Investigation, which he later headed and which was the predecessor in the Justice Department of the F.B.I. Between 1908 and 1918, he was in charge of the Bureau's checkup on pro-German activities in the United States. He resigned from detective work after the First World War and set up a law office in Manhattan. He had his closest of many close brushes with criminals in 1922 when, while taking a trip through Mexico, he was kidnapped by bandits and held for ransom. After three days of captivity, he escaped. In 1925, he was appointed a special assistant to the Attorney General of the United States to prosecute liquor smugglers, with headquarters in New York. For the last twenty-one years, he has been with the National Board of Fire Underwriters, making things uncomfortable for people who set fire to insured property.

Bielaski started his investigation of arson in Brooklyn by assigning an "inside man" on his staff to the case. An inside man is an operative who has the curious trait of being willing and able to affiliate himself with criminals and to work his way into their confidence. The inside man Bielaski selected for this mission was a resident of Brooklyn, a short, bald, guilty-looking Russian-born American who spoke not only his native tongue and English but Polish, Hungarian, Rumanian, German, and Yiddish, and who had become proficient in the technique of boring from within while rounding up Reds for A. Mitchell Palmer, bootleggers for Mabel Walker Willebrandt, and dope peddlers for the United States Treasury Department. Since he is still actively involved with arsonists, he will be known here by the name he used in Brooklyn—Sam Samuels. For Samuels' point of entry into the Brooklyn underworld, Bielaski chose an apartment in a house on Mansfield Place, an undistinguished thoroughfare out near Sheepshead Bay. Samuels moved into it in November, 1932.

The choice of the Mansfield Place apartment was not a random one; during the previous spring and summer half a dozen fires of a questionable nature had broken out in that neighborhood. The most interesting thing about these fires was that in each of them the left sleeve and shoulder of a black sealskin coat, size 44, had been burned away. In planting Samuels in Mansfield Place, Bielaski was figuring that in a neighborhood where six ladies within a single block and within a relatively short period of time had put in claims for identically damaged identical coats, the law of averages was not the only law that was being flouted. In a general way, his figuring proved sound, although the mystery of the coats was never solved, perhaps because, as the investigation progressed, the investigators' attention was diverted to other, more promising leads.

Samuels, in some of his preliminary work, received considerable assistance from his wife, who continued to live in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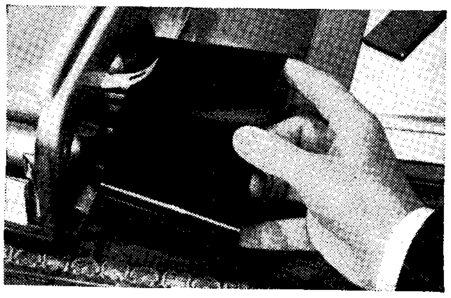

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their real home, a couple of miles from Mansfield Place, but spent a good deal of time with him. They took prolonged strolls through the neighborhood, often stopping in this shop and that to make small purchases and engage the proprietors in conversation. One evening, a week or two after the investigation started, they got their first break, when they went into a drygoods store on Mermaid Avenue, in Coney Island, to buy a pair of curtains for a bathroom window. Mrs. Samuels, a handsome young woman with a gift for agreeable small talk, remarked to the storekeeper that he seemed to have a nice little business there.

"Nice!" said the storekeeper. "Believe me, it should burn."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Mrs. Samuels.

"What do I mean?" said the storekeeper. "I mean business is so rotten I should listen to my friends and have a fire."

"But you can't do a thing like that," said Mrs. Samuels.

"Who can't?" said the storekeeper. "People are doing it every day."

"Do you mean it?" interjected Samuels, his normally guilty expression becoming positively conspiratorial.

"Listen," said the storekeeper. "I got a friend, he knows the best *macher* in the business. I give my friend a couple hundred, I go home some night, next morning no more store."

"What's that, a *macher*?" asked Samuels.

"*Borey m'orey ha-esh*," said the storekeeper, repeating a phrase from a Hebrew prayer that, translated, goes, "He who creates the light of fire." He winked.

Samuels winked back. "Listen," he said. "I got a brother-in-law, he's got a factory on Seventeenth Street in New York, it's in trouble. All the time he's saying to me, 'I got to have a fire, but I don't know how.' What's your friend's name? Maybe he could help my brother-in-law out."

"Abe Davidoff," said the storekeeper, and he gave Samuels a telephone number where Davidoff could be reached.

"You're sure this Davidoff's *macher* is a reliable man?" Samuels said.

"The best in the business," said the storekeeper. "I'll tell you, you walk down the block and look at the stationery store on the corner. Abe's *macher* fixed that one last week. What a fire!"

MRS. SAMUELS paid for the curtains, and she and her husband left. When they got to the corner, they stopped to look at the stationery store. The front of it was boarded up, the exterior was charred, and, as far as they could see by peering through a crack, the shop had been completely gutted. When Samuels got back to Mansfield Place, he called Davidoff, introduced himself as a friend of the storekeeper's, and described an imaginary brother-in-law who, he said, had a factory that was devoted to the manufacture of children's hats and caps and was losing money. Davidoff seemed delighted. "How much insurance your brother-in-law's got?" he asked.

"Please!" said Samuels. "Not on the telephone."

"I'll see you tomorrow morning," Davidoff said. Samuels gave him his Mansfield Place address. The next morning, Davidoff showed up. He was a stout, seedy-looking, elderly man with a red face and a habit of rubbing his hands together. Despite his unprepossessing appearance, however, Samuels found in him a certain attractive wistfulness. He had been a woollens manufacturer, had gone bankrupt in 1925, and was now trying to sell fire insurance, although he had no broker's license. Each policy he sold was accompanied by a guarantee that a fire would follow shortly. "I'm just trying to make an honest dollar," he often said.

Samuels and Davidoff became what might pass for close friends, thanks in large measure to Samuels' expense account, much of which was spent on food and drink for Davidoff, whose appetite for both was enormous. The two met almost daily to talk over plans for a fire in the Seventeenth Street hat factory, on which, Samuels said, his brother-in-law carried eighteen thousand dollars' insurance. There really was a hat factory on Seventeenth Street. It belonged to a friend of Samuels', and Samuels showed Davidoff around it one afternoon. The role Samuels played in these maneuvers was that of a pessimistic fellow who didn't believe that Davidoff's *macher*—a term that Samuels translated as "mechanic" in the written reports he made regularly to Bielaski—could do a thorough job, and who didn't think even a thorough job was worth five hundred dollars, the price Davidoff was asking. In one report, Samuels, after describing an evening he had spent with Davidoff, first in a speakeasy and then in the Mansfield Place apartment with "a couple of ladies," wrote that Davidoff "continually boasted of his good standing with several politicians and, in particular, with his adjuster, whose name is Sam and who is president of the Borough Hall Boys' Association and whose partner is a former fire marshal." This information interested Bielaski immensely; Samuels couldn't have more precisely identified a man whose career Bielaski had been studying attentively for a year or more. As this man has since served a long prison term and is now elderly and law-abiding, he may best be given a fictitious name—Samuel Berliner. (The others involved in the case, many of whom are currently in similar circumstances, are referred to here by aliases.) Berliner, Bielaski knew, was a member of the highly successful Brooklyn firm of Reilly & Berliner, public adjusters. A public adjuster is a man, licensed by the state, who volunteers to represent the victim of a fire in dealing with an insurance company and tries to pry from it every possible dollar; in return for this service, he generally receives ten per cent of the sum recovered. The senior partner of Reilly & Berliner was Vincent Joseph Reilly, once an assistant fire marshal. He had left that position to join the distinguished old public-adjusting firm of O'Toole, McClanahan & Co., of which he became treasurer. In 1931, Reilly had induced Berliner to join O'Toole, McClanahan. Berliner was a prominent Brooklynite, a former grand-jury foreman, who had had a rewarding career as the proprietor of first a sporting-goods store and then a restaurant in downtown Brooklyn that was favored by a number of judges, assistant district attorneys, and other public servants whose offices were in and around Borough Hall. At the time Reilly approached him, Berliner had only just got started as a public adjuster, but he went fast after that. The firm soon merged with another to become O'Toole, McClanahan, Schultz, Goldman & Berliner, and took over a whole floor of one of Brooklyn's newest and most stylish office buildings. This monstrosity of nomenclature broke up six or eight months later, and its two most spirited members set up their own public-adjusting company, which they called Reilly & Berliner and which, Bielaski had noted suspiciously, did an astonishing amount of business right from the beginning.

Samuels further reported that Davidoff had confided to him that the name of his *macher* also was Sam. "He remarked that it was a coincidence," Samuels wrote, "that the first name of his mechanic is Sam, the first name of the adjuster is Sam, and the first name of the operative is Sam, and that this would make a good combination." Bielaski, unimpressed by the coincidence,

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was disappointed to learn that Davidoff would not give Samuels any such telltale details about Sam the *macher* as he had about Sam the adjuster. In fact, Davidoff, the soul of indiscretion about everything else, would give no details at all about his *macher*. Samuels told Davidoff that his brother-in-law insisted on conferring with the man who was going to set the fire; Davidoff repeatedly promised to arrange a conference, but each time he named a time and place, the mysterious *macher* called it off at the last moment. It was only after a great deal of urging and drink that Davidoff, late one night, finally let slip the information that Sam the *macher's* last name was Sapphire, a revelation he obviously regretted at once. Bielaski could find no Sam Sapphire in the City Directory or in the telephone book, and Samuels was reluctant to ask Davidoff outright where Sapphire lived, because he feared that another direct question would corrupt the invaluable innocence of his friend's mind. Beyond mentioning that Sapphire's wife was a very sick woman, Davidoff from then on was impenetrable as to the *macher's* whereabouts.

Matters were resting in this unsatisfactory position when, one afternoon late in December, came the sort of break all detectives pray for—and frequently get if they wait long enough. A bedraggled and furtive tipster, who declined to identify himself by any name more elaborate than Moe, was sent to Bielaski's office by a newspaperman to whom he had tried to sell a story that, in view of the laws of libel, was unprintable. Moe's tip was that the most enterprising exponent of arson in Brooklyn was to be found in the public-adjusting firm of Reilly & Berliner, and the man's chief mechanic was Sam Sapphire. Yes, Bielaski said, he had reason to suspect as much. Moe said he knew it to be true because he had thrown a certain amount of business Sapphire's way. He had expected a certain amount of gratitude in return, he added, but the Reilly & Berliner firm and Sapphire had treated him shabbily; for instance, a shoe-store fire that he had arranged had netted Sapphire two hundred and fifty dollars and Berliner at least a thousand, and they had given Moe a measly twenty-five. Yes, yes, but who was this fellow Sapphire? Moe then gave Bielaski a complete description of the man, together with the information that he lived in a two-family house at an address on Dahill Road, near the Bensonhurst end of Kings Highway. He said that Sapphire had a method of setting fires all his own, the secret of which he would reveal to no one. All Moe knew was that it involved carrying to the scene of the crime, in a decrepit blue 1929 Essex, a large parcel done up in brown paper. He said that Sapphire was a highly talented ladies' man, and that the fact that he had a wife who was seriously ill had increased rather than curtailed his social activities. Moe said he was perfectly willing to point Sapphire out, but Bielaski decided not to let him run the risk of being detected as a stool pigeon. Instead, Bielaski wanted Moe to improve his acquaintance with Sapphire to a degree that would enable him to report the precise hour and place of an impending fire, which would, in turn, enable the authorities to apprehend the *macher* at the moment he was touching a match to the contents of one of his brown-paper parcels.

When Bielaski had dredged out of Moe everything he could about Sapphire's history, personality, and habits, he turned the information over to Samuels. Dahill Road, where Moe said Sapphire was living, was close to Samuels' real home, so he set his wife to watching the suspect's house. She saw an occasional child around the place, but for the most part those who came and went were men, and there were so many of them that, even with the description Moe had supplied, she couldn't be sure right off which was Sapphire. Then, one morning toward the middle of January, 1933, she saw one of the men park an old blue 1929 Essex near the intersection of McDonald Avenue and Quentin Road, a busy corner not far from the Dahill Road house, and enter a stationery store there. She followed him in. The man was in affectionate conversation with the pretty proprietress; she was cashing a check for him and smiling coyly at his jocular compliments. After a particularly pointed tribute to her charms, she said, "Your poor sick wife, how is she?"

"She should drop dead, Sugar," the man said gaily.

The girl screwed her face into an unconvincing expression of disapproval, said "Tchk, tchk, tchk," and beamed. The man pinched her cheek, climbed into the Essex, and drove away.

"I know that fellow from somewhere, I swear," Mrs. Samuels said to the girl. "What's his name?"

"He's a big dress manufacturer lives on Dahill Road," said the storekeeper. "Mr. Sapphire."

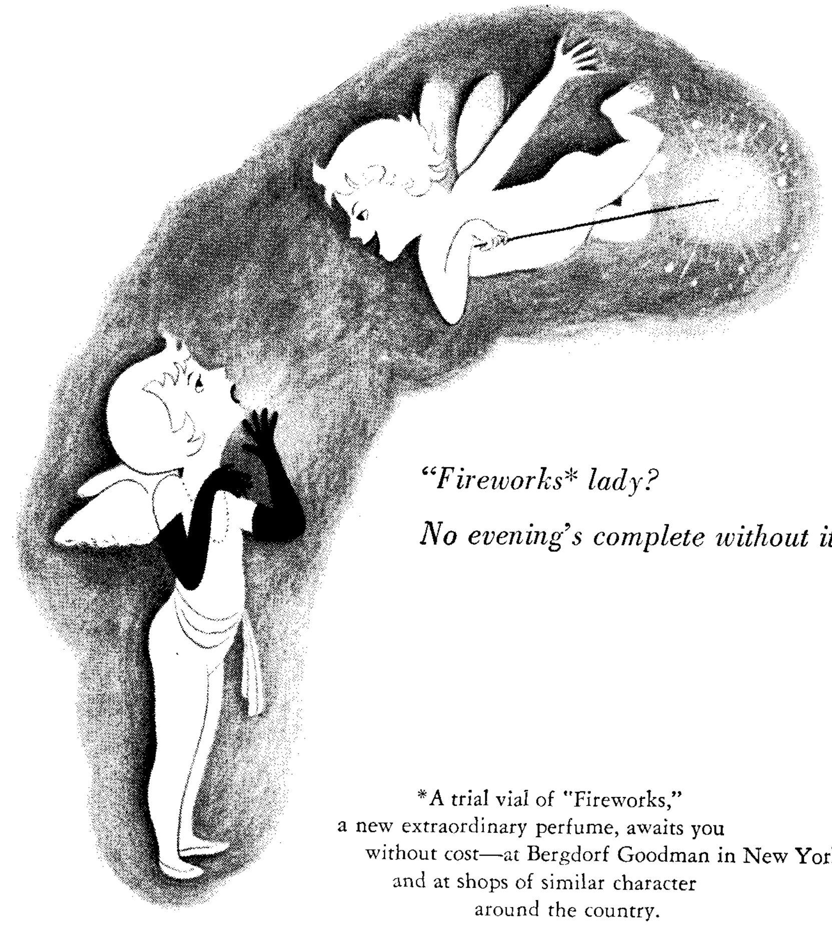
"I'd like some of those cute paper doilies for a mah-jongg party," said

Mrs. Samuels. "Three dozen, if you've got them."

Four days later, the pretty storekeeper was informed by her bank that the check she had cashed—it was for thirty-five dollars and signed by Samuel Sapphire—had bounced.

It took several days to devise a sufficiently circumspect scheme for Mrs. Samuels to point out Sapphire to an agent of the National Board. During that time, Mrs. Sapphire died, an occurrence of which Mrs. Samuels learned with acute private discomfort. Sapphire, in accordance with the custom of his religion, stayed home for a seven-day period of mourning. On the fifth day, Mrs. Samuels, on the chance that he lived on the ground floor, presented herself at the door of that apartment. Sapphire himself opened it. Mrs. Samuels, pretending to be a vender of tickets to a Hadassah benefit, asked for Mrs. Sapphire. She expressed shock at being informed by Sapphire of his wife's death, and begged to be excused for intruding on his grief. Not at all, he said, and invited her in. She entered with apparent reluctance, and explained to him that, some weeks before, Mrs. Sapphire had purchased two tickets to the benefit but had not paid for them. Sapphire paid her, and courteously ushered her back to the door. A dog, a small off-white mongrel, accompanied them. As Sapphire opened the door, Mrs. Samuels managed to give the dog a surreptitious kick that sent it howling into the street. Sapphire rushed out in pursuit. A National Board operative, sitting in a parked car, studied Sapphire's face and figure as he recovered the pet, and then drove contentedly away. It was, perhaps, a bizarre device for putting the finger on a man, but detectives like to give an artistic fillip to their job every now and then.

AT the time of Mrs. Samuels' call, Sam Sapphire might well have been taken for a moderately prosperous and thoroughly undistinguished small businessman. Short and sturdily built, with a high forehead, curly black hair, and nearsighted brown eyes whose expression was effectively masked by thick-lensed spectacles, he dressed neatly and conservatively and seldom used profanity or liquor. He had four sons, ranging in age from six to twenty-one, to whom he appeared to be devoted, even if his attitude toward his invalid wife had been something less than that. He was a flashy spender, a give-the-boy-five-dollars-for-his-trouble man; if he bought a nickel cup of coffee in a



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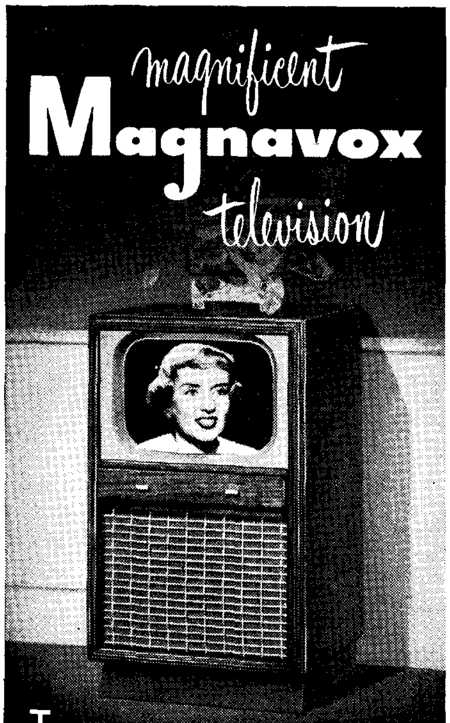

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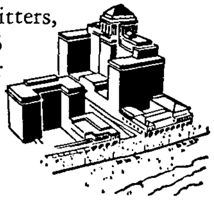

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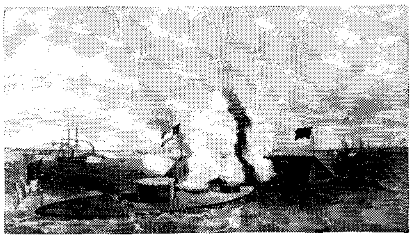

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lunchroom, he would leave a quarter on the counter for the waitress. His way of speaking, which was confidential, wordy, and a shade importunate, was precisely that of a hard-working merchant whose life has been honorably dedicated to maintaining that muskrat is mink. This conventional exterior concealed a number of eccentricities. In addition to being an experienced incendiary, Sapphire had, through the years, been charged with or suspected of forgery, embezzlement, and burglary, and he was addicted to writing phony checks.

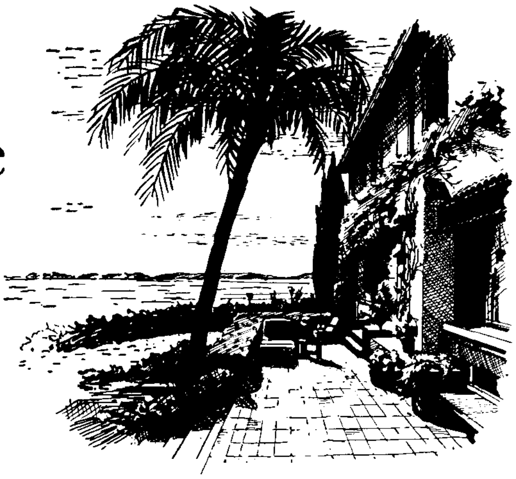
Because Sapphire could only with the greatest difficulty bring himself to tell the truth, the details of his biography are obscure. It is certain that he was born in Russia, but whether the place was in the Ukraine or White Russia and whether the time was 1884 or 1889 seem to have been matters of much disagreement between Sapphire and himself. It is also certain that when he was in his teens, his family came to this country and settled in Millville, New Jersey, and a few years later moved to the lower East Side of Manhattan, and that there Sapphire soon got to know his way along the paths of unrighteousness. It seems likely that one early involvement of his was with some taxicab drivers who made a business of carrying immigrants from the docks on the West Side to the homes of their relatives across town at ten dollars a head. In his youth, he was apparently also connected, off and on, with various Rivington Street establishments that dealt in one or the other of two basic varieties of apparel—stolen and not stolen. His first documented appearance in the world was made in Detroit in 1919 and 1920. There he bought a small dressmaking business from an acquaintance for six hundred and sixty dollars. Before he got around to making the first payment, it failed. The acquaintance and his wife, who must have been an exceptionally hospitable couple, took the insolvent Sapphire into their home. He stayed two or three months and then disappeared one night while his host and hostess were out. A diamond bracelet belonging to the hostess disappeared at the same time, but the police were never able to prove that this was anything more than a coincidence. Sapphire subsequently maintained that the husband had engineered the bracelet's disappearance in order to collect insurance on it.

A year later, Sapphire was back in New York as the proprietor of a knit-goods factory, from which, for a while, he seems to have earned a substantial, honest living. In 1922, however, a heavy investment he had made in Japanese silk turned sour, leaving him not only without money but with debts of more than a hundred thousand dollars. It struck him that under the circumstances the only sensible course of action was to arrange to have a fire in his factory, which was insured for seventy-nine thousand dollars. Through a well-connected rag buyer of his acquaintance he was introduced to a Jersey City "torch"—as professional incendiaries often are called and call themselves—who offered to set the fire for five thousand dollars. Sapphire haggled with the man until he had beaten him down to four thousand, then gave him a two-hundred-dollar deposit and told him to go ahead. The fire came off as agreed, but all Sapphire was able to get from his insurance company was forty-six thousand dollars, even though he had conscientiously seared all his knitting machines with a blowtorch and then poured water over them, to simulate the damage that should have been caused by the fire and firemen but hadn't. He was able to pick up a few thousand more, however, after the insurance company's check came, by having one of his employees rub down the machines with kerosene, which removed the rust and enabled him to sell them as practically new. There is no reason to believe that he paid the torch the thirty-eight hundred dollars he owed him.

Sapphire spent the years between 1922 and 1931 drifting in and out of small retail business—dresses, cleaning-and-dyeing, furs, whatever seemed to show some promise of making him a dollar. Few of them fulfilled their promise, however, and he took to passing worthless checks. Now and then he tried his hand at forgery, an art for which he never displayed great aptitude but at which he managed to do rather well. Early in 1929, he walked into a branch of the Chase National Bank and cashed a fifteen-hundred-dollar check signed with the name of one of the bank's depositors. It wasn't very many hours before the bank discovered that the check was a forgery, and a pretty crude one. The next day, Sapphire returned to the bank with another check, signed with another depositor's name. Before he had even presented it, he was arrested and charged with second-degree forgery. He retained the venerable criminal lawyer James D. C. Murray as his counsel. For his own satisfaction, Murray consulted a handwriting expert, who expressed the opinion that the check Sapphire gave the bank was indeed a forgery. (The handwriting expert demanded payment of forty dollars in advance for his services, and the check that Sapphire gave him for this amount bounced.) Murray advised Sapphire that he would probably be convicted, and that he should plead guilty to a lesser count. Sapphire did so, but before he could be sentenced, he persuaded Murray to ask the judge for permission to change his plea to not guilty. The judge agreed, and Sapphire was let out on bail. The trial was not held until April, 1933, almost four years after his indictment, by which time jurymen didn't have much sympathy for banks, and Sapphire was acquitted.

From his Rivington Street days on, Sapphire had been familiar with the axiom that the best way to keep a business out of bankruptcy is to burn it down. Being an observant, easily educable fellow, he had also acquired in the same region a number of useful pointers on the technique of arson. On one occasion, a man who operated a shoe store on Rivington Street set fire to his place. It was a bungled job. He used gasoline. The policeman on the beat smelled it and it was necessary to induce the officer not to report the evidence of his senses to his superiors. The storekeeper felt that if he personally handed the policeman seventy-five dollars (the sum he had in mind) it might be construed as bribery, so he asked Sapphire to deliver the money. After pocketing the bills, the policeman expressed his contempt for a man so ignorant as to use gasoline. Celluloid was the thing, he told Sapphire. It made no smoke and left no ash and burned so fast that all evidence of it was gone by the time the engines arrived.

A man who played an even more inspirational part in Sapphire's incendiary career was a friend named Maurice Jaffe. Jaffe was a man fifteen or twenty years older than Sapphire who had become extremely successful as a public adjuster. Specializing in the lower East Side trade, he had offices on John Street, in the heart of the insurance district, and he was one of the most active and best-loved men in the business. When he died, in 1931, his funeral procession was convoyed fore and aft by motorcycle policemen, and included several carfuls of police inspectors, fire chiefs, and district leaders. One reason Jaffe was so successful was that when business was slow he did not hesitate to stimulate it by having a fire or two set to order. Jaffe introduced Sapphire to that in-



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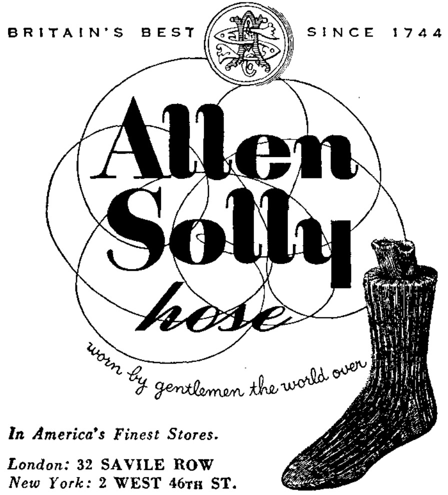
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dispensable part of any torch's equipment—the plumber's tallow candle, which, when lighted and placed beside the accelerant (as celluloid, gasoline, and so on are termed in criminological circles), serves as a time fuse. In later life, Sapphire experimented with candles of various lengths until he was able to time the outbreak of his fires almost to the minute. Up to 1930, he had not set many fires—three or four for needy relatives and ten or fifteen for Jaffe—but he had become an expert.

Early in 1931, Sapphire and a friend named Sol Cohen opened a shoddy dress store in downtown Brooklyn that they called the Wonder Apparel Shop. It did about as well as a business that was founded in 1931 might have been expected to do. At the end of five weeks, Sapphire was happy to sell his share to Cohen for five hundred dollars, taking two hundred and fifty in cash and Cohen's note for the remainder. After a couple of months, it became apparent that Cohen had no intention of paying off the note, and Sapphire, who mistakenly believed that the note gave him a legal lien on the property, became piqued. "Sol," he said to his erstwhile partner, "I'm going to get that money if I have to burn the place down." And on June 27th he made good his threat. Cohen hadn't taken Sapphire literally, but there is no evidence that he was unhappy about the fire. He placed his insurance claim in the hands of Reilly, who was then working for O'Toole, McClanahan & Co. Insurance cases have a way of dragging along. By September, the Cohen claim was still not settled, and Sapphire called on Reilly to find out if it couldn't be expedited. Reilly put him in touch with a Mr. Winograd, a Brooklyn clothing merchant who was carrying on the profitable sideline of buying up fire claims before they were paid, at a twenty-five-per-cent discount, and of lending money on them. Winograd told Sapphire he would lend Cohen a thousand dollars on his claim. Arranging the details of this transaction called for a number of conferences between Cohen and members of the adjusting firm, and at one session Cohen inadvertently made it known that the Wonder Apparel Shop fire had been an act of Sapphire, not of God. The adjuster he was dealing with found this interesting and sent for Sapphire, to whom he proposed an arrangement whereby the firm would pay Sapphire to set any fires it learned were desired, and Sapphire would give O'Toole, McClanahan & Co. the job of adjusting the claims of whatever clients he could scare up for himself. This was the beginning of Sapphire's career as a full-time arsonist. It was also the beginning of a lustrous, climactic era in the affairs of O'Toole, McClanahan & Co. It should be noted that Reilly, who was ultimately brought to trial for arson, denied on the witness stand that he had had any dealings with Sapphire, or that he had transacted any other business involving incendiarism. The jury convicted him, but the verdict was set aside, and upon being tried a second time Reilly was acquitted. He has remained a practicing public adjuster to this day.

NOT even Sapphire, when he was finally trapped, could recollect all the fires he had set. He did remember fifty-four in Brooklyn specifically, but he admitted that he had probably been responsible for more than that there, and he had also operated in Manhattan, Queens, Nassau County, and as far afield as Bergen County, New Jersey. He guessed that he might have set a hundred all told. A couple of the deals he made in connection with Brooklyn fires were typical of his way of doing business. Early in his period of collaboration with the firm of Reilly & Berliner, he was assigned by Berliner to set a fire in the offices of Dr. Jerome Garber, on the parlor floor of a four-story frame house on Henry Street, in Brooklyn Heights. Garber was a gay and handsome young man who had graduated from the medical school of the University of Maryland in 1924. In 1928, he had established a workmen's-compensation clinic in Brooklyn. Three years later, the clinic failed, leaving Garber with several hundred dollars in unpaid bills. They remained unpaid. In 1931, Garber's father rented the Henry Street house, moved in, set his son up in practice there, and sublet the top floor to Dr. Albert Hess, another physician. That same year, the younger Garber met Berliner at a testimonial dinner given for the latter at the Beau Rivage, a sea-food restaurant in Sheepshead Bay. Berliner proposed Garber as a member of the Borough Hall Boys, which was a local political organization, and the two men became friendly. Soon the widely connected Berliner was passing along bits of medical business to Garber. Berliner was one of the few people who were, though, and by the fall of 1931 Garber moodily realized that he was about to go out of business again, and he was four thousand dollars in debt. He confided his troubles to Berliner, who suggested his customary remedy. Garber was not difficult to persuade.

Selling fires is much the same sort of exercise in applied psychology as selling more orthodox goods. The most telling point Berliner made with Garber was that he could get it for him wholesale. Garber's fire, Berliner explained to him, was really worth a thousand dollars, for the furnishings of the place, including the medical equipment, were insured for ten thousand. But, he said, since Garber was a dear personal friend, he could have the fire for two hundred. Berliner's firm would, of course, be given the claim to adjust. Toward the middle of April, 1932, Garber showed Sapphire over the house, and Sapphire, after studying the layout, said that the job would be more profitable if certain instrument cabinets and pieces of office furniture belonging to Dr. Hess could be moved into Garber's office. This proved feasible. The night of Friday, April 29th, was chosen for the fire, because Garber's father and Hess would have departed for the weekend. That afternoon, Garber took his fire-insurance policies to Berliner's office, as a precaution against their being burned and as a pledge that he would seek to retrieve his loss through the right adjusters. Sapphire was there with a black suitcase, and Garber gave him a hundred dollars as down payment. Garber and Sapphire repaired to Henry Street and lugged Hess's furniture downstairs. Garber gave Sapphire the key to the front door and, around nine o'clock, left to keep a date with a girl.

Sapphire opened the black suitcase. It contained a quantity of the ingredient that made him so successful at his trade—scrap celluloid, which he picked up here and there under the pretense of being a toy manufacturer. He laid a trail of the material through Garber's office and examining room, took a plumber's candle from his pocket, trimmed it to burn down to its base at 1 A.M., placed it on the celluloid, lit it, and left, locking the door behind him. The alarm was turned in by a passerby at 1:07. As the fire engines arrived, Sapphire strolled up the block, saw that the fire was no dud, and went home. Garber got back to the house about four, staggering slightly, and, after accepting the sympathy of a policeman left on duty at the scene, went to bed. The living quarters, on the second floor, had only been singed.

Garber was awakened at eight o'clock in the morning by a clamor in the street. He threw on some clothes and went downstairs, where he discovered why Berliner had made a point of getting the

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RAWLINGS

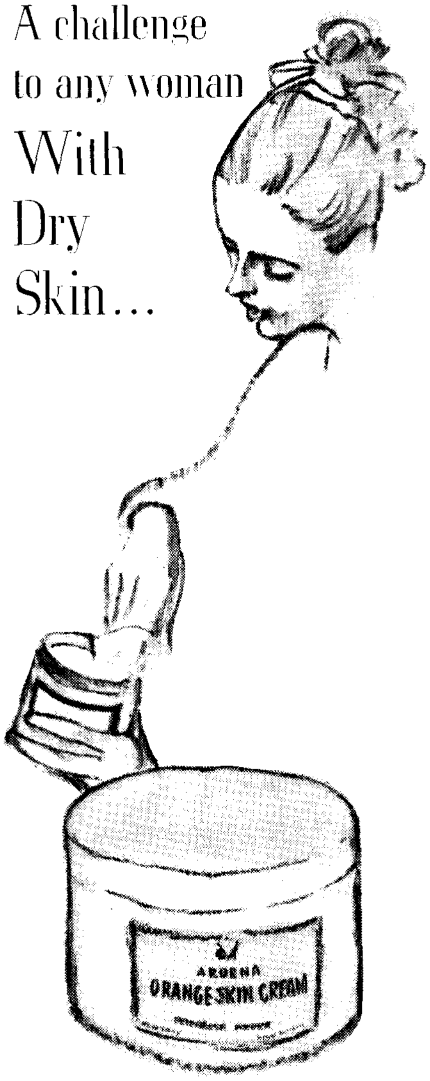
insurance policies into his possession the day before. Clustered around the front door was a crowd of howling public adjusters. This was a common sight in Brooklyn in those days; every adjuster in the borough belonged to an association that notified its membership of all night fires. By eight o'clock of a Brooklyn morning, any building of value in which there had been a fire during the night was besieged by a horde of excited adjusters, brandishing pens and legal documents and adjuring the unhappy victim of the flames to sign on the line marked with an "X." Berliner, craftily looking as eager as everyone else, was among them. Garber allowed Berliner to collar him, and the rest of the adjusters dispersed, muttering angry, and not inaccurate, conjectures as to how Reilly & Berliner managed to get so much business. When Garber had concluded his arrangements with Berliner, he went back into the house to inspect the damage. He was annoyed to discover that it wasn't as great as he had hoped it would be. He said as much to Sapphire when, toward noon, the latter dropped around to collect his second hundred. Sapphire replied that this was a situation easily remedied, and took Garber to see a friend of his, Jake Poplin, who sold medical equipment, old and new, in a shop on the lower East Side of Manhattan. There Garber paid two hundred dollars for some rusty, battered doctors' instruments. Poplin made out two bills—one for $612.75 and the other for $1,437.50—describing the equipment as new, and predated them July 15, 1931, and October 10, 1931, respectively, stamped them paid, and gave them to Garber. Sapphire and the Doctor returned to Henry Street and carried the instruments into the burned-out office. Sapphire took a hammer and beat them into even worse shape than they were in, after which he scorched them a bit with a blowtorch. Then he put them in the remains of the cabinets, and Garber gave him the second hundred dollars. The insurance company paid Garber thirty-one hundred and fifty dollars, but that was almost a thousand dollars less than the amount of his debts. Later in the year he went into bankruptcy. Hess, who was naturally outraged when he returned to his office after the weekend, tried in vain to collect from Garber for the damage done to his furnishings, and even went to the extreme of filing suit. Before the case came to trial, however, Garber had been convicted of arson and the whole thing was dropped.

At around the time of the Garber

fire, Sapphire was sent by a representative of Reilly & Berliner to see if he could interest a woman named Lena, the proprietress of a small dairy on Kings Highway, in the idea of burning her establishment. Lena was grievously in debt, a state of affairs that made her amenable to Sapphire's proposition. She agreed to pay him two hundred dollars for the job, and gave him a hundred dollars in cash and a note for the other hundred. Sapphire set the fire, and it had hardly been extinguished when he called on Lena and sold her her note for fifty dollars in cash. Sapphire found sacrifices of this sort a necessity in his business, and they accounted for the fact that although he kept busy most of the time and charged, or attempted to charge, fairly substantial fees, he rarely made more than a hundred and fifty dollars a week. The manufacture, distribution, and sale of fires, as Sapphire became acutely aware, are subject to a basic fiscal unsoundness. Every time he set a fire without being paid in advance, he took the chance of not being paid at all, since the business ethics of the people he dealt with were no more chaste than his own. But if he refused to set fires unless he was paid in advance, he was likely to be unemployed, since most of his clients were eager for fires precisely because they had no cash. This dilemma obliged him to accept obviously worthless notes and to depend on the public adjusters with whom he dealt to see to it that the IOUs were made good when the insurance checks came through. (Public adjusters always get paid for *their* services, because the checks are made out to them.) Even when an adjuster turned out to be trustworthy, Sapphire more often than not still had difficulty collecting, because a client's legitimate creditors had generally established claims totalling two or three hundred per cent of the insurance check before it had as much as been written, or else the client had sold the claim to the obliging Mr. Winograd, at a twenty-five-per-cent discount, and the money was gone before Sapphire learned of the transaction. Sapphire found himself spending more working hours negotiating elaborate financial deals, such as selling IOUs back to the signers at substantial discounts and attempting to blackmail extra cash from his clients by threatening to tell all to the police, than he spent selling or setting fires.

WHEN Bielaski finally discovered who and where Sapphire was, he had, he knew, done merely the first and easiest part of his job. The next step was to gather the evidence necessary to prove that Sapphire was an arsonist—a troublesome task, since a deliberately set fire is all too likely to destroy the evidence that it was deliberately set. Sapphire was put under observation—or, more accurately, an attempt was made to put him under observation. Keeping an eye on him turned out to be exceedingly difficult. He seldom went anywhere without the blue Essex, and he drove with a cavalier disregard for life and law. He had no respect at all for speed limits. He occasionally heeded one-way street signs, if he was in a mellow mood, but he refused to take any notice of traffic lights. At first, his astounded pursuers tried to keep up with him, but after suffering a number of humiliating interviews with traffic policemen who flagged them down while the blue Essex was careening out of sight, they gave up. Sapphire was not immune to traffic summonses. Scarcely a week passed in which he didn't get one or two. He turned them all over to Berliner to fix, which that gentleman always promised to do and never did. Nevertheless, Sapphire, who made a habit of changing his address frequently, was never brought to book for his driving. Years later, while Sapphire was serving time in Dannemora Prison, a newspaper reporter rummaging through some records in Brooklyn Police Headquarters came upon a warrant that had been issued against him for failing to answer seventy-two vintage traffic tickets. Across the warrant was scrawled, "Cannot be located."

Shortly after the death of his wife, Sapphire was joined by a small peroxide blonde named Mrs. Sarah Gordon, and they and the four sons began a nomadic existence, moving in and out of a series of rooming houses and hotels. Baby, as Sapphire called Mrs. Gordon, had been his principal girl friend for years, and neither saw much point in concealing the fact any longer. Her husband, a storekeeper near Chatham Square, in Manhattan, refused to give her a divorce. She took care of the Sapphire children and frequently drove around with him in the blue Essex. For a few days, Sapphire and Baby had a room at the Hotel St. George. At a time when bellhops were grateful for tips of twenty-five or even fifteen cents, Sapphire endeared himself to the staff by handing out half dollars. During Sapphire's stay at the St. George, Bielaski kept a man planted in a lobby armchair to check on his comings and goings. One afternoon, Sapphire, upon entering the lobby with Baby, looked around warily; caught sight of the detective, who at once be-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came absorbed in the recipes in the *Sun;* and scrutinized him for several moments before going up in the elevator. Fifteen minutes later, he came down and walked over to the detective. "You're a detective," he announced flatly. The detective denied it. "Never mind the hooey," Sapphire said. "Just tell that heel Gordon he's not needing detectives. Tell him he should come himself, and she'll give him all the evidence he wants." He went back upstairs.

Early in April, Sapphire and Baby seemed to tire of being constantly on the go, and, registering as Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, settled down with the children in a suite in the Hotel Lafayette, in Brooklyn. It was an imprudent thing to do, because it gave Bielaski's men time to get the permission of the proper public authorities to tap Sapphire's telephone and thus at last establish the kind of watch over him that his frequent moving had made impossible. Sapphire's conversations during the first few days gave little indication of his activities, but they at least revealed with whom he was associating.

On April 13th, the day he was acquitted of the ancient forgery charge, Sapphire called Irving Jaffe, the son of his late friend Maurice, the beloved public adjuster of the lower East Side. Sapphire told Jaffe about the verdict and received his congratulations. A few minutes later, a Dr. Roberts called and asked Sapphire when he was going to pay his bill. Sapphire said he'd be around the next day. The Doctor, who, upon investigation, turned out to be an abortionist, asked how Baby was feeling. Sapphire said she was feeling better, and the Doctor said he was sure she'd be all right. Sapphire then called his laundry and demanded that some shirts of his be delivered. He was told that they would be as soon as he paid his bill. Sapphire said to send the driver around the next afternoon and he'd have the money. The driver came and called Sapphire from the lobby. Sapphire asked how much he owed. The driver said nine dollars and eighty cents. "Nine-eighty?" Sapphire said. "The hell with you. I can buy new stuff for that." After the driver left, Dr. Roberts called again. Sapphire apologized for not having come around; he'd been in an automobile accident, he said. He hadn't been, but the Doctor, possibly familiar with Sapphire's driving technique, appeared to believe the story. Dr. Roberts never did get his money, nor did the laundry, nor did a number of individuals who had made Sapphire loans; nor did the Lafayette collect its bill. One day, the hotel manager called to ask

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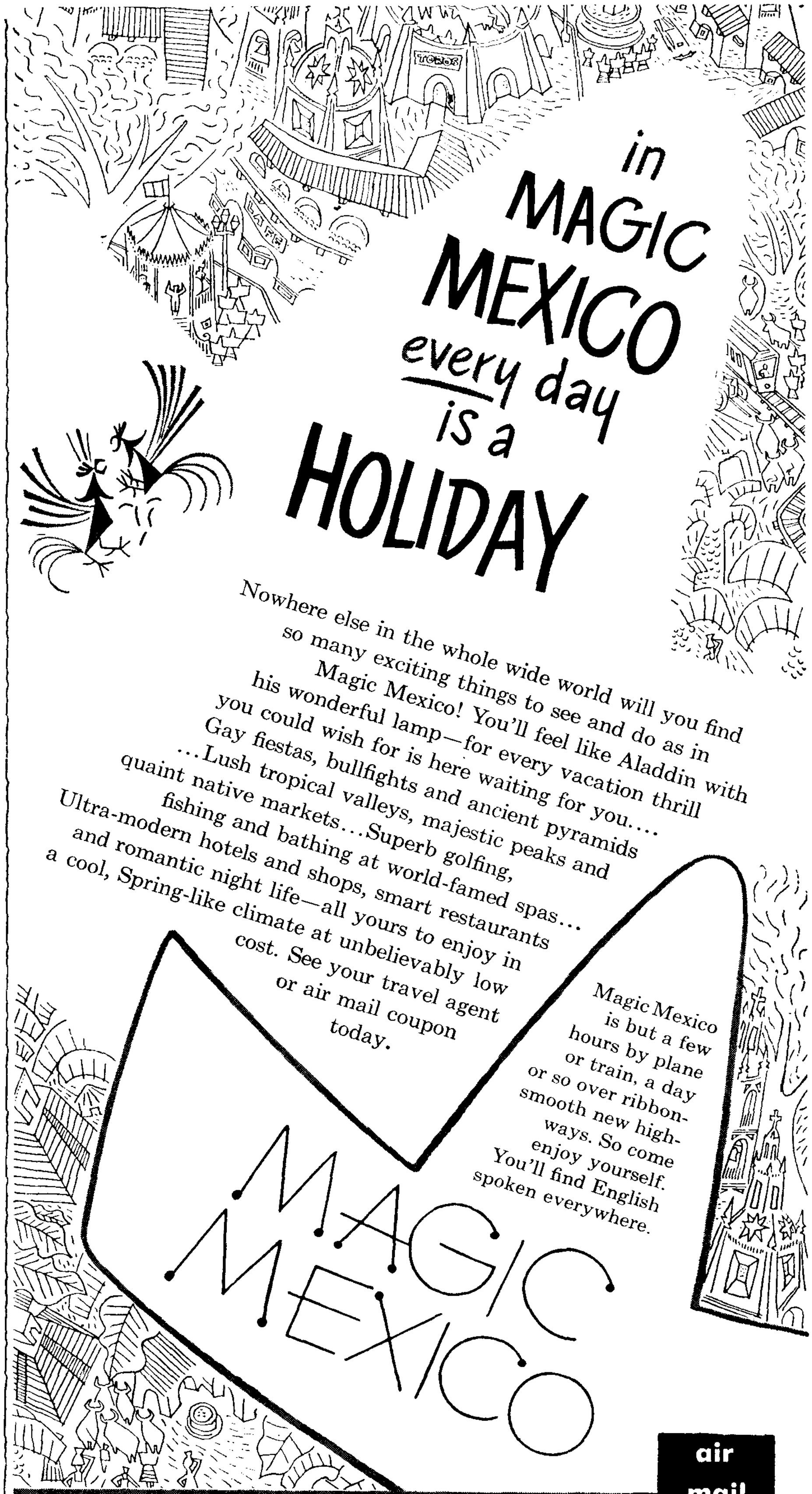
when it was going to be paid. "Believe me, Mr. McCabe, this thing is making me sick," Sapphire told him. "Believe me, Mr. Gordon, it's making me sick, too," McCabe answered, and hung up.

Diverting as all this was to Bielaski, it provided no evidence that Sapphire was an arsonist. Toward the end of April, however, Bielaski received an encouraging word from Moe, who reported having heard that Sapphire was dickering with one Monroe Moscowitz, a shoe manufacturer. Moscowitz, it seemed, thought that he wanted a fire in his factory, but he wasn't sure. The job would cost five hundred dollars, and, with the flourish of a confident salesman, Sapphire had agreed to give a preliminary demonstration by setting a small fire in Moscowitz's apartment, at the introductory bargain rate of fifty dollars. If this fire was a success, the factory fire would follow. At about this time, Sapphire's telephone conversations began to have more significance, and they supported Moe's story. A number of them were with Moscowitz. These mostly concerned money, and there was a good deal of chaffering over whether five dollars that Moscowitz had lent Sapphire would be deducted from the fifty dollars, as Moscowitz insisted it should be, or whether, as Sapphire claimed, the price of the apartment fire had originally been fifty-five dollars, in which case, at the fifty-dollar figure, the five had already been deducted. Several times it looked as if the deal would be called off because of the five dollars, and once it almost fell through because Sapphire and Moscowitz couldn't agree on a meeting place to discuss arrangements. Moscowitz favored the corner of Fulton Street and Myrtle Avenue, and Sapphire, regarding this as too public, held out for a meeting near a change booth in the DeKalb Avenue B.-M.T. station. Finally, they agreed on the swimming pool of the Hotel St. George.

On May 13th, the listeners intercepted a call Baby made to a button factory in Long Island City. She asked for a Mr. Ford, and told him to prepare a bundle of scrap celluloid for Mr. Wall, who would call for it that afternoon. Mr. Ford, who apparently was familiar with Mr. Wall's requirements, said he would be glad to. Bielaski had been fairly certain for some months that Sapphire's fire-setting technique involved celluloid, because in the case of most of the fires that he believed him responsible for the investigators had been able to find no trace of an accelerant. A few hours after Baby made her call, a detective managed to stay on the blue Essex's



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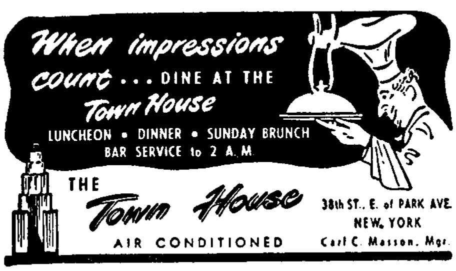
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trail all the way to the button factory. Sapphire went inside, and presently came out carrying a large cardboard box, which he put in the back seat. On May 14th, Bielaski stood by anxiously, hoping for word about the Moscowitz job, but none came. The next day, however, Sapphire called Moscowitz and made an appointment with him for eight-thirty on the morning of the seventeenth in Moscowitz's apartment, which was on the ground floor of a building on Ocean Avenue. Delighted at the prospect of action after six months of waiting, Bielaski informed District Attorney William F. X. Geoghan and Fire Marshal Thomas Patrick Brophy, with whose offices he had been working, that the time had come to arrest Brooklyn's most proficient fire-setter in the act of setting a fire. On the morning of the great day, or what it was confidently expected would be the great day, the block in which Moscowitz lived was jammed with police detectives, assistant fire marshals, and agents in the employ of the National Board. At eight-fifty-five (Sapphire, for all his haste, never got anywhere on time), the blue Essex pulled up in front of Moscowitz's house. Sapphire climbed out, took the cardboard box from the back seat, and entered the building. Brophy, a police inspector, and sundry aides, after giving him time to be admitted by Moscowitz, went into the hallway and waited. Twenty minutes later, Sapphire and Moscowitz emerged without the cardboard box. Brophy stepped forward and laid a hand on the shoulder of each of them. Meanwhile, a squad of officials hurried into the apartment to douse the lighted candle they expected to discover there. They found the cardboard box, filled with scraps of celluloid, on a shelf in a bedroom closet, but, to their chagrin, there was no candle in it. Placed under arrest and questioned by the District Attorney, Sapphire protested that he had no idea what was in the box, which he claimed had been given to him by a friend to deliver to Moscowitz, and he explained the presence of a stump of a tallow candle in his pocket by saying that he had picked it up in the house of a relative when he had helpfully gone downstairs to replace a blown-out fuse. It later developed that he had had another spat with Moscowitz, this one over ten dollars that Sapphire said was owed him, and had refused to set the fire until he was paid. At the time they were arrested, the two men were on their way to Moscowitz's office to get the money, after which Sapphire planned to return and set the fire, an intention which he did not, of course, make known to the forlorn inspectors that morning.

Bielaski accepted the fiasco grimly but gamely, and started casting about for some way of making Sapphire confess. He found it, through Samuels, in the person of Mrs. Rose Bernstein, a woman for whom Sapphire had once burned up an ice-cream parlor she owned, on Thirteenth Avenue. Samuels had been cultivating her with the idea that in case Sapphire, if and when he was finally caught, should deny everything, she might persuade a jury of his guilt. A meeting between Samuels and Mrs. Bernstein had been arranged early in May by the indefatigable Davidoff, who, six months after his first conversation with Samuels, was still trying to sell him on the idea that Sapphire was the perfect *macher* to burn the hat factory. Mrs. Bernstein was outspoken in her admiration of Sapphire's work, and Davidoff felt that a testimonial from her might once and for all dispel Samuels' misgivings. Mrs. Bernstein had moved away from Brooklyn, and it took Davidoff several weeks to track her down. At last, he learned that she and her husband, Joseph, were living in St. George, Staten Island, and he invited Samuels to accompany him there and hear for himself what a trustworthy *macher* Sapphire had proved himself to be. Davidoff didn't have the address, but he was certain that, with a little searching, it was possible to find anyone in a place the size of St. George. On May 4, 1933, the two men took the ferry to St. George. Soon after arriving, they found some idlers in a drugstore, and Samuels asked about Bernstein. Sure, said somebody, there was a Joe Bernstein running a fruit-and-vegetable store nearby. Samuels and Davidoff stopped in at the store, where they found Bernstein and introduced themselves to him as visitors from Brooklyn who wanted to have a few words with his wife. Bernstein said he had not been living with his wife for several months and indicated that he was happy to be rid of her.

"You look familiar to me," said Samuels affably.

"Oh, I used to live in Brooklyn," Bernstein replied. "My wife and I ran an ice-cream parlor on Thirteenth Avenue."

"What did you do with the place—sell it?" asked Samuels.

"Oh, no," said Bernstein. "My wife had the place burned."

"How do you know that?" Samuels asked.

"Oh, I know, all right," Bernstein

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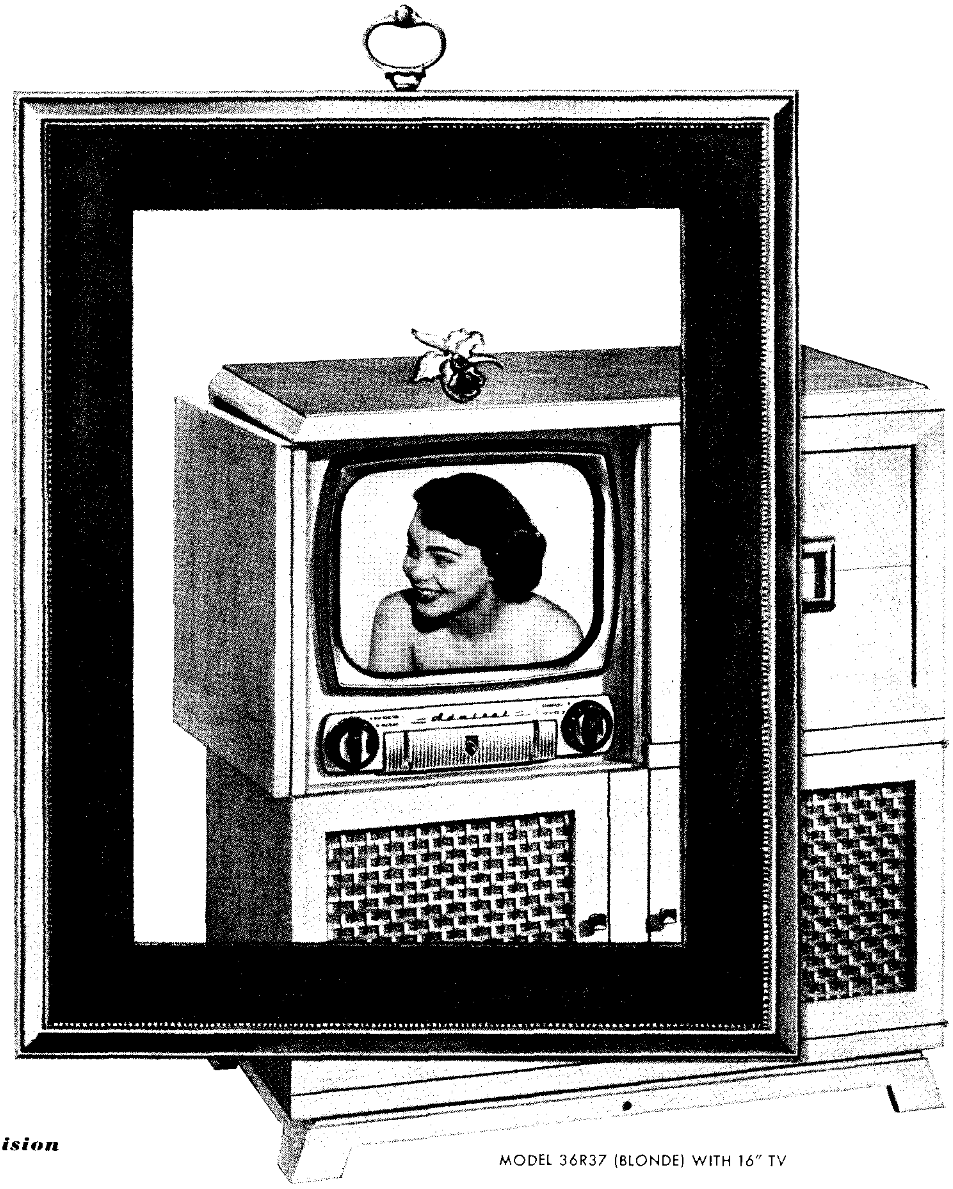

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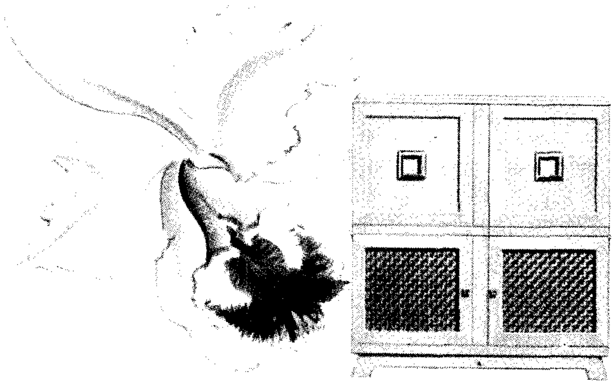

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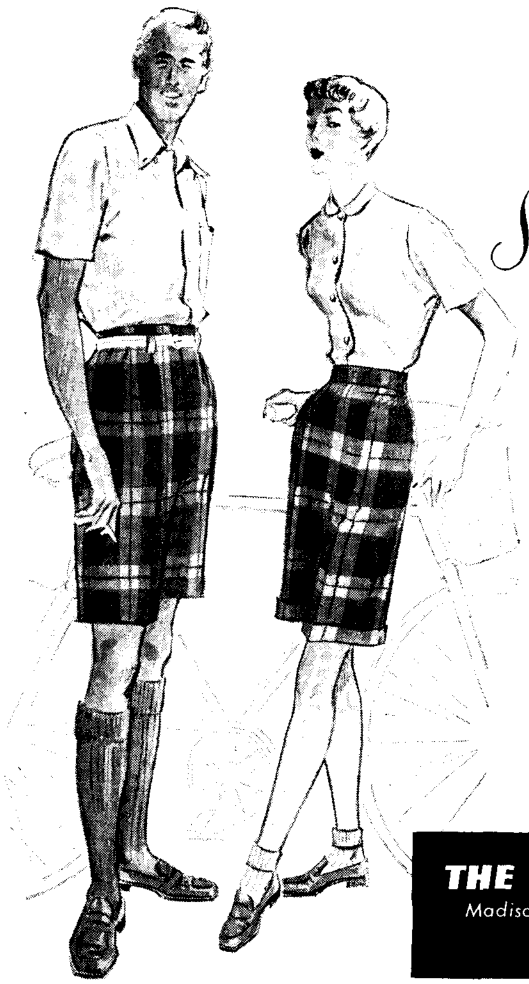
replied. "She told me so the day after the fire. That woman is capable of doing anything."

Further questioning brought out the information that Mrs. Bernstein was now living in the Ambassador Apartments, a short way up the hill that rises above the business section of St. George. Samuels and Davidoff proceeded there, and when Mrs. Bernstein, a plump, forty-year-old blonde, opened the door, Davidoff took his companion by the arm and introduced him, saying, "This is Sam, one of my very best friends." "Don't confuse me with the other Sam," said Samuels jovially as he shook hands with Mrs. Bernstein, and she replied, "Oh, I know you're not the other Sam. I know him very well." She invited them in and brought out some liquor, and the three chatted for a while about the death of Mrs. Sapphire. Then Samuels said, "Who cares anything about that? All I want to know is how good a *macher* Sam is." Mrs. Bernstein did not hesitate. "One of the best, as far as I know," she said. "He sure did a complete job for me." The talk turned to the matter of an exclusive little speakeasy Mrs. Bernstein was thinking of opening in her apartment, where maybe she would have one or two girls on hand to help entertain the customers. She invited Samuels to come and see her any time he felt so inclined.

Samuels saw Mrs. Bernstein again fairly soon, not in a speakeasy but at lunch in the Childs at Sixth Avenue and Seventeenth Street, Manhattan. To this meeting he brought a fellow-agent, whom he introduced as his brother-in-law and to whom the voluble Mrs. Bernstein lauded Sapphire's fire-setting capabilities. She even proposed putting the brother-in-law in touch with Sapphire then and there, on the understanding that she, rather than Davidoff, would get ten per cent of the fee, but Samuels' companion said that he didn't want to be rushed. That was the last Mrs. Bernstein heard of the hesitant brother-in-law until six days later, when Sapphire was arrested leaving the Moscowitz apartment, and city detectives were sent out to pick up everyone known to have had dealings with him. Mrs. Bernstein was one of the first they tapped.

BROUGHT before District Attorney Geoghan, Mrs. Bernstein at first insisted that she knew nothing about any arson or arsonists, in Brooklyn or anywhere else. At length, to get her to talk, Geoghan promised that she would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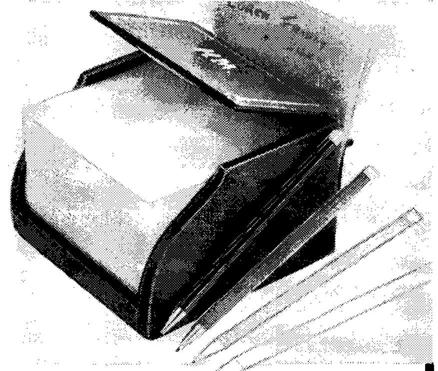

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not be prosecuted. Her reticence thereupon dissolved, and she told what she knew about Sapphire and the fire he had set for her. Faced with this testimony, Sapphire glumly admitted that he had set fire to Mrs. Bernstein's ice-cream parlor, but he would admit nothing else. He spent the next six weeks keeping his own counsel in the Raymond Street Jail, where he remained locked up for lack of fifty thousand dollars bail. Apparently, he was expecting his influential friends at Reilly & Berliner to come to his rescue. It wasn't until the first week in July that he became persuaded that they had no intention of trying to get him out, at which point he vengefully resolved to get them in, and announced that he was ready to tell the whole story. A stenographer was summoned, and he began, "There was once a firm called Reilly & Berliner, they should drop dead." The details of his confession made him the star witness in a succession of arson trials that went on for three years. As a result of them, twenty-six people were sent to prison, including Davidoff, Moscowitz, Berliner, and Irving Jaffe.

The Brooklyn trials were presided over by the late County Judge Franklin Taylor, who had long been regarded in legal circles as one of the most unpredictable of jurists and who lived up to his reputation by entering the court in an unusually irascible mood one morning and sentencing Dr. Garber to the exceedingly stiff term of from seven to twenty years, despite pleas for leniency by the District Attorney, the Fire Marshal, and the National Board of Fire Underwriters. In the case of Reilly, the verdict of guilty returned against him was reversed by the Appellate Division, which found that Judge Taylor had erred in his charge to the jury, and the reversal was upheld by the Court of Appeals. (The two higher courts found that the Judge had neglected to point out, although repeatedly urged by defense counsel to do so, that no evidence had been introduced to show that Reilly had had any knowledge that the building housing Lena's store—as opposed to the contents of the store itself—was insured.) From the point of view of Bielaski and the District Attorney, the Judge was in scarcely any better judicial form when, with the observation that "the chair would be a suitable answer for his nefarious deeds," he gave Sapphire the longest sentence of all twenty-six defendants—twenty to forty years, the maximum for first-degree arson—and thus, in the opinion of the investigators, discouraged a whole gen-

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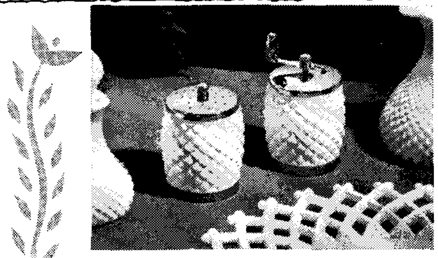

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eration of arsonists from squealing on their colleagues. Sapphire was sent to Dannemora on September 23, 1935. In 1936, the fire-insurance companies lowered their rates for Brooklyn.

SAPPHIRE had a difficult time in Dannemora, because of his reputation as a squealer. He was so tormented by his fellow-convicts that on one occasion he shammed a fit of insanity in order to get a little rest in the prison hospital. He was not the most philosophical convict who ever served time; his letters to Bielaski—he wrote dozens of them—were invariably querulous. In one of them, he said, "The time is getting shorter and my heart is growing weaker and colder and these few lines are not mere Shakespearean quotes." In 1946, Sapphire's sentence was commuted in recognition of the assistance he had given the District Attorney in rounding up the other arsonists. Shortly after he was set free, he suffered a severe heart attack. He is still ill, and broke and bitter, but even now he is recognizably Sam Sapphire. He paid a call on Bielaski the other morning to reminisce about the old days of setting fires and to ask him for a loan. They went out to a luncheonette for a cup of coffee. The check came to twenty cents. Sapphire insisted on paying it, and as they got up from the counter, he took a quarter from his pocket and slid it over to the waitress.

—ROBERT RICE

•

TRANQUIL DAYS HATH SEPTEMBER

Hail to thee, blithe Autumn!
  Hey, wind and rain, start blowing!
Callooh! Callay! for the frabjous day
  When green things lay off growing!
Of all known gardeners most inept,
  I shake with merry laughter,
For Oct, I know, will follow Sept
  And Nov come tumbling after.
O happy hence! Across the fence
  No more I'll see the flowers
That bloom so hard
In the neighbors' yard
  And die like dogs in ours.

—P. BRACKEN

•

HOLLYWOOD—The most luscious lips in Hollywood belong to Marilyn Maxwell, a lipstick manufacturer said today.

Miss Maxwell's mouth is "a torrid expression of smouldering tire," Al Commigere said.—*Astoria (Ore.) Astorian-Budget.*

We *knew* we smelled burning rubber.

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Go Santa Fe. You leave on your trip when you *plan* to leave.

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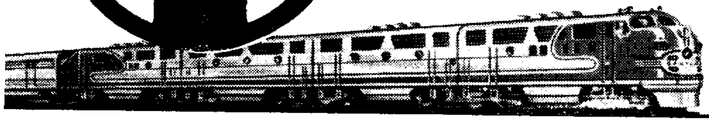

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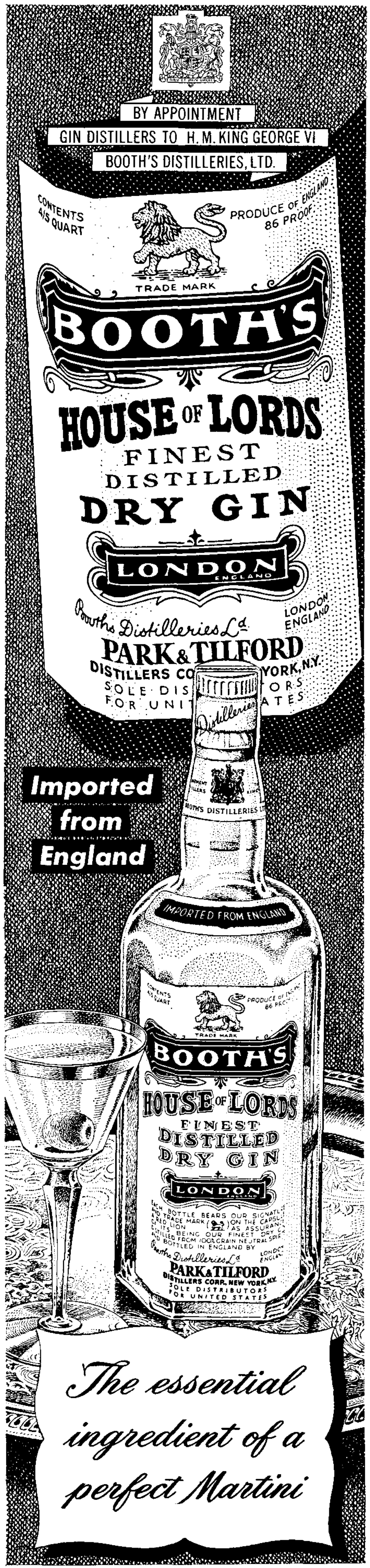

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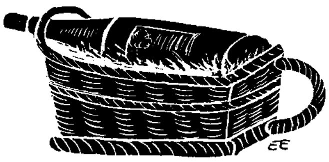
THE WHARF

THE hotel wharf thrusts out into Discovery Passage, on the east coast of Vancouver Island. The hotel itself is a center for the fishermen who come each year to catch the kings, or tyees, largest of Pacific Coast salmon, and win membership or new glory in the club. The club is about twenty-five years old and exists only to regulate tackle, record fish, and distribute buttons: a bronze button for a thirty-pounder, silver for a forty, gold for fifty, diamond for sixty. There is a single qualification for membership—you must catch a "button fish" with regulation tackle. The members come from everywhere—from the nine provinces of Canada and most of the forty-eight states. Among the states, California is well in the lead, with Washington and Oregon close behind, but the roll carries names from Maine and Illinois, from New York, New Jersey, Nevada, Missouri, and Massachusetts, as well as from the Hawaiian Islands, and from England, Siam, and Argentina. During August, while the run of big salmon is at its height, the club functions; for the other eleven months, it is a list of names scattered over the earth.

You either like that regimented and competitive kind of fishing or you don't. I don't. After all, I live in the place and have watched it for twenty years. But the pageantry and personalities of it, and the fine big fish themselves, are not to be denied, and I find myself down at the wharf, watching and listening, several times every season.

The wharf is a spectacular place at dark of a summer evening. A string of lights runs along it and down a sloping gangplank at the end, then branches right and left along two huge floats. There the boats come in, some rowed, some motor-driven, out of the darkness to the lighted water of the tide and river currents that run along the floats. The fishing grounds are only a quarter of a mile away, and on a good evening the boats come in seconds apart, because everyone fishes till dark and everyone quits at the same time. Guides hold the boats against the current, and men and women carrying rods and tackle boxes and extra clothing step cautiously onto the floats. The strong lights glint on spoon baits and plugs and varnished split cane, bring out the scarlets and plaids of handsome shirts and coats, and gleam here and there on the triumphal buttons that the more prominent heroes of the club display on hat, breast, or belt. The guides pull the boats up onto the floats and take out what fish have been caught, slipping the smaller ones ignominiously into the fish boxes to await buyers, but carrying the thirty-, forty-, fifty-, or sixty-pounders across the floats and over to the scales near the end of the wharf to be weighed and recorded, and perhaps to raise their captors another notch in the hierarchy of buttons. A crowd always gathers at the scales, and there is talk and laughter and an occasional edged word.



One night late in August, I saw the English boy David Stanhope come in after all the others. He rowed his dumpy little skiff to the far end of the float I was standing on, and hauled it up. Old John Kaski, who tends the boats, had lent it to him for the fishing season, and he treated it with a gentle anxiety, never chancing the least bump or scratch. For a moment, he stood beside it, a pale and slender twelve-year-old, looking toward the people at the scales as though wishing he could wait until everyone had gone away. Then he reached into the skiff, lifted out a small fish, and brought it along the float toward the fish boxes. It was a fish that any twelve-year-old might have been proud of, a bright, clean salmon of six or eight pounds, but he carried it apologetically, passed behind me, and slipped it almost furtively into a dark fish box. "That's a nice fish, David," I said.

His face brightened a trifle. "Yes, sir," he said. "Of its kind."

"You'll get one of the big ones yet. Just stay with it."

"It's getting awfully late in the season," he said. "But I might." He hesitated a moment, then added, "It seems as though the big ones couldn't be bothered with me."

I laughed, someone spoke to me and I looked away for a moment, and when I turned back the boy had gone. I saw him walking quickly up the slope of the gangplank and along the wharf under the lights. He was slight and blond and handsome, with the frail look of the war years. He had come from England with his mother and two sisters the year before, to find a place in Canada. It hadn't worked out, and they were going home in a few days, the mother and daughters gladly but David, my children had told me, reluctantly, insisting

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that he would come back when he was grown up.

The children, I realized, had told me quite a lot about David. He had gone to their school through a whole year, fitting his English ways matter-of-factly into the polygenetic excitements of a Canadian village school. He had been brilliantly ahead of his years in some subjects, woefully behind in a few. Among the other children he had been quiet and resigned, while his sisters had been aggressive, but with the teachers he had shown occasional flashes of anger and determination quite unlike anything the school had seen before. "He argues about perfectly reasonable things," my daughter told me, "like whether Henry the Eighth was a good king and whether the English governed India well. But the teachers think they're being talked back to. Mr. Lovell goes red in the face sometimes, he's so mad. But he never does anything about it."

"Why not?" I asked.

"You don't know David," she said. "He's got such an exact way of talking. He sounds perfectly polite, but he makes the other person feel like a fool." I was sorry for Mr. Lovell, but it occurred to me that David probably *was* being polite, though in the ways of another school and another country.

In his free time, David did what the rest of the children did, without enthusiasm and without any special competence. He played baseball, swinging at the ball with cricket strokes and carrying the bat with him to first base when he made a hit. When the others laughed, he neither smiled nor protested but seemed to shrug the whole thing away from him, as though it had been over and done with long before the laughter started. He fought once, courageously enough and quite well, but with a lack of emotion that puzzled both his opponent and the bystanders.

On the whole, the children liked him and were good to him. They knew he had been bombed out three times during the war—twice at his boarding school and once at home—and that he had been badly shocked. At first, they expected him to be far more interestingly different from themselves than he actually was, but they accepted the limited strangeness he revealed to them and eventually became so used to him they forgot even that.

He went through the usual activities of the summer holidays with the same gentle adaptability that he had shown in everything else. He was always polite and neat and clean, always willing and grateful, never enthusiastic. The fine,

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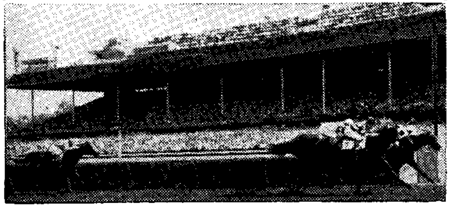

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BRITISH RAILWAYS

frail beauty of his face and figure, the grace of his slender hands, the steadiness of his blue eyes all seemed at odds with his denial of life and the normal ferments of childhood; it was as though he consciously armored himself against all possible shocks by refusing to expose himself to any delights. Then August came and the big tyee salmon began to run in the tides at the mouth of the river.

David turned to them at once with a determination as lonely and complete as his earlier resignation had seemed. He was given the use of the awkward little skiff, and he had simple tackle that fitted the club's regulations. He asked further help of no one, and he fished every possible tide, at dawn or evening or midday, working his skiff with quiet concentration among the other boats—the ones that carried the heroes, with their guides, their elegant tackle, and their flashing buttons.

Several times, he brought in fish well below the qualifying thirty pounds, and he seemed politely grateful for them, just as he had always been for an invitation to a picnic or an afternoon of swimming; but under the politeness there was now the urgency that kept him after the big fish. The politeness had become slightly impatient, slightly contemptuous, deliberately expressed to cover possible criticism. He did not want the small fish.

Two or three times, he hooked fairly large fish and lost them. Once, he brought in a fish of over twenty pounds and was handsomely complimented by the heroes. Several of the guides offered to take him out at slack times, but he always shook his head and went alone. One or two of the heroes said that it was impossible for a twelve-year-old boy, alone in a small skiff, to hook, play, and gaff a thirty-pound fish. If David knew they said that, he did not let it change his mind.

David went out for the last time on an evening early in September. It had to be the last time, because he was leaving with his mother and sisters the next day. I was down at the wharf again that night, leaning on the rail near the gangplank, looking down at the scales and the floats. It had been a pleasant evening, clear and with very little wind, but as darkness came on and the boats began to return, it was evident that not many fish had been caught. There were fewer people and less excitement than usual. Some of the heroes had already gone home, for the big-fish season was nearly over. The others, hanging on in the hope of a last-minute record, were

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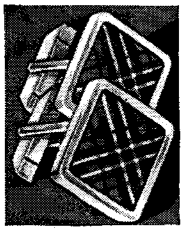

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more relaxed than they had been earlier in the season, and the talk was easier. Because the evening was warm, they lingered on the floats, and the lights showed up their bright clothing and polished tackle as gaily as ever. "They'll hit again when the tides get bigger," one man said confidently. He was wearing a scarlet shirt, and the club buttons gleamed from his broad belt.

"There's hundreds out there rolling," a big man said, "but no more than three or four boats pulled out with fish all evening. All I had was one good knock in the Potlatch Hole."

David Stanhope's skiff, coming in last again, showed dimly white at the far end of one of the floats. A woman said, "That little boy had a fish on."

"A small one," the man in the red shirt said. "Ten or twelve pounds. I saw him gaff it."

"He went out again later," the big man said. "I saw him fighting something just before dark."

David pulled his skiff up onto the float. Generally he took time and moved precisely when he did this, stowing the oars, taking out his tackle, settling his boat into its place. Tonight, as soon as he had got his boat up, he bent over and lifted a big fish out of it and came along the float. He carried the fish in front of him, with both hands in its gills. The group near the scales watched him, calling out the expected congratulatory things, but David remained silent, his face alight with triumph. Harry Donaldson, one of the guides, went along the float to meet him and offered to help, but David shook his head. He came on, into the circle of bright light around the scales.

"It's not so very big," he said humbly. "But it ought to weigh thirty pounds."

"It's a fine catch, son," the man in the red shirt said kindly. "It's a button fish for sure."

No one else offered to help David with the fish; it was evident he did not want help, and clearly right that he should do this last thing himself, as he had done everything else. He lifted the fish to the hook under the scales, held it there a moment, and shifted his handgrip. Then the fish fell away from him, struck a cross log on the float, and slithered into the water. Harry Donaldson grabbed for it and missed. The man in the red shirt moved sharply forward, the woman with him. The whole group was tight around the boy as he watched his fish sink in silvery flashes down to the bottom. It lay there in plain sight under the bright lights of the

(Advertisement)

THE
Minneapolis Star and Tribune
COLUMN
by CEDRIC ADAMS
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

LITTLE THINGS IN LIFE: Popcorn specialists have now developed a variety which pops to 37 times the size of the original kernel. If that trend is followed, someday we'll probably buy a single kernel for a dime and eat it like an apple . . . California has just introduced a date-flavored milk shake . . . Ultimate in something or other: The housewife who had her guest towels embroidered, "Don't You Dare" . . Next time you have a room wallpapered, get hold of one of those large popcorn cans, slap some of the same wallpaper around it, trim the edge with decorative tape and you have a neat wastebasket matching the room. You can, of course, eat the popcorn . . . Blond drivers and bespectacled motorists are more susceptible to headlight glare than any other drivers . . . A psychiatrist says regular cigar smokers never beat their wives . . . When your household playing cards stick together because of excessive humidity, try dusting them with talcum powder . . . . In your tire changing procedure loosen the nuts on the tire you're removing a half turn before you start jacking the wheel up. Reduces the possibility of pulling the car off the jack when you tug on the nuts.

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NEW YORK'S WALDORF-ASTORIA has a permanent guest with a curious quirk. She's an elderly woman, very well heeled, apparently, who lives alone at the hotel. For diversion she attends a luncheon or a banquet, sometimes both, at the hotel every day — just to listen to the speeches. She wangles a ticket from the banquet supervisor of the hotel. She sits through the meal and listens avidly to all the after-dinner speeches . . . Good memory test: Sit down and try to remember just what it was that you worried about yesterday . . . Odd what one tiny dot can do. Take the saying, "Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives." Then punctuate it this way: "Half the world doesn't know how. The other half lives."

★

A LOT HAS BEEN GOING ON out here in Minnesota since you and I last visited in this corner, but I'd like to say a word especially about our whopping State Fair. (900,000 visitors were clocked through the gate!) I was one of a score of Minneapolis Star and Tribune staffers on deck at our Fair Information booth and our Korean War News Center, and we had 250,000 folks toss us questions or come to call. Friendly, helpful services such as those we performed at the fair, are just one more reason why the people of America's Upper Midwest regard as their "good neighbors" the best-read, most respected newspapers of this great region — the Minneapolis Star and Tribune (combined daily circulation: more than 475,000) and the Minneapolis Sunday Tribune (circulation: more than 600,000).

★

EVERY BUSINESS HAS its oddities. A Minneapolis realtor has spotted the following: A garage with a porch on it. A bathtub with roses painted on the tub and the motto, "Cleanliness is next to godliness" inscribed just beneath the roses. A home with two heating plants side by side—one coal, the other gas. A one-bedroom home with a two car garage. And homes with the following strange features: Two kitchens side by side, a complete miniature butcher shop in a basement, a bedroom with only three walls, a one-bedroom home with a toilet on the second floor, a lavatory on the first floor and a bathtub in the basement . . . Revised definition: Electrocardiogram — ticker tape . . . Just found out what this world needs: square doorknobs on kitchen, laundry and bathroom doors so the knobs can be turned easily with wet hands. Oh yes, another thing—a wedge-shaped ice cream scoop for pie a-la-mode. Most of us have a terrible time keeping those round balls of ice cream atop a piece of pie.

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float, with fifteen feet of tide and river current flowing over it.

Someone said, "Get a gaff."

"It's too deep," someone else said. "Get a long pole."

"Hurry," the woman said breathlessly. "Do something before the tide moves it."

The man in the red shirt turned away. "I'll get my rod. We can snag it with the spoon bait," he said.

Harry Donaldson was already back with a rod. He lowered his big spoon bait into the water, and the whole group watched it glint slowly down toward the fish. The current swung the spoon awkwardly, but he worked the rod calmly and deliberately to control it and bring it to the bottom near the fish, until, finally, the shining metal blade was on the fish's body, the big hook hanging downward under the curve of its back. The boy watched, standing straight, saying nothing.

Donaldson jerked the rod sharply and the hook went home. He began to lift. The great, gleaming fish came up and up, light in the water, swerving a little in the play of the current. The man in the red shirt had a gaff ready, and when the fish was almost at the surface, Donaldson nodded to him. Then the hook flipped out.

For a moment, the bright body seemed to hang there, just under the surface. The man with the gaff made a lunge for it, but he knew—we all knew—that it was already beyond his reach. Then it slid away, tail first, in a long, slanting glide, far under the logs of the big float. Just as it disappeared, the current rolled it and the belly flashed. Everyone knew it was gone, beyond reach or finding, and knew also that the increasing tide would carry it away to the dogfish before morning, but the whole group crowded to look down into the water, peering under the logs as though there had to be hope of some kind.

The boy was kneeling at the edge of the float, looking into the dark water. He shook his head at last and turned to the watching faces. Very quietly and precisely, not in anger or complaint but with his own strange mixture of triumph and resignation, he said, "Well, the best has happened. And the worst."

—RODERICK L. HAIG-BROWN

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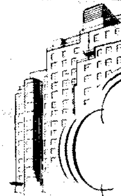
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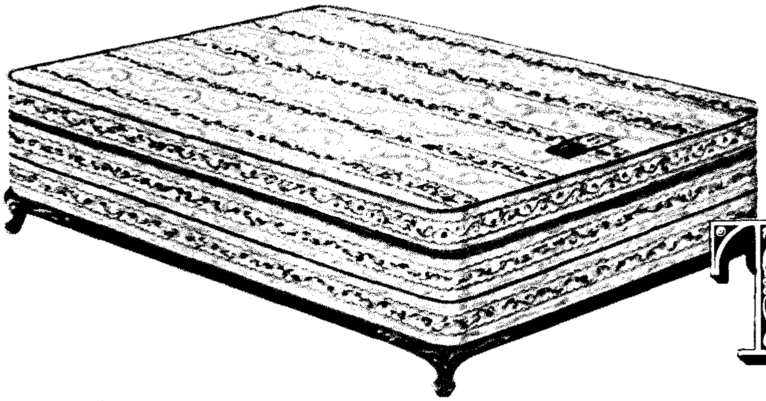

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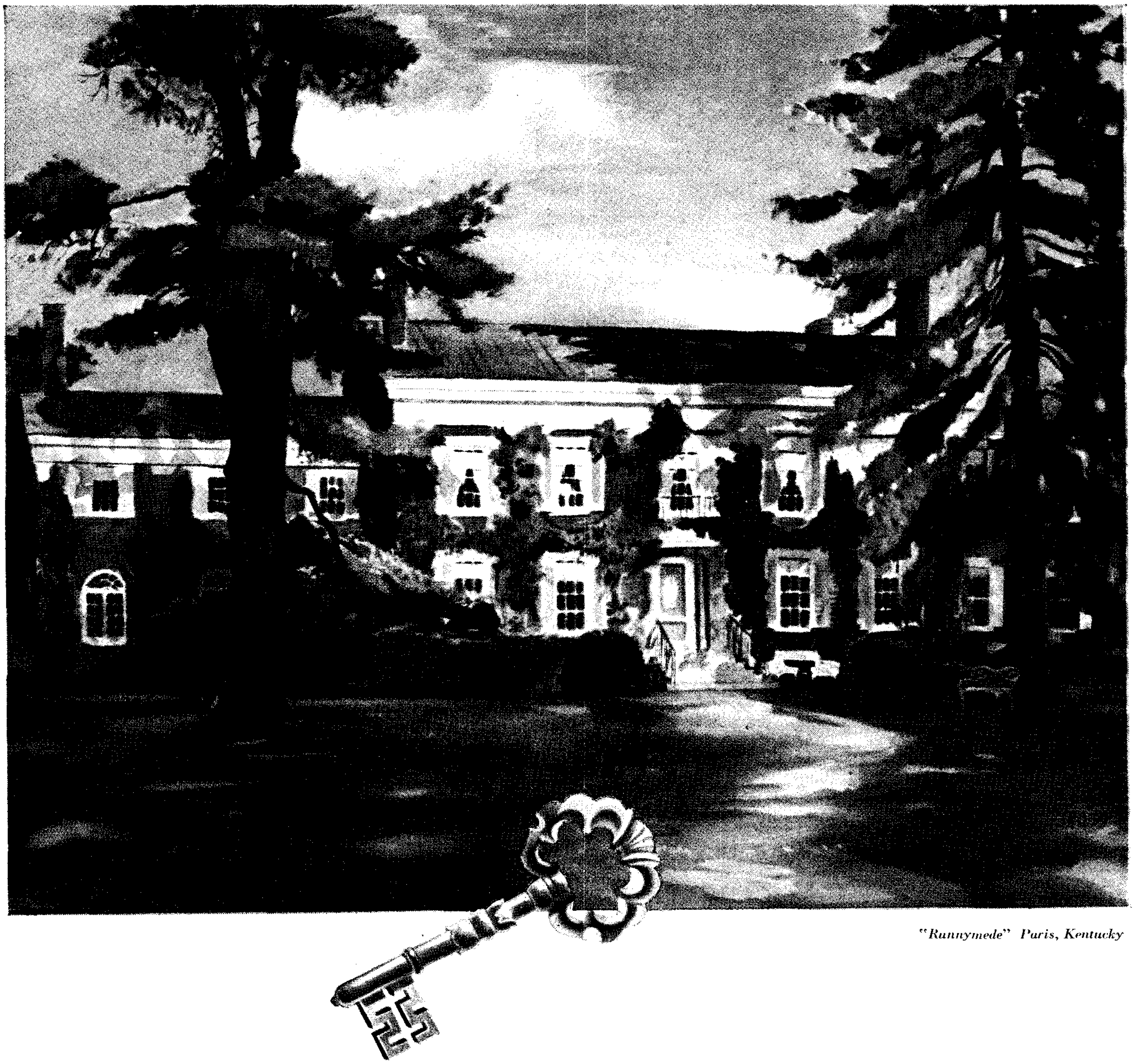

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THE RACE TRACK

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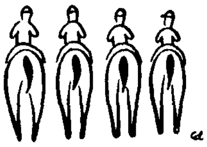

Next Move led all the way in the Beldame Handicap last Saturday, providing a conventional happy ending to the season's racing at Aqueduct; that is to say, the favorite won and nearly everybody was pleased. I venture to suggest, though, that if Next Move had not had Bed o' Roses for her running mate, she would have been at least 6–1, instead of the 6–5 she was. It is useless to be polite about it; Next Move simply hadn't been running well recently. She sulked in the Discovery Handicap, tossed away the Alabama Stakes, and couldn't catch Here's Hoping and Siama in the Cleopatra Handicap at Arlington Park in July. Earlier in the season, however, she had been the leading three-year-old filly, despite a slight lapse from grace in April. On the other hand, Bed o' Roses had not finished farther back than second since the Futurity, nearly a year ago. (To save you the trouble of looking it up, her record for that period was six firsts out of nine tries, and one of the times when she was second, she was merely galloping along behind Next Move.) But Alfred Vanderbilt, who owns both fillies, sends in his whole first team (and who wouldn't?) when shooting for fifty thousand dollars. It was just as well he did, for Bed o' Roses had no speed in the Beldame, and finished eighth. Maybe she has been getting notions from Next Move, who has obvious shortcomings: she is tetchy, and nobody can tell with certainty when she is ready to run. But if there is a handsomer race mare of her age, I'd be glad to know who it is. For the record, her share of the Beldame purse was $47,400. It was the third big one a Vanderbilt horse has picked off this season; Loser Weeper won the Suburban, and received first money in the Butler after the disqualification of Three Rings.

No doubt because there were only a dozen starters, this year's running of the Beldame was pretty dull compared with some of the rowdy Beldames I have seen. Frankly, the only thrill I got was watching Calumet Farm's Wistful. She got away last and didn't settle down to business until she reached the backstretch; then, with one burst of speed, she passed everything except September, whom she almost caught, and Next Move, but third was the best she could do. September, by the way, once raced in the Calumet Farm colors. She didn't do it with much distinction, though, and was sold to W. J. Lenihan, who has campaigned profitably with her in New England. Ben Jones, Calumet's major-domo, remarked that he likes to sell horses, but every time you sell one it gets in your way.

As it happens, another Calumet cast-off won the Narragansett Special at Pawtucket last weekend. This was DeLuxe, who beat Reveille, High Bracket, and eight others, including Cochise. If I remember DeLuxe correctly, early in 1949 he was Calumet's brightest Derby hope. Later, we heard a lot more about him, because after he made a poor showing in a race at Lexington, his stable announced that he'd been doped. There was a great to-do, but nothing ever came of it. He didn't start in the Derby, and horseplayers soon forgot him. Last April, he was sold to True Davis, Jr., a horseman from Missouri, who has done well with him in the hinterland. Those Calumet horses get around.

Possibly because my expectations were low, the Cowdin Stakes, which was run the other afternoon at Aqueduct, seemed to me rather above par. It was won by a horse with the bewildering name of Away Away. Iamarelic and Mohammedan, the winner of the Babylon Handicap the week before, led till a furlong from home, and when they both ran out of speed, Away Away, who had never been far behind, won comfortably from Safety. I just can't get over these names. Iamarelic, who, as you might guess, is by War Relic, certainly ought to belong to the Ipsy Pipsy Stable. (Honest, there *is* an Ipsy Pipsy Stable—on the Coast, of course.) Well, he doesn't; he belongs to the Woodvale Stable, which also owns Away Away. Colonel Martingale has been looking over the names of two-year-olds entered in stakes races at Belmont this year, and his education proceeds apace. There are such little dandies as Isopera, Inaname, Imamazed, Iswas (had enough?), Bull Poise, and Sir Bee Bum.

—Audax Minor

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47

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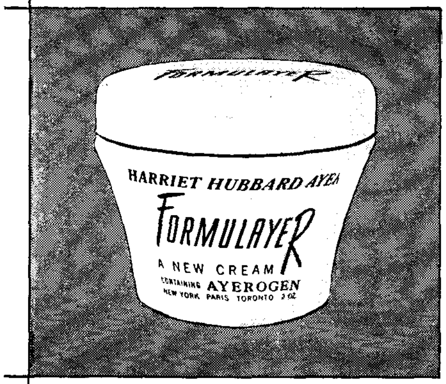

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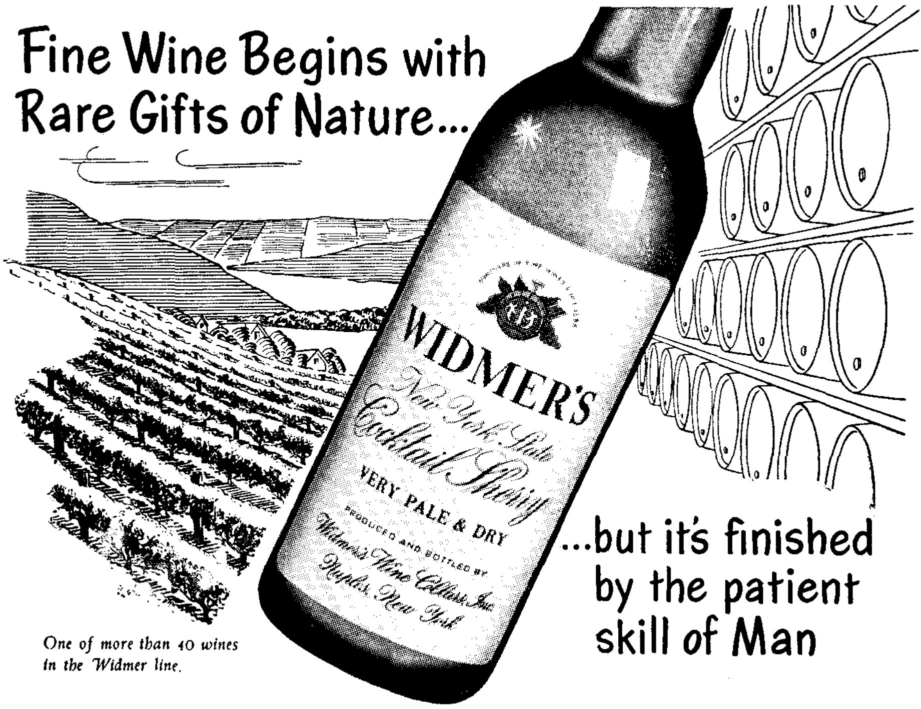

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OF ALL THINGS

THE appointment of George Marshall as Secretary of Defense has caused a few complaints, but it seems to be generally approved. Home-team fans always like to see the top of the order come to bat.

•

At the Big Three conference in New York, Foreign Minister Schuman strongly opposed the rearming of Germany. The French have a strange theory that they are better off when the Germans have butter instead of guns.

•

The credit restrictions imposed by the government have occasioned some gloomy thoughts in the television industry. It has a panicky feeling that many people will be unable to buy sets until they can afford them.

•

Mr. Truman is happy about the Maine election, because the Democrats made a better showing than they did in 1948. The Republicans, on the other hand, got nothing out of it except the jobs.

•

With unemployment continuing to decline, manpower shortages have appeared here and there. The gossip is that some manufacturers are beginning to show quite an interest in the ladies.

•

Plans have been announced for a vast system of dams and reservoirs along the Delaware River to supply water to New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. One grateful customer would be Philadelphia, where the present drinking water has no merit except humidity.

•

In the race for governor, the Democrats are running the little-known Congressman Walter A. Lynch against the celebrated Tom Dewey. They expect their man to come up out of obscurity the way the Phillies did.

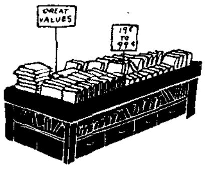
•

The weatherman has found it necessary to explain that the atomic bomb would be of no use for stopping hurricanes. It might take our minds off them, though.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

BOOKS

Growing Pains



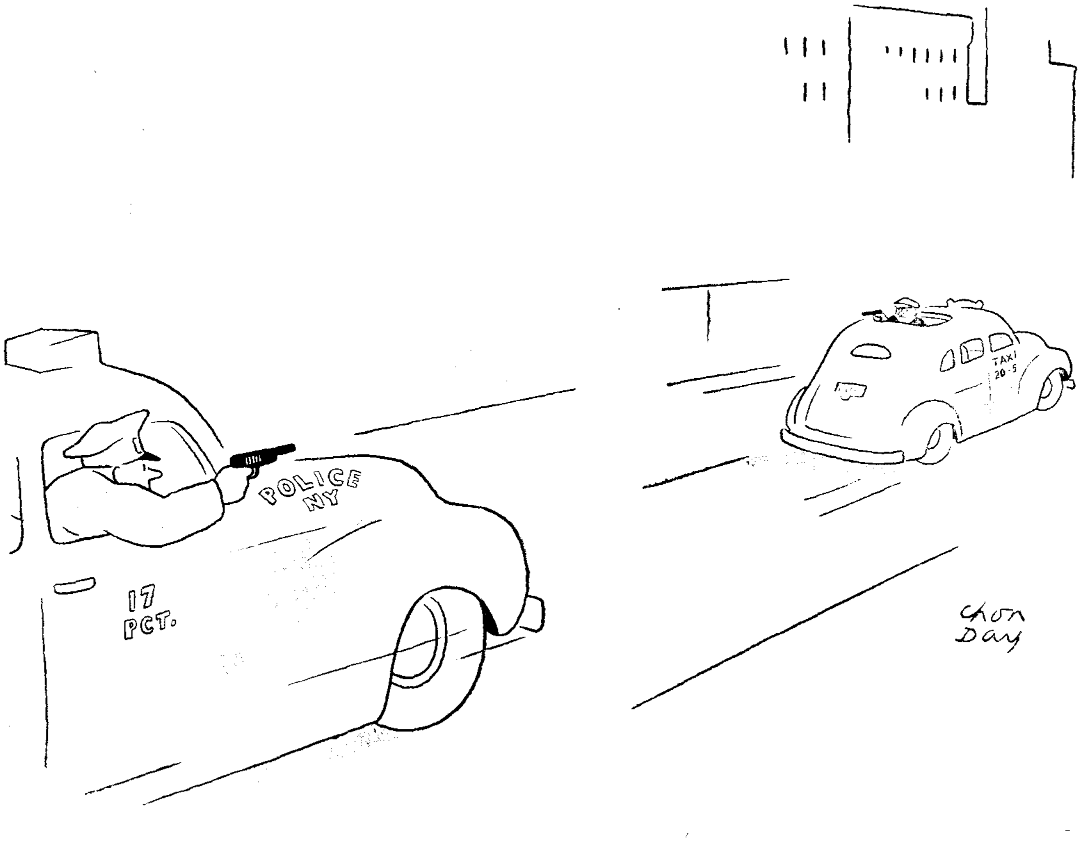
"A BURNT CHILD," by Stig Dagerman (Morrow), is a little book, very light to hold, and one picks it up assuming that it can be read straight through in a couple of hours. Almost at once, however, it turns out to be a novel big in everything save size, and the reader willingly grants the author the close and prolonged attention that his uncanny text demands. Dagerman is a Swede, and the quality of his writing in the original may be guessed at from the fact that so much of its beauty has survived a translation that is often clumsy, retaining certain constructions—for example, a recurrent use of the historical present tense in narrative—that are probably more familiar and therefore less jarring in Swedish than in English. What is uncanny about Dagerman's writing is the way it manages to hold the eye as well as the mind in check; simple as "A Burnt Child" at first glance appears to be, it must be read slowly, line by line, like a poem. The good news is that this is a novel well worth reading slowly. The author knows what he is about, and we can be sure that the sights he shows us will prove to be the sights most worth seeing. If he has set us a child's pace, it is so that we may discover wonders as a child does, without a thought of time, and where a child does, near at hand. Here is a characteristic passage:

> They were on the sea for three days. On the sea, they said playfully; it had the sound of living in a boat. In reality it was no boat, but an island, or strictly speaking two small islands joined by a comic little wooden arc, which in their game they called a bridge. But all round them was the sea, and in the evenings there was no sign of the coast; nothing but the water, darkening as the twilight deepened. Only in the west was there a streak of land behind which the sun was sinking, but they explained that by saying: Look how dark the sea is over there, away out there where the lighthouse is. In the daytime the lighthouse was a church spire; and when of an evening sounds were heard from the mainland, the tooting of a car or the noise of a train, it seemed quite natural to say: Did you hear that big ship? And what a big wash it made! So in the evenings they really were *on* the sea, not in it, and still less by it, they were in a boat, in a tiny boat on quite a large sea.

The danger of such a style, bringing to mind as it does the eerie, incantatory charm of one's earliest school primer, is that a single false note will turn it into parody. Dagerman skirts this danger with great skill, not only in passages in which, the emotions being disengaged, the risk is comparatively slight, as in descriptions of the sea, of Stockholm under a warm March rain, and of a woman silently preparing an evening meal, but also in scenes of a nearly unbearable intensity and explicitness. One of these is in the first chapter. The protagonist of the novel, a twenty-year-old student named Bengt Lundin, is assisting at the burial of his mother. The funeral party has just reached the cemetery:

> The son reads a poem by the graveside. It is a small white sheet of paper which he has put in his pocket next to the wet handkerchief. The poem consequently smells of perfume and the ink has run towards the edges, but that is not why he reads so badly. It is because he is crying. He knows the poem by heart and the last verses, when he has got into the way of it, go very well. By that time his voice is steady and calm, perhaps a little pleased with itself even.

Later, at the funeral breakfast, which is held in a private room of a restaurant, a waiter brings word that Mr. Lundin is wanted on the telephone. Not knowing whether the call is for his father or himself, Bengt volunteers to take it. When he answers the telephone, a woman's voice asks, "How are you, darling? Tired?" After a further exchange, Bengt realizes that the stranger to whom he is speaking is his father's mistress. It has never occurred to him that his father might be unfaithful to his mother, and the shock of the revelation that he has been is as great as that of his mother's death. The story of "A Burnt Child" is the story of the relations between Bengt, his dead mother, his fiancée, his father, and his father's mistress, who later becomes Bengt's mistress. The themes that Dagerman develops include jealousy, guilt, vengeance, and a murderous sexual rivalry between father and son, and are ancient enough and universal enough to satisfy the most exacting Freudian critics, but there is nothing overtly Freudian in the book. Rather, it is, on its uncluttered surface, a candid and touching account of a boy's growing up—of his despair at what he takes to be the closely drawn, steadily constricting circle of horror of adult life, his disillusion as he first embraces, then rejects that horror, and, finally, his acceptance of the necessary, thoroughly adult illusion that the horror is not so horrible after all; that the



Alas! Poor Wentworth I knew him well

THE VEXATIONS OF A. J. WENTWORTH, B. A.
by H. F. Ellis

Boys will be boys though schoolmasters rue, and every teacher who ever longed to throw a book, every ex-pupil who ever waged guerilla warfare in the classroom, will rejoice in this hilariously solemn account of Mr. Wentworth's trials and tribulations, by the literary editor of *Punch.*

"The small boys are very lifelike, a cross between fox-terriers, baboons, and criminal lunatics. Only chaps like Wentworth could endure them for long, and even he tried to massacre one of them during an ordinary class."—GILBERT HIGHET, author of *The Classical Tradition*

"Even more fun than I expected. It's a gem."—HENRY C. KITTREDGE, Headmaster, St. Paul's School. $2.50

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ALL HONORABLE MEN
by James Stewart Martin

This is possibly the most important book to date to come out of World War II. It's written by the former Chief of the Decartelization Branch of Military Government in Germany. It tells the complete inside story of how our post-war program to end the menace of the German cartels, which subsidized Hitler, was frustrated and finally stopped by American and other allied powers' industrialists and financial interests. $3.50

shrinking circle, far from giving us pain, is downright comfortable.

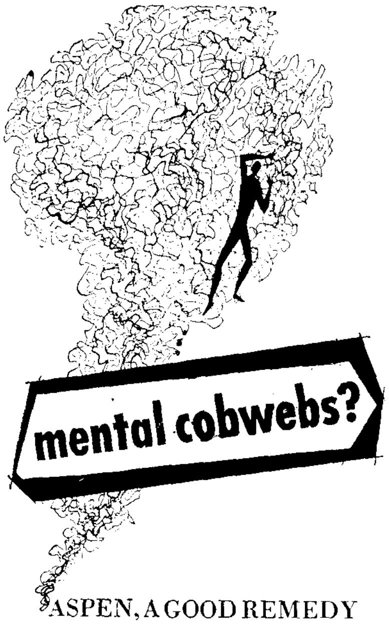
"A BURNT CHILD" is the first of Dagerman's novels to be published in English, but the fifth in order of composition. He has also written several plays that have been successfully performed in Sweden. Since he was born as recently as 1923, he must have begun to write almost as soon as he began to read, and he has been so busy since then that he would rank high in any contest for the title of World's Most Prolific Young Writer, Mystery Writers Not Included. Another prolific author making his first appearance in English is Henri Calet, who has written a curious, attractive mishmash of a book entitled "Young Man of Paris" (Dutton). Like "A Burnt Child," "Young Man of Paris" is concerned with growing pains, which have the advantage over ordinary pains of being pleasant to recall, but whether the author intends us to believe that the people and events depicted are both real and true, or only true, it is impossible to tell. In any case, the book is a work of art, if no masterpiece. The evocation of Paris, and particularly of the shabby and corrupt Fourteenth Arrondissement, in which the narrator, who writes in the first person but who may or may not be the author himself, has spent his life and through which no Cook's tour has ever passed, is wonderfully vivid and, sometimes in the same paragraph, both funny and sad. The narrator gives us his story in scraps, moving back and forth in time, from recollection to recollection, in defiance of any plot or of the working out of a coherent chronology, and to read him is like listening to a rapid, exceedingly intimate confession, of which we can never be sure we have caught the full meaning but which we wouldn't stop listening to for the world.

—BRENDAN GILL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE EAGLE ON THE COIN, by R. V. Cassill (Random House). An engagingly candid study of a youngish college professor, named Cameron, who discovers that politically he's a babe in arms. While doing research for a book on a nineteenth-century abolitionist, Cameron impetuously involves himself in a campaign for a Negro school-board member in a Middle Western city where such a stand is bound to have repercussions. Unfortunately, after this propitious


mental cobwebs?

ASPEN, A GOOD REMEDY
What went on at Aspen, Colorado, last year had no relation at all to the Aspen boom-town of the 80's . . . or the Aspen ghost-town either. It was a vital Aspen discussion-town last year . . . with twenty-two of the world's distinguished minds at work!

At the Goethe Festival, these twenty-two men faced the central issues not only of Goethe's work . . . but of our own time.

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Aspen's twenty-two lectures make a stimulating book!

GOETHE AND THE MODERN AGE—*Edited by Arnold Bergstraesser. 402 pp. $5*

A collection of the twenty-two lectures (among them Albert Schweitzer's and Thornton Wilder's) delivered at the Goethe Bicentennial Convocation held in Aspen, Colorado in July, 1949. They represent a rare intellectual experience. And the book is the type this publisher believes in: a book of controversy . . . a book that provokes rigorous and objective discussion.

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start Mr. Cassill loses his footing and goes on to concentrate almost entirely on Cameron's involvement with an untidy old saloonkeeper, who dragged him into the campaign and who proves to be its undoing, rather than on the professor's growing awareness of political issues.

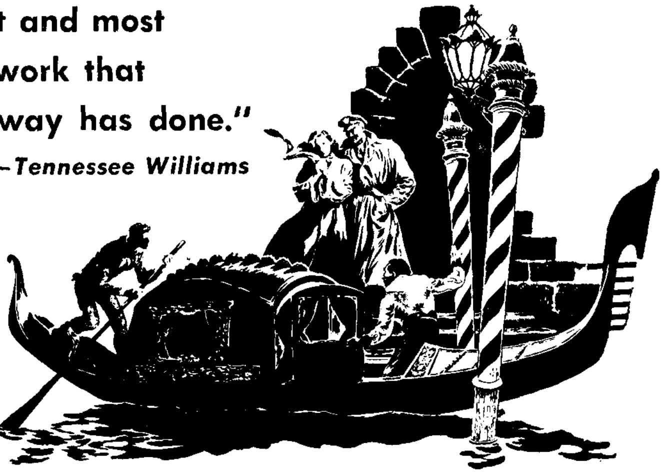
FLOWERS ON THE GRASS, by Monica Dickens (McGraw-Hill). The solitary journeying of an attractive young widower named Daniel Brett, who spends the years after the death of his wife wandering aimlessly, taking various jobs, and meeting all sorts of people, most of them pathetic in one way or another. This passing parade is described brightly and quite sentimentally by Miss Dickens, who calls a halt only when Daniel takes a second wife. The scene is England.

LADY ON THE HUNT, by Clinch Calkins (Harper). A brief but thoroughgoing fictional survey of the activities of what might be termed the neo-horsy set in Virginia. The members of this group—among them such stock figures as the ambitious Northerner, the down-at-the-heel Virginian, the visiting Englishman affianced to a movie star, and so on—are assembled for a hunt ball, which is followed by a foxhunt. In addition, this setup is fraught with comedy of a sort apparently intended to appeal to bona-fide riders-to-hounds. Readers with a more pedestrian outlook may find it all too specialized for their taste.

NOTE: "Cast a Cold Eye," a collection of seven stories by Mary McCarthy, four of which originally appeared in this magazine, has been published by Harcourt, Brace.

GENERAL

ILL MET BY MOONLIGHT, by W. Stanley Moss (Macmillan). The diary of a young Englishman, a captain in the Coldstream Guards, who, with the aid of a member of the British Intelligence Corps and a handful of Cretan guerrillas, perpetrated one of the most spectacular sleight-of-hand tricks of the last war—the filching of a German major general from his staff headquarters in Crete in 1944. Mr. Moss, a self-consciously literate young man who carried copies of Donne, Tolstoy, and, "in a lighter vein," "Les Fleurs du Mal" on this fantastic expedition, jotted down his impressions each day while holed up in a cave, detailing, with the requisite amount of insouciance, not only the picturesque doings of his Cretan companions but the reactions of his cap-



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—**John O'Hara,** *N. Y. Times*

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Elliot Paul, *Providence Journal*

"It is beautifully finished as a piece of writing . something quotable in every chapter."
—**Malcolm Cowley,** *N. Y Herald Tribune*

"What's best in this story is its love: its heartfelt love of the Infantry, its bantering, affectionate love of Venice and the Venetians, its gusty love of sea food and wine, and its love of gondolas . . ."
—**Edward Weeks,** *The Atlantic Monthly*

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A
STATEMENT from
CLIFF McMILLEN

THE period since World War II has seen America jump into prominence as an ocean marine insurance market with $160 million in premium now being written annually by American companies.

The sudden growth of the American market has created new interest in ocean marine coverages among business men active in foreign trade, as well as insurance brokers, few of whom formerly purported to know too much about it.

In response to this interest, the McMillen Institute, in conjunction with the New School for Social Research, is now offering an introductory course for business men—exporters, bankers, as well as insurance brokers, in the fundamentals of ocean marine insurance.

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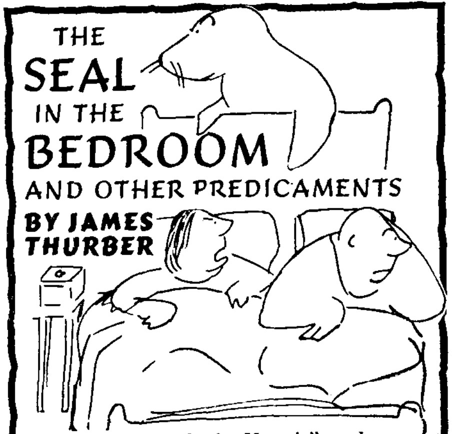

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tive, Major General Karl Kreipe. The latter was understandably in a state of nerves and had to be nursed along carefully ("... after all, he is a precious baby") until he could be smuggled off the island. Illustrated with photographs taken at the time.

THE STEVENSONS, by Laura L. Hinkley (Hastings House). This double biography, of Robert Louis Stevenson and his American wife, Fanny, is the final work of the author, who died just after finishing it. Miss Hinkley, as was evident in her "Charlotte and Emily: The Brontës," was a lady with a taste for the romantic, and her choice of the Stevensons was practically inevitable. She was also a serious student of literature and a craftsmanlike biographer, and while she was apt to fall in love with her subjects, she was not one to be carried away by the emotion. This work covers Louis's childhood in Scotland and Fanny's very different upbringing in frontier Indianapolis; it describes their meeting in France, their marriage in San Francisco, after Fanny's divorce, and their peregrinations around the world until Stevenson's death, in Samoa, in 1894. It is a moving story, for Miss Hinkley writes with an awareness of the real tragedy of Stevenson's life, which was not so much his unremitting illness (he suffered from tuberculosis) as the fact that he died just as he realized he had reached his greatest period as a writer, and had started a program of work that might well have put him in the first rank of nineteenth-century novelists.

THE LAST ROMANTICS, by Graham Hough (Duckworth). A highly recommended tour of that period of English aesthetics which begins with the lamps of Ruskin and ends with the gyres of Yeats. Many of the imposing monuments past which Mr. Hough leads us—among them are Pater, Morris, Rossetti, Wilde, and Whistler—have fallen into disrepair or are already moldering, but his account of them is neither sad nor flip. Mr. Hough's hero is, deservedly, Yeats—perhaps the only artist of recent times who (though he wrote that it could not be done) managed to combine perfection of the life and of the work.

RED RIBBON ON A WHITE HORSE, by Anzia Yezierska (Scribner). In the nineteen-twenties, Miss Yezierska's first book, "Hungry Hearts," the story of an immigrant's acclimatization to the lower East Side slums, was

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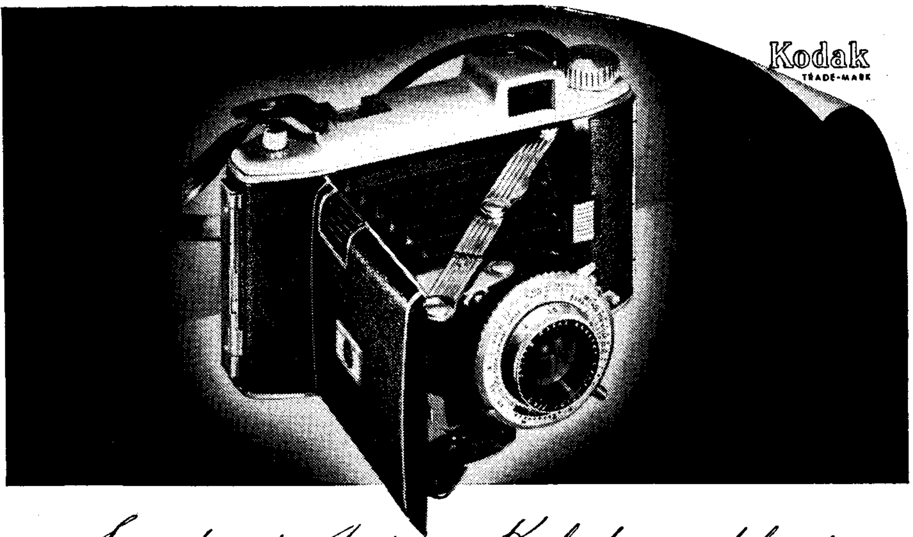
snapped up by the movies, and the author transported abruptly from Hester Street to Hollywood. In this unevenly written account of her subsequent experiences, Miss Yezierska sets down with considerable tartness her reactions to West Coast affluence and smugness, and her attempts during the depression to meet the baffling artistic demands of the W.P.A. Writers' Project. Although she is unsparing of herself as far as her own contradictory impulses are concerned, her conclusion—that poverty is the condition most becoming to her spiritually—doesn't carry the conviction she intended. Introduction by W. H. Auden.

THE ECONOMICS OF FREEDOM, by Howard S. Ellis (Harper). An extended and somewhat forbidding-looking report on how the Marshall Plan is working out in Europe. It was written with the assistance of the research staff of the Council on Foreign Relations, none of them officially connected with the government, and it explains in detail how and where and to what effect the money appropriated in the United States for economic aid to Europe ($8,700,000,000, up to now) has been spent in the effort to prevent the spread of Communism by restoring European economic stability and by underwriting a system of free trade. The author also speculates on the future of Marshall Plan aid and ventures here and there into what sounds like informed criticism of certain aspects of our foreign economic policy. This is, of course, vital information to any American who wants to know how we are shaping up vis-à-vis Russia.

LOCAL COLOR, by Truman Capote (Random House). Sketches, some of them quite faint, of various places where Mr. Capote has been whiling away his time the last few years. They are New Orleans, New York, Brooklyn, Hollywood, Haiti, Ischia, Tangier, and Spain. The writing is personal and consciously artful, for the young author is a careful man with a sentence. The opening statement of his little piece on Ischia, an island near Capri, reads, "I forget why we came here," and it is just possible that someday Mr. Capote will have forgotten why he wrote this book. Nevertheless, the collection is pleasant, and contains some shrewd bits of observation. Photographs.

RILKE, MAN AND POET, by Nora Wydenbruck (Appleton-Century). This study, written by a woman who



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was a friend of Rilke as well as a member, by birth, of the aristocratic European circle that provided him with so many patrons, is the most interesting and detached appreciation of the poet that has appeared in English. Countess Wydenbruck, with a rare feeling for the comic moments that are sprinkled even through Rilke's career, has assembled in a readable volume all the biographical Rilkean material published during the last twenty years. She is capable of criticism and translation, too. A number of hitherto unpublished portraits of Rilke and his friends are included.

RILKE AND BENVENUTA, by Magda von Hattingberg, translated by Cyrus Brooks (Norton). Sooner or later, the complex facts of Rilke's inability to share himself with even the most beloved human being had to be explored by a woman with whom he had a close relationship. Magda von Hattingberg, a young pianist, met Rilke in March of 1914, after a romantic correspondence, and journeyed with him from Berlin to Paris, from Paris to the Castle of Duino, on the Adriatic, and to Venice, where the two parted, victims of incompatible temperaments and the tensions in Rilke's nature. The story is told with tact and tenderness, and the lessons the author learned from Rilke seem, in retrospect, to outweigh the misery endured. The currents in the arts of the era run in and out of the narrative.

NOTE: James Thurber's collection of drawings "The Seal in the Bedroom," first published in 1932, has been reissued by Harper. Dorothy Parker's introduction is reprinted, and Mr. Thurber has added an "author's memoir."

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The Times was in error in reporting in the Aug. 6 issue that Mrs. Margaret Pillsbury Austin of the Santa Ynez Valley raises Hereford cattle. Mrs. Austin raises Aberdeen Angus cattle exclusively, it is reported by her attorneys.—*Los Angeles Times.*

Who are evidently earning the old retainer.

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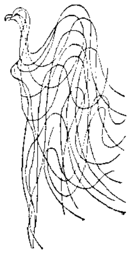

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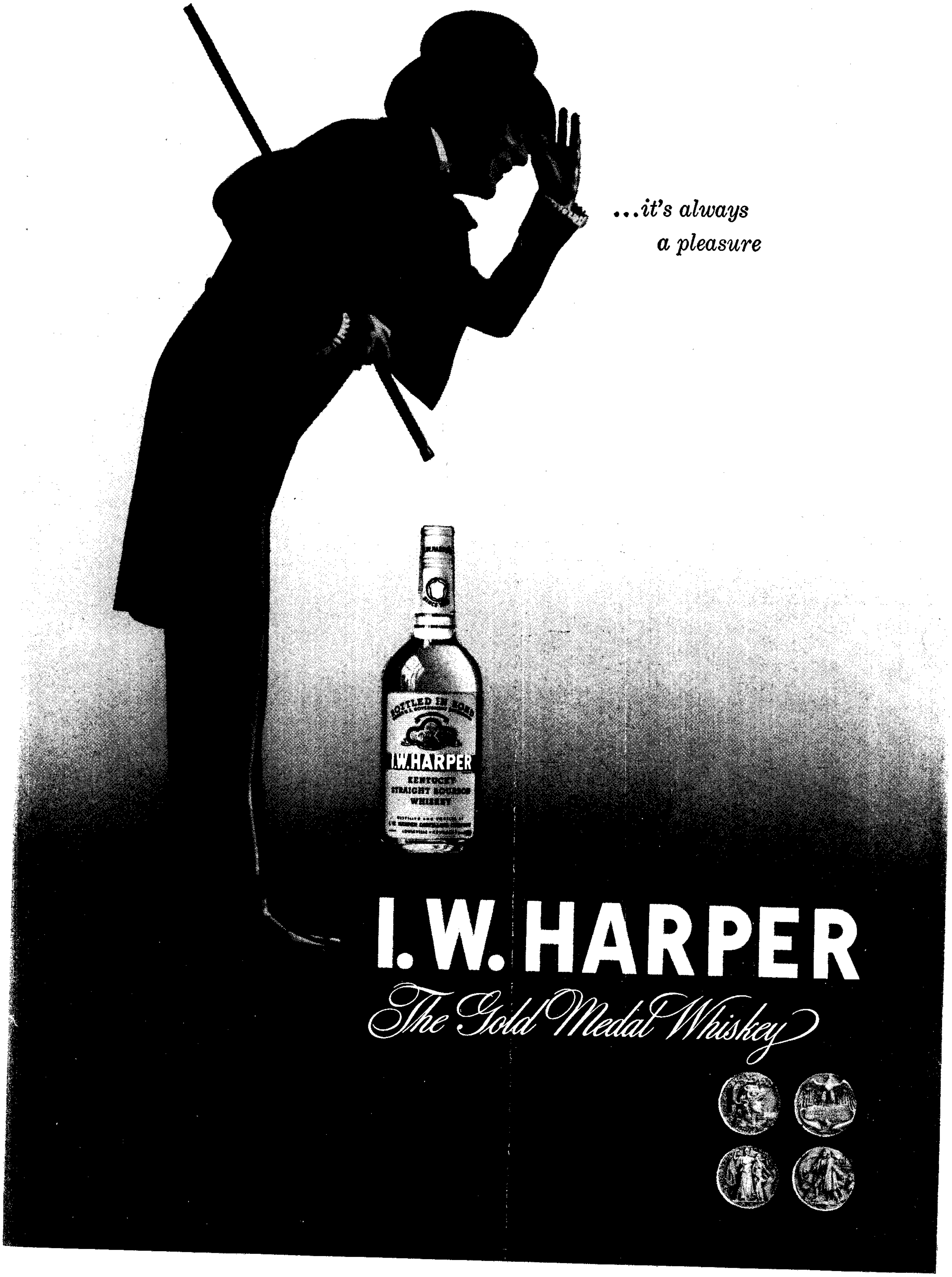
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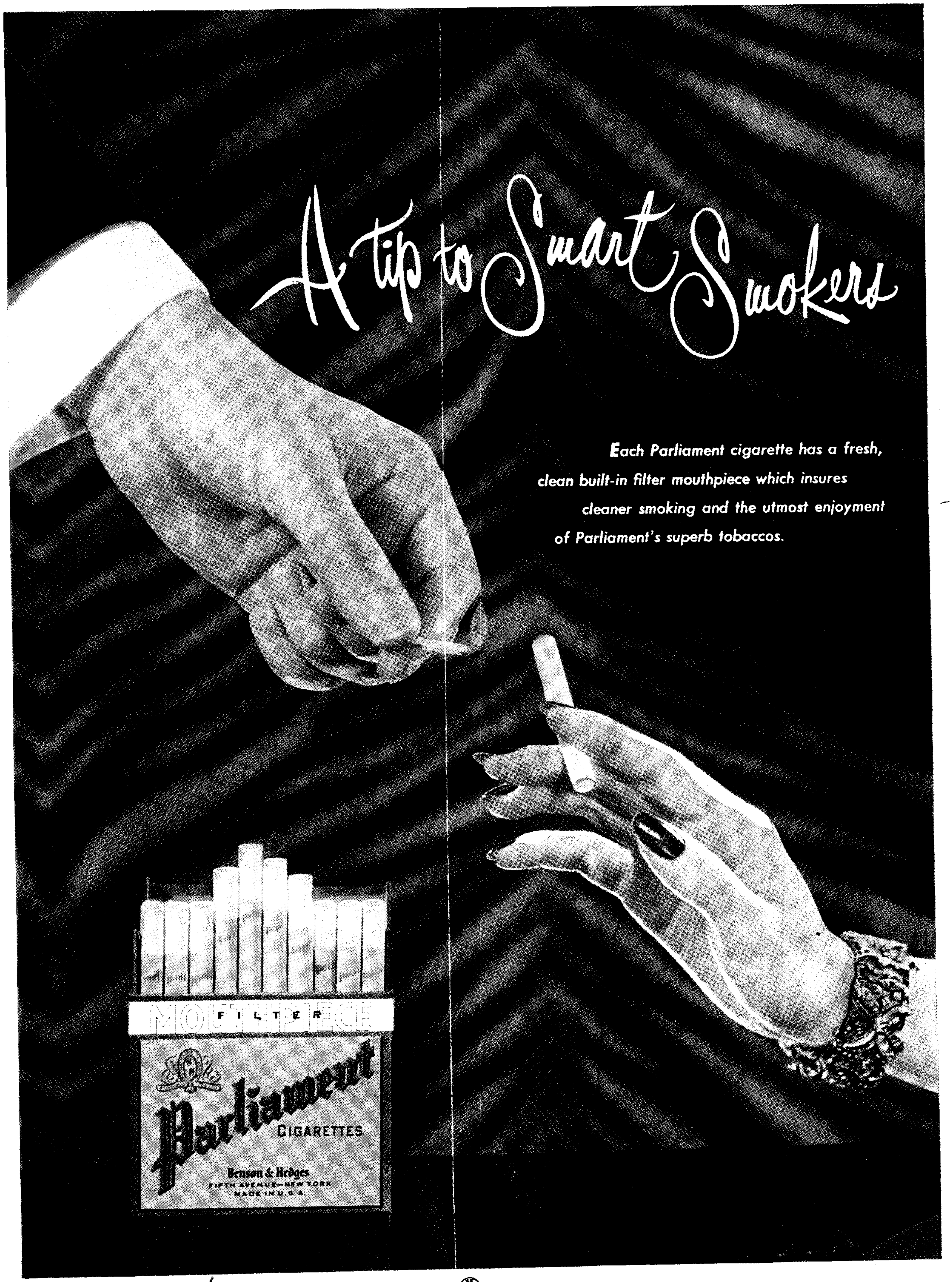
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